REMINISCENCES AND SKETCHES

CHARLES FORSTER SMITH

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REMINISCENCES AND SKETCHES

BY

CHARLES FORSTER SMITH

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TO

James H. Carlisle

THE BEST MAN I HAVE EVER KNOWN AND MOST
POTENT HUMAN INFLUENCE IN MY LIFE

CONTENTS.

PAGE

Preface........ ix

I. Dr. Garland........ 1

II. Bishop McTyeire........ 22

III. William Malone Baskervill........ 38

IV. President Charles Kendall Adams........ 59

V. The National Hero........ 74

VI. The South's Ideal Hero........ 96

VII. Maurice Thompson........ 113

VIII. Sidney Lanier as Poet........ 136

IX. Richard Malcolm Johnston........ 164

X. Matthew Arnold........ 189

XI. Stephen Phillips........ 242

XII. The Discipline of Suffering in Sophocles........ 263

XIII. The Making of a Scholar........ 296

XIV. Character and Personal Influence........ 327

XV. Our Old Country School........ 353

XVI. A University for the People........ 362

XVII. From Provincial to National Feeling........ 374

XVIII. From Harvard to Leipzig University........ 384

XIX. Cheyne Row—How Do Londoners Pronounce It?........ 394

XX. The Pastor for Me........ 398

XXI. The Plain Prose of Life in the Smoky Mountains........ 404

PAGE

XXII. Homeric Qualities in the Great Smoky Mountains........................... 413

XXIII. From Roan to Mitchell............... 424

XXIV. Clingman's Dome........................ 433

ILLUSTRATIONS.

page

Landon C. Garland 1

Bishop Holland N. McTyeire 22

William Malone Baskervill 38

Charles Kendall Adams 59

George Washington 74

Robert Edward Lee 96

Maurice Thompson 113

Sidney Lanier 136

Richard Malcolm Johnston 164

Matthew Arnold 189

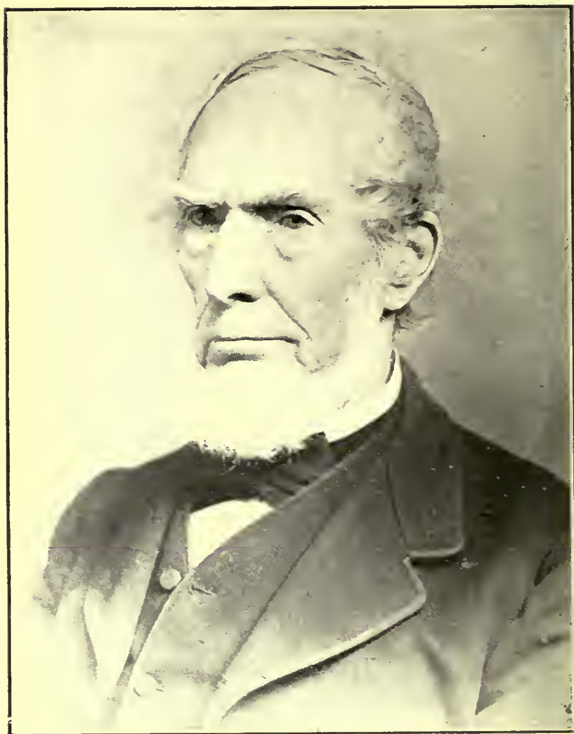
Stephen Phillips 242

Sophocles 263

PREFACE.

THE suggestion of this volume came from two students of former years who have attained distinction in letters. If the approbation of old friends in whose judgment and good taste one has confidence is endorsed by acceptance on the part of the first publisher to whom the material is submitted, and a fair offer is made, it is excusable perhaps to yield to a secretly cherished wish and bring old papers out again from their dusty retirement. If the reception of the volume should be as kindly as that of the individual papers, the author would have no reason to complain.

Many thanks are hereby expressed to the journals whose kindness permits the reprinting of the papers, namely: the *Atlantic Monthly, Christian Union, Independent, Methodist Review, Cumberland Presbyterian Review, Sewanee Review, South Atlantic Quarterly, Transactions of the Wisconsin Academy, Vanderbilt Quarterly, Christian Advocate, Southern Christian Advocate,* and *Nashville American.*



LANDON C. GARLAND.

REMINISCENCES AND SKETCHES.

I.

DOCTOR GARLAND.

Landon Cabell Garland, born in Nelson county, Virginia, March 21, 1810, was graduated from Hampden-Sidney College, Virginia, in 1829, and was that year elected Lecturer, later Professor of Chemistry, in Washington College, now Washington and Lee University. In 1834 he accepted a professorship in Randolph-Macon College, and in 1836 succeeded Stephen Olin as President. In 1846 he resigned to study law, but when just ready to be admitted to the bar was offered the chair of Physics and Astronomy in the University of Alabama, which he accepted, entering upon its duties in 1847. In 1853-55 he served as President of the North-east and Southwest Alabama Railway, but returned to the University of Alabama as President in 1855. He held that position till the buildings were burned by the Federal army during the Civil War, and after that was retained as sole officer of the faculty to secure means for rebuilding. Accepting a professorship in the University of Mississippi in 1867, he remained there till elected Chancellor of the newly organized Vanderbilt University in 1875. At Vanderbilt he was Chancellor and Professor of Physics and Astronomy for eighteen

years; then, his resignation of the former office, offered in 1891, having been finally accepted (1893), when Dr. Kirkland was elected Chancellor, he was continued on full salary as Chancellor Emeritus and Professor of Physics and Astronomy till his death, February 12, 1895.

It was my habit, while at Vanderbilt University, occasionally to make notes of conversations with Dr. Garland. When he was in the humor to talk freely of himself and his experiences, it was a delight to listen to him, and I used to feel that it was a pity this should all be lost. He had had a longer educational career than any man within my knowledge, and many things he told properly belonged to educational history. But I knew the Doctor's modesty was such that he would positively forbid any public use of facts given in private conversation. So I would write afterwards in a notebook what had especially impressed me, and as nearly as possible in his own words. Some of these conversations I shall now reproduce, following as closely as may be the chronological order. If I thought there was anything in these reminiscences that could rightly offend any one, I should feel his prohibition still laid upon me and print nothing. He was one of the simplest, most guileless. sincerest. most unselfish men I ever

knew—one of the two or three best men whom it has been my good fortune to be intimately acquainted with. I cannot remember the time when his name was not a household word in my family; for he had been the favorite instructor of my father and of my father-in-law, and a brother of mine had been named for him forty[1] years ago. I still recall the thrill with which I first saw him on a railway train about eighteen years ago, but could not summon courage to address him. I owe him a debt of gratitude I can never repay, and I am sure he would not have liked me to try to repay it with eulogy. The best thing is to let him speak once more for himself.

One of the most impressive scenes I ever witnessed in the chapel at Vanderbilt was when Dr. Garland, one Monday morning in 1885, referred to the remark made by the pastor at church the day before: "We have prayer meeting Friday evenings at Wesley Hall, and the Chancellor will not be there." He first commended the pastor for his frankness and fidelity in not sparing him when he felt it to be his duty to speak, and then explained that he felt constrained to make a personal statement to the students. When he had

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[1]Written in 1895.

told of an infirmity that for years had rendered it impossible for him to go out at night without great loss of sleep, he turned to the students and said: "But I appeal to you; have I not made before you that loudest of all professions, a godly life?" And I thought, "It is old Samuel again." No one could dare to say that who had not a blameless life behind him. About that time a graduate of the university told me that he had felt, and still felt, that Dr. Garland had misunderstood him and had done him an injustice while he was a student, and yet that he reverenced him as he did no man living. It was a pure tribute of respect to great and unselfish character.

In October, 1885, Dr. Garland was telling me one day about his early career. He was graduated from Hampden-Sidney College, Virginia—at that time "the second in age and first in rank in Virginia"—in September, 1829, and before his graduation was elected Lecturer on Chemistry at Washington College, now Washington and Lee University. He was then in his twentieth year. He had pursued the study of chemistry with enthusiasm in his junior year, and had taken it as an extra in senior, reading a great deal parallel of his own accord. Being a minor, he had to get his father's permission to accept. He had been

expecting to study law, but his father told him he might accept the position for three years, and then return to the law. He filled the place so acceptably that he was made full professor the next year, but he modestly said he could never have sustained himself at that age in a reputable institution; the total absence, however, of any previous instruction that deserved the name gave him by way of contrast a reputation quite beyond his deserts. A wealthy farmer died, leaving $25,000 to endow the chair of Chemistry, the interest from which ($1,500), with fees, made his salary $2,000. When he first entered upon his duties, he found only one piece of apparatus, a compound blowpipe. He induced the trustees to purchase some apparatus, and when he began to lecture on gases the townspeople flocked thither to see the experiments. Once, when he was using the compound blowpipe, some hydrogen from a leaking joint became ignited, and the illumination frightened his audience so that they rushed pellmell from the room.

The Doctor gave an amusing account of morning prayers at Washington College. They were held at 5 A.M., winter and summer. At 4:30 a negro man went through the buildings with a tobacco-horn, blowing up the sleepers. Dr. Marshall, brother of the Chief Justice, used at the

second blast, at five o'clock, to leap out of bed, and, just as he was, without even his slippers, go into chapel—across the hall—and hold prayers.

When Randolph-Macon College was organized (1832), Dr. Garland was elected Professor of Chemistry and Physics, at a nominal salary of $1,200. He was of Methodist parentage, though not a member of the Church, and had intense Church pride—"more than he had after he joined the Church." His Methodist friends and his family persuaded him to accept; for Methodism was looked down on, and people were saying the Methodists could not get men of their own denomination to fill the chairs in their new college. His nominal salary of $1,200 was never paid in full. While Professor of Physics and Chemistry at Randolph-Macon, he acted for a time also as Professor of Latin. Professor Sims had been elected to the chair, but the trustees of —— College refused to release him before the end of the year. The Latin work was apportioned among the faculty, Professor Garland taking the highest class. There were only two men in it, and they were reading the Annals, or Histories, of Tacitus. The lesson was usually *eight* pages, in a text without notes. Professor Garland used to seat himself between the two students, and all took turns in reading, each a

page at a time, the Professor pausing now and then to elucidate some point. Dr. Garland said that he had never had such literary enjoyment of a Latin author as then. Can any one imagine now teaching of Latin more likely to be inspiring than that? I may as well mention, in this connection, that a copy of "Cicero de Officiis" always lay upon Dr. Garland's desk in the Chancellor's office at Vanderbilt, and the professors, as they entered the room on Tuesday evenings, rarely failed to find him reading it. He did not know, he said, where moral sentiments were more attractively expressed than there. One day I found him asking the Latin professor the exact shade of meaning of the Latin word *honestum*. He used to say to the students that they could read the British poets in the time they wasted in idle talk, and such was the example of husbanding his time that he set to faculty and students.

But to return: when Dr. Garland became President of Randolph-Macon College, his nominal salary was $1,500, but this was not paid in full. Agents had been in the field for fourteen years, and people were weary of continual solicitations. So he agreed to take $1,200, and the professors $1,000. But he had then six children, and could not live on the salary. So at the end of his thirteenth year at Randolph-Macon

he resigned, with the purpose of studying law. He studied at Nelson Courthouse, by correspondence with Beverley Watkins Leigh, and after a year's close application was ready for the bar, and expecting to be admitted at the next session of the Superior Court. He had already made arrangements with a lawyer, who got plenty of business, but who was a poor advocate, to go into partnership on equal terms. He was then in his thirty-seventh year. But before he was admitted to the bar, Dr. Manley, President of the University of Alabama, offered him a chair with $2,000 salary, and at almost the same time he was tendered a professorship in William and Mary College. He had no knowledge of the intention to offer him either place. In his whole life, he said, he had never turned his hand to get any position. Everything had come unsolicited, and this now gave him more satisfaction than anything connected with his public career. He could feel that the calls had been providential, especially as when called from Washington College to Randolph-Macon, and again from the University of Mississippi to Vanderbilt, his inclination to remain where he was had been diametrically opposed to what seemed to be his duty. He could not see, he said, how a preacher who had ever stirred a finger to get office—the

bishopric or anything else—could claim that it was a dispensation of Providence.

One day in the autumn of 1885 Dr. Garland was telling me how he made the trip from Virginia to Alabama, when called to Tuscaloosa. He had about three wagon-loads of negroes to transport, and the way he had come by them was this: when he was married both he and his wife had the pick of the slaves of their respective families for house servants. They had, as well as I remember, three young women and a driver. In due time these all married and had children. The husbands of some or all of the women belonged to other men, and when he was going to leave he told the women he would not separate them from their husbands, but would sell them and leave them with their husbands. But the women refused to be sold, preferring to go with "Master," even if they had to leave their husbands; so he had to buy the husbands; for the great blot on the institution of slavery, he thought, was selling husbands away from their wives, and *vice versa.* When he reached Alabama he had to hire out all these negroes, as he had nothing for them to do; but they were a continual expense to him. Their employers would treat them badly, and they would complain, so that he would have to hire them to some one

else, losing all benefit from the first contract. Then, too, the employers, not owning them, would clothe them ill, and when they came home to spend Christmas he would have to clothe them. Besides, he always instructed their employers, whenever they were ill, to send for his family physician at his expense. He told me that on this journey to Alabama a favorite nurse fell ill with pneumonia at McMinnville, Tenn., and he stopped ten days with her, hiring a man to take the negroes on to their destination. At the end of ten days, the woman being better, he got the physician to take her to his house and care for her till she was perfectly well, and then he sent back for her. When the war began his slaves had increased to sixty.

As I met Dr. Garland walking in the campus one morning in January, 1887, he said: "Well, we have lost one of our best citizens—Colonel Gale. He was not appreciated at his true worth, as a gentleman of culture, as well of the highest integrity." That led him then to talk about the gentlemen of the olden time—before the war. "I'll venture to say," he remarked, "that there never was a community equal in intelligence and refinement and rational enjoyment of life to what was known as 'the Fork of Green,' in Alabama, a whole precinct owned by thirteen men."

Mr. ——, he said, was almost a perfect man, a gentleman of high culture, wide reading—no man better acquainted with English literature—a beneficent influence in the whole neighborhood. When questioned about Mrs. —— he answered: "My experience is, you can never take as the highest exponent of the domestic life and virtues a woman that is childless. A home where there have never been children, where the pattering of little feet has never been heard, has not felt the best influence of home." I said to him: "Doctor, it seems to me the great thing to be done is to put into literature such a man as Mr. ——, the best our civilization could do. Page's 'Colonel' in 'Polly' is true to life, but the 'Colonel' is eccentric, not the normal man. What we want is the rationally beneficent life of a Mr. —— portrayed. But the trouble is we younger people don't *know* those old times." "Yes," said the Doctor, "they will never come back again."

It must have been some time in the autumn of 1887 that the Doctor was denouncing, one Wednesday morning in chapel, the wearing of pistols. "Only cowards and bullies wear pistols," said he. "When I was a boy we used to get mad and fight; but we fought fair; we struck straight from the shoulder, and one got the oth-

er down and pummeled him till he said 'Enough!' —and a fellow would have been disgraced who struck a blow after his prostrate foe cried 'Enough!'" "We fought," said the old gentleman, warming up with the recollection of his boyhood days, "and I have yet to see that there is any great harm in fighting that way."

February 22, 1888, I went to consult the Doctor about the best books for Sunday reading, some one having written me for my opinion. He told me that the Bible had always been his Sunday reading, even his Sunday study. He read the commentaries also, especially those of the Germans, which he praised very highly. Somebody's *Meletemata* he was especially fond of, for, besides other things, it helped him to keep up his Latin. He *read* the Bible on other days—the first thing in the morning and last thing at night —did not feel comfortable unless he had done this; it had become a habit, and his conscience was as tender about it as the little boy's who had to get out of bed to say his prayers. But Sundays he *studied* the Bible. The only proper way of studying it, he thought, was the comparative, by subjects—have a concordance and compare all that is said everywhere about the subject. Speaking of the Bible class that he had at Oxford, Mississippi, for six years or more before going to

Vanderbilt, he said that he studied for this class during the week harder than for any other duty. There were sixty or more in the class, and men had written him since that their religious lives dated from those meetings.

One Wednesday, the next October, he was advising the students to read the Bible, and, after begging pardon for a personal allusion, said that his mother exacted a promise from him when he started to college to read his Bible regularly. "That promise saved me," said he; "for I tried to be an infidel. I formed a club to read Bolingbroke and Shaftesbury and Voltaire, and other noted infidel writers, and I should have become an infidel but for my promise to my mother to read the Bible."

Happening to mention, one day that spring, the way in which he got his insurance policy renewed after the war, he said it had always seemed to him to be providential. "I may be mistaken in my views of these things," said he, "but they give me comfort." He went on to say that he thought he had been providentially guided many times in his life. He had never sought any office, position, or honor. All had come to him unsought, and many times he had felt obliged to obey calls which were contrary to his wishes. It was a great comfort to him to feel

that he was in the hands of the Lord, who would do for him what was best. "I have no anxiety, or concern," said he, "no fear of death. It makes no difference whether it comes next month or next year. I am never sad or lonely, but resigned to whatever may come. It is a great comfort to feel so." As far back as 1887 Mrs. Garland said he talked every day as if that might be his last. He begged her once the year before, if ever she saw that he was failing mentally to tell him plainly, that he might resign. He understood that if he began to fail he would be less able than ever to recognize it, and could not bear the thought of holding on after he had become inefficient.

December 6, 1891, I found the Doctor studying his Bible. He soon drifted into reminiscences of Dr. Olin. He considered him the greatest and best man he was ever intimately connected with, one of the few men—he could count all on the fingers of one hand—who did not seem smaller as he got closer to them. He had never known a man who had such power over an audience; not even Clay, or Webster, or Prentiss, equaled Dr. Olin in this respect. This power he thought was the direct inspiration of the Holy Ghost, in which the man Olin seemed absolutely lost. He had none of the graces of oratory, was awkward

in person and gesture; but there was a felicity and perspicuity of expression that Dr. Garland had never known the like of. He had never heard Dr. Olin quote from or refer to anybody's view of a question in a sermon; there was nothing to indicate that any of his ideas came from any other source than his own mind; but there was a power which made Olin forget self, and enthralled men. Bishop Pierce was more like Prentiss, he thought; more rhetorical. He could take any ordinary thought and dress it up in a style and language that made it appear beautiful. But he did not strike so deep as Olin, nor was he so original. He was handsome and gracious and graceful, a consummate orator. Of living Southern Methodist ministers, he considered Bishop Wilson the greatest preacher.

On September 22, 1892, the second day of the session, Dr. Garland, in making some remarks to the students in chapel, said he was forcibly reminded of the time when he himself had entered college at the age of sixteen. His mother on parting with him, besides giving him a Bible with the injunction to make it his counselor, had urged him to be especially careful about the associations he formed. His father, he remarked, had been an example to him, but "his mother was his teacher." In reply to his question, how

was he to know who were worthy, his mother replied: "Well, my son, there are many little marks that indicate character. Notice whether a young man avoids profanity and is clean-mouthed. Then, too, remark whether one observes the little proprieties—whether one cleans his feet before entering a house, or removes his hat before entering a room. These little things show whether one is well bred or not. And be polite and gentlemanly." The Doctor said he had found these suggestions invaluable in forming college associations. He could remember only one occasion when he had knowingly broken a rule in college. He looked back on his college days as the happiest of his whole life. The next day he remarked from the platform: "I have been connected with colleges and universities all my life, but I have never known such pleasant relations to exist between students and professors as exist here."

That same September Dr. Garland was talking to me about his little granddaughter, a beautiful child of three years, who had just died of pneumonia. "It is better so," said he. "God knows best. If we knew all, I am sure we should say that it is better for the children who die in infancy. If I had my choice, with my experience in life, I would choose to have died in infan-

cy." That was the feeling of Demosthenes. The trials of his later years forced from him the bitter reflection that could he be offered again the way to the *bema* or to the tomb, he would choose the latter.

Dear, good, simple, sincere Dr. Garland! His image comes back to me more than any other man's from the old Vanderbilt days. There will never be another college president like him in America. There was plain living and honest thinking. He had no office hours, except on Wednesday mornings, the day after faculty meetings. He received members of the faculty, as well as students, usually in his bedroom, which was also his sitting-room; and there he might be found in cool weather before a coal fire, in warmer weather at the window, looking over a text-book, studying the Bible, or reading a newspaper. In very pleasant weather his favorite place was the bench under a magnolia tree at his front door. There passers-by might see any fine afternoon the man who had been president of three colleges or universities, who had been professor over sixty years, quietly reading his *Nashville Banner*. Go up and address him—anybody might always do that—and you would see raised to meet you the face of a

good man, a face that indicated a simple and pure heart.

What made him a great old man? He was to the last a great teacher, his best students always said—though not abreast, perhaps, with all the very latest advances in physics—clear in exposition, concise and direct in statement, forcible in presentation, having in the class-room, as on the public platform, a ready command of idiomatic, forceful, elegant English. But other teachers there have been with such qualities who yet were not great. Dr. Garland was not at Vanderbilt, and probably never had been, a great executive officer; and he was too little in touch and sympathy with the energy and rush of American life of to-day to keep his college, like a locomotive, always going, or ready to go. He managed students well, because he sympathized with and trusted them, was gentle and kind, and because his own example of unostentatious fidelity was so powerful, though silent, a supporter of his admonitions; because they revered him, and so obeyed him. But other college presidents have governed students as well without being great.

As chairman of the faculty, he was superior to any man I have ever known. He could sit quietly and allow the fullest expression in debate of views with which he did not agree; and even

after he had expressed his preference, if, as often happened, the faculty was against him, he always made faculty action his own, and carried out that action as loyally as if he had supported it. I never knew him oppose faculty action before the trustees but once. This was on the proposition to admit young women regularly to the university; and I doubt not this action of his was due to the fact that the trustees asked him for his private judgment in the matter. He was too honest and sincere not to give it, under such circumstances. Another great quality he had in this connection: he never talked outside of faculty action—not even to his wife, I have heard him say.

After all, I cannot think of any single thing that he said or did, of any mental quality or course of action in office, that of itself alone marked him as great. What, then, will explain his power? Doubtless I have already unconsciously told the secret. It was his character—the character of a simple, kindly, gentle, truthful, noble man. In this generation we cannot fully appreciate perhaps the value and influence of such a character as Dr. Garland's on susceptible young men. Most parents who send boys to college are far more concerned about a son's development in virtue, manliness, fidelity, honesty,

than in mere technical scholarship; and it is a matter of supreme importance that there should be in a college faculty at least one model character to whom students can look up. For the development of sound morals in a community of students nothing equals this. I remember saying once to Bishop Keener, referring to the periodical complaint of preachers that we had no "revivals" at Vanderbilt, that we had something better in the godly life and unassailable probity of Dr. Garland; that in the long run it would be found that young men had built upon the evidence afforded by such an example of right living, and would amid the storm and stress of after life find the memory of such a life a stronger support to faith, a more potent weapon with which to combat doubt, than almost anything else could furnish. No wonder that Bishop Harris, of the Protestant Episcopal Church, told Dr. Tillett that the character and example of Dr. Garland had been the most important influence in his life.

Blessed are the men whose privilege it is to look back over their college days and see rise up before their minds the image of this guileless man, this faithful teacher, this sincere Christian. As colleges and the world get farther away from the simplicity and serenity of such a nature and

such surroundings as his, as men get older and busier and more honored and more prosperous, the more will they appreciate this simple nature's nobleman; and they will sometimes almost wonder if it was not a beautiful dream, and their Vanderbilt college days of the seventies or eighties, or early nineties, an idyl of the imagination.

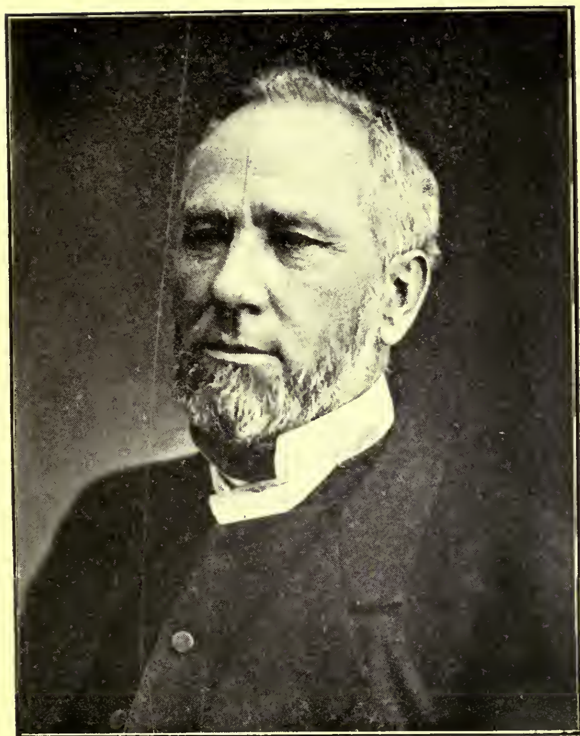
One might say that I have idealized Dr. Garland; and so I have doubtless to some extent. And yet I am sure I have given only feeble expression of what was noble and good in him. I put doubtless a higher estimate upon him, now that he is dead, than even while I was with him. But the Doctor was entirely too simple for those beside him to value his simplicity and goodness at their true worth till one realized that both were gone with him from earth.

> Now thy brows are cold,
> I see thee what thou art, and know
> Thy likeness to the wise below,
> Thy kindred with the great of old.

II.

BISHOP McTYEIRE.

Holland Nimmons McTyeire, D.D., Senior Bishop of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, died at Vanderbilt University, February 15, 1889. He was born in Barnwell county, South Carolina, in 1824, grew up on a farm, and at fourteen entered the old Cokesbury Academy in Abbeville county, S. C., to prepare for college. While there he became a member of the Church, but he could never name the day nor the place of his conversion, and could not fail, of course, at that time to be worried by the brethren who claimed, "If you can't tell the place where and the time when, you haven't got it." He was graduated at twenty from Randolph-Macon College, Virginia, then under the presidency of Dr. L. C. Garland, afterwards first Chancellor of Vanderbilt University. There is no tradition of remarkable college promise in the young McTyeire. He finished college in 1844, the year of the division of the Methodist Church, and, feeling called to preach, at once joined the Virginia Conference and was appointed to the old town of Williamsburg. He must have given early



BISHOP HOLLAND N. M'TYEIRE.

promise of usefulness in the ministry, for two years later he was transferred to the Alabama Conference and stationed at Mobile, taking the place made vacant by the election of Dr. Thomas O. Summers to the associate editorship of the *Southern Christian Advocate.* About three years later he was transferred to New Orleans, and with Dr. John C. Keener had a large share in planting Methodism in that city. The yellow fever even did not drive him from his post, and the physician who came to New Orleans to see him die brought him through the dread disease. In 1851 he started the *New Orleans Christian Advocate,* which at once became a power in the Church, although he had to divide his time between editorial and pastoral duties. During a great part of this period he served a large colored congregation in New Orleans. At thirty he was elected a member of the General Conference, and four years later, 1858, was made editor of the *Nashville Christian Advocate,* the connectional organ of his Church. In 1862, when the Federal army entered Nashville, he went to Alabama, and was stationed at Montgomery. In May, 1866, at the New Orleans General Conference, he was elected bishop. From his ordination he was considered the great parliamentarian of the Church, and those best

capable of judging considered him an ecclsiastical statesman. At his death he lacked a little of having served twenty-three years as bishop.

Many able men regard him as the strongest man whom the Southern Methodist Church has produced, and there can be no question that as a writer he had no equal among his brethren. A great part of his best writing is scattered about in the various Church papers; but his last and greatest literary work, the "History of Methodism," shows the style and power of the man. His first literary effort, outside of newspaper work, was a prize essay on the "Duties of Christian Masters." He wrote also a "Catechism on Church Government," and a "Manual of the Discipline of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South." Elected Bishop within a year after the war ended, he could not but have much to do with shaping the readjustment of his Church to the new order of things in the South, and many believe that his was the foremost part in the great work. But his memory will doubtless live longest in connection with Vanderbilt University. He and others had planned such an institution, a prominent department of which was to be a theological seminary, but it was impossible to raise the money to endow it. Finally, however, family connections brought

Bishop McTyeire into acquaintance with Commodore Vanderbilt, who was easily induced to embrace the Bishop's project. The story of the wealthy New Yorker's princely gift toward the education of Southern youth is doubtless familiar to all who care to know it, but it is not generally known that Mr. Vanderbilt asked the Bishop to resign his office and accept the presidency of the new university at a salary of ten thousand dollars a year. When the loyal churchman had declined this proposition, the Commodore insisted that he accept the presidency of the Board of Trustees, and invested him with veto power, saying: "I want you to sustain the same relation to the university that I do to the New York Central." Commodore Vanderbilt always expressed the conviction that he had found the right man to manage the great trust. The Commodore's gifts to Vanderbilt University reached $1,000,000 before his death; his son, W. H. Vanderbilt, gave in all about $500,000; and Mr. Cornelius Vanderbilt added to the donations of father and grandfather a handsome gift to the library and an elegant new building.[1]

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[1]Mr. W. K. Vanderbilt has made two notable gifts to the university: Kissam Hall, in memory of his mother, at a cost of about $138,000; and later a contribution of $150,000 to the general building fund.

This great trust Bishop McTyeire so managed that some have disliked him, more have admired him, most who were close to him have loved him, and all have acknowledged that, though some mistakes might have been made, each year's increasing success was demonstrating how wisely and broadly he had planned. He has had the greatest opportunity ever offered to a Southern man; and when the history of education in the South is properly written, he will stand first in this respect in his Church, and perhaps in the section to which he belonged.

His was a constructive mind, and nothing so delighted him as to help push forward some great work, whether an enterprise of the Church, or some great building intended at once for ornament and usefulness. As he looked upon the beautiful university grounds, essentially his work, he could intensely sympathize with Faust, who, viewing in imagination his last work complete, a wilderness reclaimed,

> "Im Innern hier ein paradiesisch Land,"

could not help exclaiming, "Verweile doch, du bist so schön!" And the Bishop's joy in his creation would be intensified by the thought that the remains of the old Federal earthworks by the side of his house were typical of the past

of his people, while the beautiful grounds all around were a prophecy of the future in store for them.

The yard in front of his house is ornamented with beautiful flower beds, shrubbery of various kinds, magnolia and several other varieties of trees, and carpeted most of the year with blue grass. It would be hard to find a handsomer yard. The flowers were Mrs. McTyeire's, but the trees were the Bishop's pets and pride. Indeed, he was as fond of growing trees as Mr. Gladstone of felling them. In the early spring a not unusual sight on the campus was a stout, strongly built gentleman, with closely cropped gray hair and beard, and wearing a long, gray study gown, with his long pruning chisel and mallet, trimming up the trees that are scattered over the seventy-six acres of ground in the campus.

The Bishop's favorite tree was a beautiful wide-spreading maple, just to the left of his front door, and there he spent much of his leisure time in warm weather. "How I'd like to be sitting now under the maple with 'Spider' [his dog] at my feet," he wrote once to his little granddaughter from the far West. Those who knew him well would not be inclined to suppose that the time he spent under the maple was all

leisure time. It is doubtless true that there he did much of his thinking, there he planned for the university, there he dwelt upon the care of the churches, there came to him some of those characteristic strong thoughts which serious men came to expect in every sermon he preached. He had always a bench or two under that tree besides his own rustic seat, and never showed any irritation at being interrupted in his meditations by any one who desired to see him. As he sat there in the afternoon with his face to the east, his eye ran across the old common, which the proximity of the university is fast changing into a handsome suburb, along the line of the breastworks thrown up by the Federals nearly a quarter of a century ago, until it reached the old Federal fort, "Negley," so boldly outlined against the sky.

The house is a large, two-story brick mansion, with every evidence of comfort, but none of display. It was the abode of hospitality. The Bishop had two work rooms. Much of his reading was done in his dining-room, but his heavy work was performed in the little study that looks out toward Fort Negley and the east. He was not, perhaps, a reader of many books—he was too busy for that—and his collection of books was not very large. But if you look through his

library you find every evidence of careful reading. The pages of books consulted in making the "History of Methodism" bear many index fingers pointing to marked passages; and the margins of his books are often filled with observations made during his reading—a habit much to be commended in a thinking man. In this little study, which is perhaps not larger than ten by twelve feet, he wrote the "History of Methodism." Here were his books, here he wrote his letters, and here, doubtless, many a well-laid plan for college or Church took definite form on paper.

He did not murmur that he was cut down when every one was predicting for him at least fifteen years of fruitful labor. His strong constitution was slowly undermined by the insidious disease. It was months before he was brought to his bed, three months more before the end came; but he lay there, taking the liveliest interest in friends or matters of Church or university, sure that he was sinking, but never repining. He never even expressed a wish to get well, except when he prayed that if consistent with God's will the many prayers offered for his recovery might be answered, in order that his friends' faith in prayer might be strengthened. He took the sacrament the afternoon before his death, "not in anticipation of

the end," he explained, "but for the comfort of my soul." Then, after a night of horrible but patient suffering, he greeted the light free from pain, heard the first college bell of the day—remarking that he himself had hung that bell—fifteen minutes later uttered the one word "Peace!" and became unconscious. At 8:52 A.M., as faculty and students were assembled in the university chapel for morning worship, he fell asleep as softly as a child.

He had said one day to his wife: "I like Dr. McFerrin's idea; don't buy me new clothes, but bury me in something I've preached in." He had also expressed the wish that only the burial service of his Church be read over him; that the coffin be carried without a hearse the short distance to the grave on the grounds; that the negroes in the employ of the university be allowed to dig his grave and the students to fill it up. And his wish was strictly obeyed. Six of his episcopal colleagues stood beside his grave, and a great concourse of people witnessed the last simple rites.

RESPONSE MADE AT THE VANDERBILT ALUMNI BANQUET, JUNE 15, 1908.

I came here in the early days, twenty-six years ago, and two figures loom out of the

mists of the foretime. In the course of time most of us who worked here will be completely forgotten. But not the first President of the Board of Trust, nor the first Chancellor. When on February 15, 1889, just after chapel, word was sent round to the various class-rooms by the Chancellor that the President of the Board had crossed the river, I said to my class that the university could never again be called upon to suffer such a loss as the Bishop's death. I still think so. After nineteen years, during which I have seen many men of great force, I still consider Bishop McTyeire the strongest man I ever lived close to. He was a born leader of men. He and Col. William Preston Johnston met once in a railway car. Neither knew the other, and when they were introduced Colonel Johnston said: "I took you for a general." "And I took you for a clergyman," said Bishop McTyeire. They were both right in their instinct. The Bishop would have been a general if he had gone to the front in the Civil War. He was a great business man, too. "You have missed your calling, sir," Commodore Vanderbilt said to him when he met him; "you ought to have been a railroad man." It was perfectly natural, then, that the Commodore, when he had decided to give money to found an institu-

tion of learning among his wife's people, should have put the Bishop at the head of it. That was wise prevision on the part of Commodore Vanderbilt. He knew a good man when he saw him. By his gift the Commodore became the ever-to-be gratefully remembered founder of this university. But its creator was the Bishop. He not only secured the funds, but chose as the seat of the university the city of Nashville, unquestionably the fittest locality in all the Southland for a great institution of learning which was to be not only a center of culture but an irenicon or peace-bond between the two lately estranged sections of the country. And it is a queenly city in a beautiful land—the spot that I love best in all this world. "This is God's own country!" exclaimed my friend Judge Woods, in the spring of 1887, as he stood at a window on the third floor of University Hall and looked out east and north and west. This glorious campus was his selection, too. The old oaks between Wesley Hall and Chancellor Garland's residence were here then; but most of the ground was a cornfield, and it required a landscape artist's instinct to see what could be made of it. "Are you going to put the university in this cornfield?" asked Mrs. McTyeire in dismay the first time she saw the grounds. "Never mind,

mother," said the Bishop; "wait till you see what can be made of it." He was a builder and planter. He chose the sites of all the first buildings, and saw them go up brick by brick. Under his eye the drives and walks were laid out, flower beds were made, and a hundred varieties of trees were planted. It was supposed that many of the young trees would die, and allowance was made for that in the planting. But ninety-seven per cent. of them lived, and so after a few years they had to be thinned out. The planting had been done under his direction, and even Mr. Douglas did not dare to cut down a young tree without the Bishop's permission. A friend from the city came through the grounds one day when a clump of fine young trees was being thinned out. "Don't you hate to see those fine young trees go down, Bishop?" he asked. "I don't see it, sir," the Bishop replied. "I can't stand it; I have to turn my back." He loved the trees and grass and flowers; and as he loved them, so he loved the birds and the children that came and throve on these grounds as naturally as birds and grass. Older people were sometimes afraid of him. He was the *autocrat*, some of the grown folks said. But the little ones weren't afraid of him. When he drove through the grounds with "Kitty Clover," the children ran to meet him; and he

would stop and let them clamber up on the seat beside him, in his lap, fill the foot of the buggy and the seat behind; and then he would drive round and round, the little ones shouting and screaming with delight. We missed our little boy of two years one day in our first year, when we lived in Wesley Hall, and after a frantic search found him seated by the Bishop at the dinner table. He had got tired of Wesley Hall fare served in the room upstairs, and had run off to the Bishop's to get something good to eat. That same little boy, at eight years, represented the children's feeling when he said, "I believe next to papa I loved Bishop best." Oh, no! children were not afraid of him. They loved him and knew he loved them. If older people could always have seen as clearly!

He was a strong man, a natural fighter. It has been said that the bench of bishops favored his election to the episcopate to get him off the floor; they were afraid of him. A portrait of him painted when he was just elected bishop shows the "Fighting Elder," as he used to be called. That was all gone from his face when I used to know him. I saw it just once. He used to call some of us into council sometimes. How well I remember it! He stopped on the brick walk in front of the house and pounded

with his big stick, not ringing the doorbell. I went out the first time to see what it was, and found the Bishop. After that I knew the Bishop's summons to council. On the occasion of this summons he felt that advantage had been taken of him and that the tactics employed were not fair. As he stated the case he leaned back on the bench and looked up at the sky, and I was amazed to see a sudden transformation in his visage. The "Fighting Elder" was unmistakably there. The face of the portrait of the Elder of forty had suddenly reappeared in the Bishop of sixty. It was but for a moment; then the calm, patient, prudent, wise look returned.

Let me say here a word with reference to his relations with the faculty. I do not know how it was during the first seven years, for I was not here then; but I do know all about it during the remaining seven years of his life. The faculty had cause not simply to respect and admire, but to love him, and with reason. Natural leader that he was, he knew the special aptitudes of those about him, and gave any piece of honest work hearty but judicious commendation. Perhaps no professor felt so sure that any of his colleagues would read what he wrote as that the Bishop would read it. He used often to come, especially in later years, to the Tuesday after-

noon faculty meeting; never, however, to dictate a policy, but simply to take counsel. It had become his custom to get the faculty's advice on all matters to be presented to the Board, and his appearance at faculty meetings was invariably hailed with pleasure. His common formula of introduction of a matter of business was, I remember, "In multitude of counselors there is safety."

He was not a *hard* man, but a *gentle* man. "His heart was soft as a summer sea," said Bishop Haygood after his death. It was the truest thing ever said about him. On one of the last days he had his bed rolled to the window and gazed out longingly on the campus, the work of his hands and brain. He would like to stay, he sighed; "but God's will be done." He had strong local attachments, and liked to have people and animals buried amid the scenes where they had worked and enjoyed life. "Kitty Clover," his beautiful mare, was buried in the corner of her own stable lot. One night from his sick bed he heard his dog "Spider" howl, and said to the bedside watcher: "When 'Spider' dies, open 'Kitty Clover's' grave and bury her there, the faithful dog by the faithful horse." He had Dr. Summers, the first Dean, buried on the grounds in the plot set apart for Bishops

McKendree and Soule, and there a place was provided for the old Chancellor when he should follow. And there now, as was meet and right, beside his wife—"a silent but golden link in the chain of Providence that led to Vanderbilt University"—he is buried. As Chancellor Kirkland beautifully said in his inaugural: "Under the magnolias planted with his own hand he sleepeth well."

III.

WILLIAM MALONE BASKERVILL.

> Remembering all the golden hours
> Now silent, and so many dead,
> And him the last.

THE death of Professor Baskervill, September 6, 1899, cut short a career that had already accomplished much and promised more. His technical scholarship was recognized by his colleagues in English throughout the United States; his teaching quality attested by students who had been resorting to him in increasing numbers for more than twenty years; his power to please as well as instruct the general public evidenced by numerous calls to lecture at Chautauqua, in Colorado, at Monteagle, and elsewhere; and he was just finding his widest audience through his literary sketches and studies, and awakening in good judges the conviction that he was to be the historian of the intellectual movement called Southern Literature.

William Malone Baskervill, son of Rev. John Baskervill and his wife, Elizabeth Malone, was born in Fayette county, Tennessee, April 1, 1850.

WILLIAM MALONE BASKERVILL.

His mother died when he was four years old, so that his training devolved mainly upon his father. The latter, a member of an old Virginia family, had removed in early life from Mecklenburg, Virginia, to Tennessee, and was first a physician, afterwards a Methodist preacher and planter. The son attended school almost uninterruptedly till he was fifteen, getting, as he himself afterwards said, "a smattering of Latin and Greek and of the usual English studies." He was then sent to Indiana Asbury University (now De Pauw), and this episode also he characterized in terms of like directness: "But I did nothing, and at sixteen I was again at home." From this time he was more fortunate. "For the next two years and a half," he wrote in his *Vita*, "I went to school to Mr. Quarles, a graduate of the University of Virginia, and from him I learned more than I had learned all the time before."

Before he reached manhood he met with an accident the consequences of which much influenced his future career. Being in his boyhood, as indeed all through life, fond of hunting, on one occasion, through the accidental discharge of his gun, he was badly wounded in his left arm. During the three months' confinement that followed, the boy was wisely provided by his father

with the histories of Macaulay, Hume, Gibbon, and Michelet, and the novels of Scott, Dickens, and Thackeray. He had been a reader before, but through this constant poring over the works of great masters he acquired the taste and enthusiasm for the best literature which characterized him through life. One of the first things I especially remarked about him, when I came to know him in Leipzig in 1874, was the way he would sometimes break off, particularly when he was not well, from our studies in Greek and Latin to take a rest with Thackeray or some other English classic. "It is the reading men in college," as Mr. Mabie says, "who do the great things in the world."

The most important epoch in his mental development was when he went at twenty-two to Randolph-Macon College. Dr. James A. Duncan was then President; Thomas R. Price, Professor of English and Greek; James A. Harrison, Professor of Latin and German; and these three men, especially the two latter, influenced his subsequent life more than all others. "There I was taught," he said, "in my favorite studies by men who had studied in Germany, and by their advice I was led to go to Leipzig in the summer of 1874." When I came to know him that fall the names of Price and Harrison were

constantly on his lips. Their ideals, their methods, their characters as scholars, were determining factors with him. Dr. Price, the accurate scholar and inspiring teacher of English, became his model, and the close friendship begun at Randolph-Macon continued when the former went later to the University of Virginia, and afterwards to Columbia, indeed as long as Baskervill lived; and his sense of obligation was most delicately expressed when, on meeting Dr. Price for the last time, in New York in 1897, he introduced a former pupil, now a rising professor of English, as Dr. Price's "literary grandson." The cordiality of the relation that existed between Dr. Price and his old pupils may be inferred from a remark which I have heard Baskervill quote from the former, that a trustee had told him he owed his election to the chair of English at Columbia mainly to the enthusiastic letters written by his former students. He always regarded Dr. Price as the pioneer and founder of the new epoch of English studies in the South; and Price's teaching of English at Randolph-Macon was not only his chief early inspiration, but the model and basis on which later he gradually built up his own department of English at Vanderbilt.

With Professor Harrison, who afterwards in

the English Chair at Washington and Lee so enhanced the reputation already acquired at Randolph-Macon that his call to his *alma mater*, the University of Virginia, became inevitable, Baskervill was always in close association, not only consulting him about all his literary undertakings, but collaborating with him on several works. For Professor Harrison's "Library of Anglo-Saxon Poetry" he edited the "Andreas," his first piece of scholarly work after his doctor-dissertation. The two edited together a "Students' Dictionary of Anglo-Saxon," and shortly before Baskervill's death their last joint work appeared, an "Anglo-Saxon Reader" for beginners. One other teacher of his should not be overlooked: Professor Wuelker, of Leipzig University, under whose supervision he wrote his doctor-dissertation, to whom in after years he sent some of his favorite pupils, and with whom he continued in friendly relations to the end of his life.

A characteristic of Baskervill's student life should here be mentioned. When he went to Randolph-Macon he found everything elective and the way open to him to pursue his favorite studies as he pleased. To do this, it is true, he would have to renounce the hope of an academic degree; and so he either waived this completely,

or at least put it off, to be determined later, when he should have first had opportunity to work to some results in his own lines. He was maturer in years than most of his fellow-students, probably somewhat backward in mathematics, and without any text-book acquaintance with the sciences. He was for his age well read in English literature and history, and had a fair knowledge and great love of Latin and Greek. He devoted himself, therefore, during his two years at Randolph-Macon almost entirely to work in languages—English, Greek, Latin, German, and French. I think Dr. Duncan's lectures on mental and moral philosophy were his only departure from literary lines. Such a course, if not best in general, was perhaps not ill for him. He had very strong predilections, studied enthusiastically what he liked, but was not characterized strongly by the spirit to "work doggedly" at what he did not like. The atmosphere that prevailed just then at Randolph-Macon was a very wholesome one: the spirit of the faculty was scholarly; among the students the sense of honor, the habit of hard work, the respect for high scholastic rank, were stimulating in the highest degree. So Baskervill worked effectively, in most studies enthusiastically, and took high rank in his special subjects; but he never applied for a Bachelor's

degree, and in 1874 proceeded, on the advice of Price and Harrison, to Leipzig University.

The freedom of choice of studies in which he had indulged at Randolph-Macon characterizes of course all German university work—though presupposing, and in case of German students requiring, a basal course much more rigid than any American college exacts—so that Baskervill found it easy to follow there his own bent. If he showed any willfulness at Leipzig, it was in this: that he did not take a wide range of lectures in his own subjects—I fear academic lectures often bored him—and he was not an enthusiastic worker in Seminar or Gesellschaft. The lectures he took he attended, and he got something from personal contact with his instructors, especially with Wuelker; but in the main he worked, under direction, at his room and in the library. I doubt if this was the best way to get the most possible out of a German university course; but he was diligent, and was certainly influenced for good in his whole subsequent career. His Leipzig Ph.D. (1880) was a valuable stamp set upon his work up to that point, pledged him to scholarly effort for the future, and proved an open sesame to a field of activity that might otherwise have been closed to him.

Baskervill remained in Germany from the

summer of 1874 till the autumn of 1876. My work at Wofford in Latin and German was becoming too heavy, and I persuaded the authorities to call Baskervill in December, 1876, the arrangement being that he should take the Latin while I gave myself more especially to Greek. At Wofford Baskervill taught till June, 1878. In the summer of 1877 he was married to Miss Florence Adams, of Amherst county, Virginia, his beloved college president, Dr. James A. Duncan, performing the ceremony. In the summer of 1878 he went again with his young wife to Germany, to work for his degree. Old relations were resumed at Leipzig, English and cognate studies were being pursued with zeal and energy, and a subject for a thesis, which had been assigned him by Professor Wuelker, was yielding good results, when the sudden death of his wife, following the birth of a little boy, threw all into confusion. He tried to work a few months longer, but, finding it impossible, returned to America about February, 1879. When I withdrew from Wofford, in June, 1879, to resume my studies in Leipzig University, it was natural, of course, that Baskervill should take my place. I had had for the previous year the chief work in Greek and Latin, with James H. Kirkland, now Chancellor of Vander-

bilt University, as assistant, and this work Baskervill carried on as long as he remained at Wofford.

The Wofford period was formative for Baskervill in many respects, though it offered little opportunity in the branch that was to be his specialty, since his time was mainly given to teaching Latin and Greek. It brought him into intimate contact with Dr. Carlisle, whom Professor Henneman has aptly characterized as "a man fashioned in the same teacher's mold as Dr. Arnold of Rugby, and of whom every student ever with him thinks reverently as of one of the truly and simply great in his state and age." Dr. Whitefoord Smith had not then given up his chair of English, Professor Wallace Duncan, later Bishop, was teaching Mental and Moral Philosophy, and Du Pré, Gamewell, and the writer were younger associates. A fruitful episode of this period was his summer's run over to Leipzig to stand his examination for Ph.D. It was exhilarating to him and to me, for we were daily together for a few weeks in Leipzig, and spent together his last week on German soil in tramping over the Harz Mountains, with Treseburg as center of operations.

The next spring came the opportunity of his life, his call to the chair of English in Vanderbilt

University.[1] He made there a fortunate and congenial marriage, and found at once a wider field where he could show his aptness to teach and his talent for building up a department. He exerted himself with success not only to teach well, but also to please. His letters of that period show that he believed the Vanderbilt to be the best place in the country for a young scholar to make a reputation in. The recognition he met with from the faculty, the appreciation of him shown by the students, the kindly consideration with which he was generally received in Nashville, were good for him. Mind and soul expanded in such influences. It was, to use Sidney Lanier's words, "a little of the wine of success and praise without which no man ever does the very best he might."

The teaching of English in the South is greatly indebted to Baskervill. Professor Price doubtless inaugurated the new era in English study when Baskervill was his pupil at Randolph-Macon, but the next most important stage in the development was probably Baskervill's work at Vanderbilt. His greatest results were his

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[1] I have freely incorporated, with slight changes, in the remaining pages extracts from a sketch of Baskervill which I printed in the *Christian Advocate,* October 25, 1900.

best pupils. To mention only English scholars in prominent positions, there occur to me at this moment the names of Professors Henneman, Snyder, Mims, Hulme, Webb, Weber, Burke, Brown, Sewell, Reed, Drake, and Bourland, and (adding three who are well known in other lines of duty) Deering, Ferrell, and Branham. To these and to many others Mims's words apply: "His life is still being lived in us—leading us on to nobler and higher ideals." It may well be doubted whether any other man in the South will ever again before his fiftieth year be able to see such fruits of his work, if for no other reason, because Baskervill was a pioneer in the new methods of teaching English. The impulse his best pupils received from him in literary taste and scholarly aspiration is doubtless the best proof that he himself possessed scholarship and literary taste. He made scholars not merely by what and how he taught them, but by his personal interest and sympathy in them and their work. In June, 1899, though the doctor had ordered him to go at once to East Brook Springs, he could not be induced to be absent from the last faculty meeting, because he had promised to support some young men for fellowships, and they were depending on him.

Baskervill's heart was in his teaching and his

literary work still more than in technical and philological studies. Besides his doctor-dissertation, the Anglo-Saxon text of Alexander's Epistle to Aristotle, and the books published in collaboration with Professor Harrison, he published, with a former pupil, Mr. J. W. Sewell, an English grammar for the use of high school, academy, and college classes, also leaving in manuscript an elementary English grammar; and he did much etymological work on the Century Dictionary, and planned other things of similar nature; but his heart was really in other lines. In a letter of 1898, referring to his contemplated revision of his "Andreas," he wrote, in the words of Carlyle, "And now my poor wife will have to pass through the valley and the shadow of Andreas," meaning the allusion to be jocose, it is true; but if it had been purely literary work, he would not even have thought of "the valley and the shadow" in connection with it. Indeed, the greatest thing about Baskervill, I always thought, was his fine literary taste, especially in great prose. His reading was regularly on high lines, literature that was full of high seriousness. The fact that almost before he was out of his teens he preferred Thackeray to Dickens, and that no other novelist could ever displace Thackeray in his estimation,

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is significant of much. In the last few years I had much desire and curiosity to have a full, free talk with him about poetry, to learn how he really felt it. But having reread recently his papers on "Southern Writers," I have noted again, as before, that the subtlest study, as it is the longest, is of the greatest of our Southern poets except Poe—namely, Sidney Lanier; and I understand the better his appreciation of Lanier since I have recently become a devoted adherent of that poet. I have realized, too, that it was the poetic side of Maurice Thompson which he most highly estimated and most discerningly and lovingly discussed. It seems to have been, also, in large part the poetic gift of Irwin Russell which caused him to give that pioneer a prominent place in his series of Southern writers. But more to the point is a paragraph of a letter from Mrs. Baskervill, dated October 30, 1900:

He had a growing admiration for Tennyson as a teacher and upholder of great truths. He set a high value on the originality and truth, the purity and nobility of Wordsworth. Reading aloud from one of the "Lyrical Ballads," it might be, he would say: "If I know anything about it, this is poetry." He felt the beauty and the force of it. Yet, realizing there could be no link of sympathy between two such poets as Wordsworth and Burns, how he enjoyed, I remem-

ber, reading Hazlitt's trenchant criticism on Wordsworth, in his essay on Burns, or his attack on the "intimations" of the famous ode, which I believe Matthew Arnold also takes up. However sensible to the charm, I think he felt after all that to study too closely the poetry of Shelley, and even Keats, was like taking hold of a butterfly. I recall how his eye kindled, his countenance lighted up, and his whole frame seemed agitated, as he came upon some fine passage from Carlyle or Ruskin or Lowell—one of those "electric light flashes of truth," as he termed it. No matter how I happened to be engaged, I must stop and share his enthusiasm. He intended making a special study of Browning the coming winter, had gathered books and material with such a purpose in view. His best teaching, he used to tell me, was done in Shakespeare. Yet after all it was in Thackeray that he still found his chief delight—"that master of characterization, the subtlest analyst of his time." Like Mr. Page, he never ceased to wonder at his knowledge of human nature. Only the winter before his death he took up Thackeray again, with the aid of Mrs. Ritchie's introduction to the volumes, intending to write an article for the *Review.*

"How well I remember," adds Mrs. Baskervill, "the advent of the new school of Southern writers. With what zest he read and reread, feeling a kind of personal pride in each new discovery! His heart and soul were in that work." He had for several years been telling me and writing me about the wonderful new outcropping

of Southern writers, especially about Cable and Harris, whose names I saw constantly, of course, in the magazines and papers, but whom I was then "too busy" to read. I remember very distinctly the day I was inducted into the new cult. I was ill and confined to my room, though able to sit up. Baskervill came to see me, and brought Cable's "Old Creole Days." I think I read the whole volume without rising from my chair, with increasing appreciation and delight as I went from story to story; and when I finished "Madame Delphine" a glow passed over me from head to foot and back from foot to head, and I said to myself, with profound feeling: "It has come at last!" I meant the day of the South's finding her expression in literature. Such a moment of overwhelming conviction and satisfaction can come only once. I know. I realized then that the South had the material in her old past, and that we had the writers with the art to portray it.

As I reread now Baskervill's "Biographical and Critical Studies of Southern Writers," I find myself marking many passages, some of them sentiments which I heard him express many times years ago, others bits of critical appreciation which impress me not only as having come from his inmost conviction, but as reach-

ing the heart of the matter. Of this latter character is the remark about Mr. Cable's "Dr. Sevier":

And the hand that drew Ristofalo, with his quiet manner, happy disregard of fortune's caprices and real force of character, Narcisse—"dear, delicious, abominable Narcisse, more effective as a bit of coloring than all the Grandissimes put together"—and crowned him with the death of a hero; and gentle Mary, bright, cheerful, brave, an ideal lover of her husband as he was of her, is certainly that of a master, as the imagination that conceived them was that of a poet. There are innumerable touches in the story equal to anything that the author has ever done—that is, as beautiful as anything in contemporary fiction.

As good as that is a passage on "Bonaventure" (p. 351), which, coming immediately before his statement in a single paragraph of the defects of "John March, Southerner," makes all the weightier the severe condemnation there pronounced on that unlucky book—"one of the dismalest failures ever made by a man of genius." The verdict against "John March, Southerner," concludes with the assurance, based on "the 'Taxidermist' and one or two other gems of recent years," that "the divine fire still burns," and with the wish, "Would that it could be religiously consecrated to pure art!" For, says he in his study, as I have heard him remark often, "The

man with a mission throttles the artist," and "An artist out of his domain is not infrequently the least clear-sighted of mortals." Indeed, the sum and substance of all of Baskervill's criticism of Mr. Cable is contained in this one line: "The poet, if he is to be our only truth-teller, must let politics alone." Baskervill was proud of Mr. Cable's genius and fond of him personally, entertained him in his home at Nashville for several days, and used to correspond with him; and the real explanation of all the criticism in his sketch of Mr. Cable is not that Baskervill as a Southerner so much resented criticism of the Creoles and of other Southern people, but that Mr. Cable was devoting to philanthropic notions, especially to the negro question, genius that belonged to literature. "The domination of one idea has vitiated," he said regretfully, "the most exquisite literary and artistic gifts that any American writer of fiction, with possibly one exception, has been endowed with since Hawthorne."

I think still that the best of the "Studies" because the most sympathetic, the most pleasing because it came without reserve right from the heart as well as the brain, is that on Joel Chandler Harris. I know his judgment is sincere because I have heard it from his lips many times.

He thought that Mr. Harris, of all the Southern writers, had most effectively used his talents, most completely fulfilled his mission. "The most sympathetic, the most original, the truest delineator of this larger life—its manners, customs, amusements, dialect, folklore, humor, pathos, and character — is Joel Chandler Harris." "Humor and sympathy are his chief qualities," he said, "and in everything he is simple and natural." Uncle Remus he placed above all that Southern authors have done—"the most valuable and, in this writer's opinion, the most permanent contribution to American literature in the last quarter of this century"—"one of the few creations of American writers worthy of a place in the gallery of the immortals."

Baskervill still hoped from Mr. Harris

> a work into which he will put the wealth of his mind and heart, and expand and compress into one novel the completest expression of his whole being. But if he should never give us a masterpiece of fiction like his beloved "Vicar of Wakefield," "Ivanhoe," "Vanity Fair," or "The Scarlet Letter," we shall still be forever grateful for the fresh and beautiful stories, the delightful humor, the genial, manly philosophy, and the wise and witty sayings in which his writings abound. His characters have become world possessions; his words are in all our mouths. By virtue of these gifts he will be enrolled in that small but distinguished company of humorists, the immortals of the heart and home, whose genius, wis-

dom, and charity keep fresh and sweet the springs of life, and Uncle Remus will live always.

His personal attitude toward his work on the Southern authors seems to me worthy of all praise. He used to write me in those days, "Keep on criticising my work: that is what I need; others will praise me." I did criticise him more often and more freely than I have ever criticised any one else, as I had a right to do, since we were friends; and I do not remember that my criticism ever vexed him. It is pathetic to me now to read again how he sought to justify himself when I criticised his over-favorable or insufficiently appreciative estimate of one or other of the Southern authors, and how he tried to show that we were probably, after all, not far apart in our judgments—if only he could have expressed himself in his sketch as frankly and as freely as we did in our letters. As I re-read these "Studies" in the light of his letters of the period, I am almost surprised to note how they grow upon me. His hand was steadily learning cunning; he expressed himself, his own ideas more, quoted less from others than formerly; was gaining in felicity of expression, analyzed more subtly and clearly. If he had gone on, he would clearly have been thought worthy to become the historian of Southern literature,

and might well have aspired to an even wider field. "He improved," said Dr. Tigert, "more rapidly during the last ten years than any other man I ever knew at his age. He studied hard, wrote and rewrote, so that I am confident his best work has been left undone."

The insight and skill displayed in the "Studies" suggested to Mr. Hamilton W. Mabie also the idea of Baskervill becoming the historian of Southern literature. In a letter of March 30, 1897, he wrote:

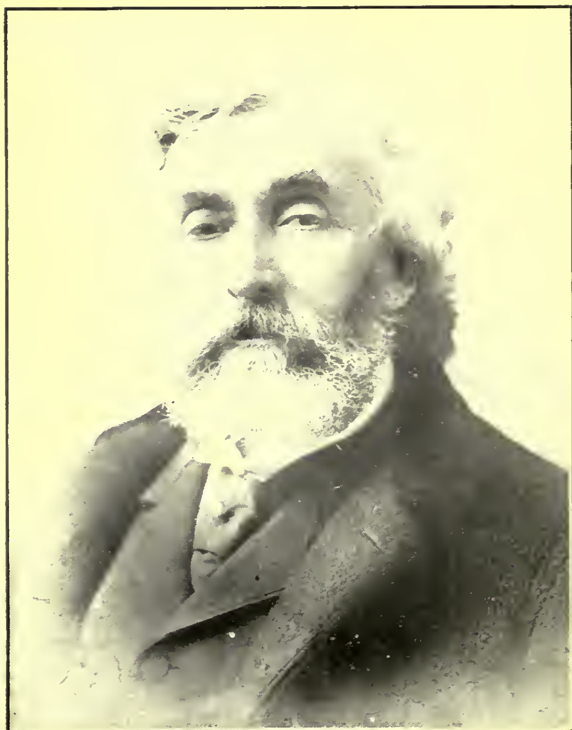
> I have been very much interested in your series of "Southern Writers," and it has seemed to me that you were getting together a large amount of valuable literary material. Have you had any thought of making a book of the chapters when you have finished them? This is not an idle question. If you have any such thought, I should venture to make a suggestion to you. I should think with some revision and with an introductory and closing chapter you might make a history of the entire literary movement in the South which would be of great interest and usefulness. Your treatment of Lanier was capital.

The Southern writers themselves placed a high estimate on his critical work. "I appreciate your gifts as a critic," wrote Mr. Harris; "rather I would say your gifts as a literary essayist, which include conscience as well as the

critical faculty." Mr. James Lane Allen wrote him concerning the "Studies":

> I shall give them a slow, critical, absorptive reading. They interest me greatly, and I think represent an initial movement toward the recognition, toward the appreciation of Southern writers, that would mean so much if deeply fostered. We scribblers of little things, but with fine intentions, owe you so much. I believe you have stood almost alone in your early and hardy advocacy of our cause and—beyond our deserts—of our place also. Here's a New Year's blessing on you for it from one of the lesser of them!

The work which Baskervill so well began is going on. The memorial volume, issued in 1903, is the best tribute to his influence and his teaching in the sphere of literary studies; and I have often thought how he would be touched could he know that other Southern writers whom he intended to commemorate were receiving sympathetic and illuminating treatment from his old pupils.



CHARLES KENDALL ADAMS.

IV.

PRESIDENT CHARLES KENDALL ADAMS.

For the presidency of the University of Wisconsin, which was doubtless the most important work of his life, Dr. Charles Kendall Adams was peculiarly fitted by circumstances as well as training. Born in Vermont, January 24, 1835, of a family that was old, but, like the typical New England farm, poor, he had in his boyhood meager opportunities for study: in summer working on the farm, in winter first attending and later teaching district schools. But he was always eager to learn, and his brother used to tell how with a book on his plow he sometimes let his beast make a furrow at its will till aroused from his preoccupation. Perhaps it was significant that this youth, who was after a while to become a torch-bearer of learning, started West carrying in his hand a copy of Shakespeare which had been overlooked in the packing up. Having migrated to Iowa in 1855, he began to study Latin and Greek after his twenty-first birthday, and entered the University of Michigan in 1857.

He entered from a private academy after hurried preparation, and gave me long afterwards the impression that only kindly leniency on the part of his examiners let him into the university. It was only necessary to get in "by the skin of his teeth"; ability, zeal, and industry did the rest. I have heard him say that only the helpful human sympathy of Professor Boise on his first recitation encouraged him to hold up his head after that first failure. Doubtless this encouragement, that never failed afterwards, made the man; and how grateful he always was to Boise! Perhaps even his lifelong partiality for Greek studies was due to that. He worked his way through college by manual labor and service in the library, but found time to read as well as to work and study, for in his freshman year —as he said once to the students of the University of Wisconsin—he saved money enough to buy a dozen good books in general literature, and read them.

Graduated in 1861, he went on to the Master's degree in 1862; was then appointed instructor in Latin and History, assistant professor of History in 1863, and in 1867 full professor of History, with the privilege of spending a year and a half in German and French universities. The man he succeeded in the chair of History was the then

young Andrew D. White, who had perhaps chiefly influenced his student career, determined his choice of a specialty, nominated him for his own chair on leaving, suggested him, I think, as his successor in the presidency of Cornell, and remained all through life his closest friend. Connected with the University of Michigan twenty-eight years — five as student, twenty-three as member of the faculty—he came to be regarded perhaps as its most eminent professor, and was Dean of the School of Political Science from its establishment in 1881. First as non-resident lecturer on History at Cornell (1881-5), and later as president (1885-92), he became thoroughly familiar with that Eastern institution, which is doubtless most nearly of the style of the Western state university. He had been chairman, too, of the building committees of the great libraries of the University of Michigan and of Cornell, something significant in view of his later connection with that beautiful structure which will remain as his chief monument at Madison—the Historical Library. At the age of fifty-seven, in the maturity of his powers, learning, and experience in affairs, he came in the autumn of 1892 to the University of Wisconsin.

A paragraph from a paper which I prepared for local use at the time of his resignation

(1901) sums up some of the qualities of the man as well as the striking results of his nine years' administration:

Dr. Bascom's thirteen-year administration had put the young institution on a sound basis of scholarship, had filled the state with a fine body of alumni loyal to their president and fond of their *alma mater,* and had made inevitable and easy the transition from a small college to a big university. Dr. Chamberlin's five-year régime had been marked by greatly accelerated growth in numbers and development of university temper and spirit. The latter found Science Hall built, and he began and all but finished the Dairy Building, Law Building, and Gymnasium. The legislatures of 1889 and 1891 had made notable and noble appropriations. In 1893, $140,000 was added, making possible the adequate completion and outfit of the edifices already under construction. In 1895 came the phenomenal appropriation—one-fifth of a mill tax additional (*i. e.,* interest on $2,000,000) for two years, and $180,000 for the Historical Library.

In 1897 the one-fifth mill tax was made permanent, and the amount for the Historical Library was increased to $420,000; in 1889 $135,000 was appropriated for a new Engineering Building, and for the agricultural heating plant and to complete and equip the Historical Library $200,000 more. In 1901 about $200,000 was appropriated, of which $150,000 was to go to the construction of Agricultural Hall, the remainder to the general university fund and to engineering improvements. From 1890 to 1900 was the building era of the university. . . . The increase of the students

and faculty has been quite commensurate with the improvements in building. In 1892 the number of students was 1,092—now 2,800; of instructors and other officers in 1892, 73—now, 168. . . . He is a man of fine presence and distinguished bearing, affable, a good conversationalist, has for many years been given to entertaining notable people; and so, while utterly unassuming, has the air of one who is at home in the best company. People who do not know him well have sometimes called him an aristocrat. On the platform he never makes a poor speech, and sometimes a great one. As presiding officer at a banquet he has few equals within my knowledge. In social matters his administration has been a pronounced success. . . . But he is also a great executive officer. I have heard him say that the American people do big things better than they do little ones. Lesser men can turn off routine business quite as well as he; his preëminence is in planning and accomplishing large things.

The best evidence of this outwardly is the great Historical Library; the best proof of it inwardly is the vast extension of facilities, not simply to meet the great increase in the number of students, but to make possible the most advanced work, and to cause the ablest men to feel that Wisconsin is the best place to stay and labor in. Some of the newspapers have criticised sharply at times, and some legislators have come from the people to make a fight; but in the end the majority of the legislature and of the people have come over to his ideas and his ideals, and civic pride in the university has enormously increased. The friction which a few years ago existed between the authorities of the lower schools and the university seems

now to have disappeared entirely, and a cordial and helpful relation has taken its place.

President Adams was passionately loyal to, and enthusiastically confident of, the great future of the University of Wisconsin. He showed remarkable capacity in choosing members of the faculty as well as in uniting and harmonizing them in the common work, fostered and stimulated the spirit of research among the instructors, and yet would remind them that "the university is for the students," whose instruction should not be sacrificed to investigation. His zeal for athletics came mainly from the conviction that a maximum of clear and sane thinking, as well as the most moral living, is not to be expected from men in poor health. His manifest and well-known sympathy with all that made for real religion in the university was but the outward expression of inward belief and consistent home living.

An estimate of the service rendered by President Adams to the university and to the cause of higher education, made by Dean Birge at the time of his resignation, pleased President Adams above all appreciations then made public. It is as follows:

President Adams was one of the first men in this country to catch the spirit and temper of true uni-

versity study and administration. This spirit he embodied, first, in his own teaching; and this temper, as larger opportunities were afforded him, he carried into the institutions of which he has been the head. The university temper expresses itself, when it is present, in every department of university work, from the freshman classes to the graduate courses. It was by no means absent from our university in the years before 1892, yet it has received a mighty impulse and stimulus from the example and teachings of President Adams. This internal growth, this development of a higher standard of scholarship in the university, has been President Adams's great contribution to the intellectual life of the state. By a higher standard of scholarship I do not mean the exaction of more work from the student or the mere 'raising of the standard' in the technical sense, but a lifting of the institution to a truer and higher intellectual position. This is the greatest service that a president can render to his university, and this President Adams has fully rendered to us. To this end all his measures have tended. In carrying out this main purpose, President Adams has shown great breadth and largeness of view. He has been able to conceive large plans for the university, which he has boldly executed. Yet he has never striven to enforce his own ideas upon the various departments, aiming rather to inspire unity and harmony of spirit and purpose than to secure a similarity in method. Thus he has been able to win and hold the sympathy of the faculty for his plans and their coöperation in working them out and applying them in the administration and the teaching of the university.

President Adams was stricken down about

February 1, 1900, and was never at the helm for more than a day or two at a time after that. After weeks of suffering at home, he was sent by his physicians, first to Virginia, then to Battle Creek, Michigan, and finally for a year to Italy and Germany. During all that period I was in constant correspondence with him, and some extracts from his letters may be used to illustrate his absorbing devotion to the university, and to indicate some of his plans and ideals in educational work. He was trying to get well for the sake of the work he felt he had still to do at Madison, and every movement for a year and a half was determined by that. He abandoned a contemplated trip from Italy to Egypt, "for the reasons," he wrote, "of the twofold fact of my continued improvement and the opinion of the doctor that I should probably not return from Egypt as well as I might be on going. I hope that in the spring we may go to Athens and, perhaps, to Sicily."

By January 1, 1901, he had reached his normal weight again, and the physician who had accompanied him from Battle Creek returned home, saying that it was "absurd for him to remain longer." "I should call myself entirely well," he wrote, "but for a little nervous weakness, which, I suppose, is the last remnant of the

illness." Nature just then was in sympathy with their returning health. "The climate here is charming," he wrote. "Roses, heliotropes, and oleanders seem not to know any such thing as winter. Their blossoms are now upon every wall and along every roadside. To-day we sat with our windows wide open to the floor, and many have sat among the flowers in the garden." "What a country it is!" he wrote again in February.

As I write at midday we are having the third concert under the window; not the hand-organ—which seems to be good enough only for America—but by a violin and a singer, both fit for the stage. There are tears and laughter and exultation, all expressed with the fire of an operatic training. Of such concerts we must have about five a day, and, strangely enough, do not quite tire of them. There is a picturesqueness about the whole matter that is almost bewitching.

Some extracts from letters of that period illustrate one of President Adams' abiding interests in matters of higher education—*i. e.,* classical studies. When urging me to come to Madison in 1894, he said that in a college course one language at least was especially deserving of favor as embodying and representing pure culture of the highest kind, and that language to his mind had always been the Greek. "I invite

you to a larger field, and it is your duty to come," he said with great emphasis; and I was practically won at once. Some time later, Dr. B. I. Wheeler wrote me: "President Adams will give the most earnest support. You will find him a loyal, sound, wise man." During the eight years that followed, I found his zeal for classical studies always unabated. The last thing he did for the university was to organize the School of Commerce; and it might have seemed that he, too, was swamped by the wave of commercialism that was sweeping over the country. But he sent Dean Johnson of the College of Engineering, his chief agent in the new venture, to consult with me, and called me to his sick bed to say that "he did not want some of us who stood for ideal things to think that the university was to be wholly given over to the material and practical." And a year later he wrote me from Italy (March 22, 1901):

> I note all you say in regard to its being a technical year. But I want the university not to be swamped by a spirit of commercialism. Every interest should be encouraged. What men have accomplished is quite as important as what they are accomplishing.

In 1894 he had led me to hope that we might have some day at the University of Wisconsin a classical museum; and this matter was much

on his mind when he was abroad—without any urging from me, it may be said, for I never found it necessary to remind him of promises. February 7, 1901, he said in a postscript to a letter:

I came within an inch of forgetting one of my errands in writing. Before I left Madison I asked the Regents to allow me to use the balance of my salary —*i. e.,* what was really saved by my absence—in the purchase of plaster casts for a classical museum in the new library building. The answer was that I must not trouble myself with anything of the kind till I was really well. In so far as this was prompted by a consideration for me, I appreciated it, and of course there was no answer to give. But the time has come when no such answer suffices. All the manufactories in the world are glad to decorate Johnson's building [Engineering Hall]; but Socrates and Demosthenes can't send their photographs, nor can Phidias send his architectural designs. Consequently such things either have to be bought, or we are in danger of being snowed completely under by a spirit of commercialism. Carnegie and Rockefeller will perish, but there are some others that will remain. I recently wrote ——— that I should be greatly disappointed if I were not permitted to make the expenditures. If I could spend, say, $1,000 for photographs and $2,500, or such a matter, for statuary, my illness will not have been without advantage.

Meanwhile a change had taken place. Winter came suddenly; Mrs. Adams was stricken down

with asthma; her illness was long and his sympathy intense, so that he was never quite so well again. Still he maintained the struggle for health. Seven months later, when, under the impression that his health was far better than it was, I had urged his being here to meet the Board of Regents in September, he replied:

> Ever since January 5 we have been fighting the battle to get into condition to resume work at the beginning of the year. In the case of my wife the battle cannot be said to have been successful—at least the improvement has been so capricious and slow that up to the arrival of your letter it seemed uncertain what the true course should be. I have been confronted with the dilemma of either going back without her or delaying the voyage in the hope of further improvement. I have too much dread of an avenging Nemesis to undertake the former course.

They decided to come home together, and that last letter from Germany concluded thus:

> Of one thing I wish to assure you. Every movement, except my shortest possible journey to Glasgow, has been dictated by considerations of health. . . . It has, beyond all question, been the most anxious and disappointing year of my life. In spite of all these facts, I shall attempt to be present at the meeting of the Board.

The provision in his last will and testament directing that five of the fifteen five-hundred-

dollar fellowships, to the establishment of which he devoted his entire estate, should go to the department of Greek, is the final proof of his belief in the value of Greek culture.

He and Mrs. Adams reached Madison in September in time for the meeting of the Board. Dean Johnson, Mr. Hiestand, and I met them at the station. Waiting by the car for them to get off, I said to Mr. Hiestand, as I heard the President's voice: "It has the old ring!" But when his face appeared, I was shocked to see how he had aged in a single year. That was Saturday night. The next morning he telephoned me to come and dine with him and Mrs. Adams. When I went at noon, I found he had already been conferring with Dean Henry about Professor F. H. King's call to Washington. With such vigor he instantly resumed his duties. He felt equal to, and eager for, the accustomed burdens. "I could run two universities!" he said to Mr. Stevens. But he was apprehensive about Mrs. Adams.

The first severe test of his powers came shortly—the opening Convocation Address to the students, an occasion to which he had been looking forward for months. The meeting was held in the Armory, and he spoke for forty-five minutes connectedly, clearly, and logically. It was a

good speech, but it seems he came through by sheer force of will. He looked somewhat dazed at the conclusion, but I felt no uneasiness at the moment. But his wife's womanly instinct divined instantly what had happened, for as he approached the house she said she knew it was all over. Under the first severe strain he had broken down. Serious illness followed, and the old trouble returned. As soon as the Regents could be got together, he resigned. The night before the resignation was formally laid before the Board he telephoned for me to come, and told me what he had done. Tears fell as he spoke, and he looked a gray and aged and broken man. It was very hard. He had hoped to serve the University till he was seventy-five, nine years longer, and he had great plans for it. Now it was all over. I knew his heart was broken, but he did not murmur. When a few weeks later his train had started for California, and Dr. Birge and I turned homeward, I said: "We shall see his face no more!"

His last letter to me is pathetic, in view of what happened so shortly after.

We are beginning to get ready to move into the new house [he wrote, June 21]. Probably in two weeks we shall be in our own home. My wife looks forward with great pleasure to the new life, and I

hope it will be in every way beneficial. . . . Neither of us is in the best condition.

Early in July they moved into the new house they had built, and on the 26th he passed away.

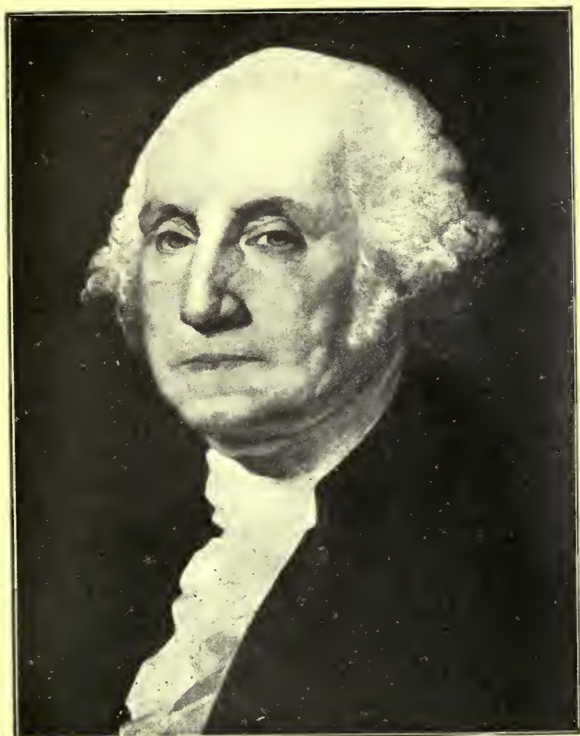
In one of his later letters there is a reference to the book of resolutions—with signatures of all the faculty—prepared in consequence of his resignation, and with that I may close:

The Cardinal book touched me so deeply I have hardly dared to venture on a formal acknowledgment; but I must do so without much delay. Especially gratifying was the note preceding the signatures themselves. As a whole I believe the work to be unique. Surely our dear old Patrick [janitor] would have called it a "wonderful char-ac-ter from me last place!" God bless you all!

V.

THE NATIONAL HERO.

"We must have a revival of patriotism," more than one thoughtful man has been heard to say. If this be true, what is the best method of cultivating love of and pride in the fatherland? The old Greeks had the good habit of telling over and over again the heroic deeds of their ancestors in order to kindle and nourish the sacred flame of patriotism, and since then all nations that have had a past have done the same. We are too close to the Civil War period to see things calmly, to judge impartially, to forget all the trial and stress and suffering. Southern men, it is true, are beginning to recognize that Lincoln was second only to Washington, and Northern men to acknowledge that the nation's greatest soldier was Lee. But only the unprejudiced on either side see thus clearly. The whole nation can, however, join in admiration of its founders, and the unusual attention now bestowed on American history is sure to produce good fruits. The volumes of the "American Statesmen" series, especially, are not only giving us correct his-



GEORGE WASHINGTON.

tory, but they are proving a fine school for patriotism. It is to one of the biographies of this series that I am indebted for the suggestion of writing, as well as for most of the facts in this paper,[1] namely, "George Washington," by Henry Cabot Lodge.

Mr. Gladstone is reported to have said:

> It is no extravagance to say that although there were only two millions of people in the thirteen states at the time of the Revolution, the group of statesmen that proceeded from them were a match for any in the whole history of the world, and were superior to those of any one epoch.

It might be difficult for any one except a Virginian to give the reason why, but it is at any rate a fact, that Virginia furnished far more than her quota of the remarkable group of Revolutionary statesmen. Mr. Roosevelt (in his "Gouverneur Morris," page 325) goes further, and says:

> Virginia stands easily first among all our commonwealths for the statesmen and warriors she has brought forth; and it is noteworthy that during the long contest between the nationalists and separatists, which forms the central fact in our history for the first three-quarters of a century of our national life, she gave leaders to both sides at the two great crises—Washington and Marshall to the one, and Jefferson to the other

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[1]Published January, 1890.

—when the question was one of opinion as to whether the Union should be built up, and when the appeal to arms was made to tear it down, Farragut[1] and Thomas to the North, Lee and Jackson to the South.

It is furthermore remarkable that so many of Virginia's early great men came from the single county of Westmoreland, "the prolific soil that grows Presidents," as Governor Barbour, of Virginia, used to say, in allusion to the fact that Westmoreland county furnished three of the first five Presidents.

What Boston was to Massachusetts [says Magruder in his "John Marshall"] Westmoreland was to the other counties of Virginia; the birthplace and home of the Washingtons, the Lees, the Masons, the Taliaferros, the Marshalls, the Madisons, the Monroes, the Graysons, the Roanes, the Beverlys, the Bankheads, the Balls, the McCartys, the Blands, and the Carters, it became a sentinel on the watchtower of liberty—the herald to announce the appproach of danger.

It was not so remarkable, perhaps, that Virginia's statesmen belonged, as a rule, to what is called the gentleman class. That had been true of most of the great statesmen of all the leading countries of the world. It was eminently true even of democratic Athens; not less true, of

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[1]Mistake; Farragut was a Tennessean by birth.

course, of aristocratic and imperial Rome. It had been true of France and Austria and Prussia and England. It was certainly true in the Revolutionary period of New York and South Carolina, as well as of Virginia, and doubtless of other states.

> From the slaveholding aristocracy of Virginia came [says Mr. Lodge], with the exception of Patrick Henry, all the great men of that state who did so much for American freedom, and who rendered such imperishable service to the republic in law, in politics, and in war. From this aristocracy came Marshall and Mason and Madison, the Lees, the Randolphs, the Harrisons, and the rest. From it came also Thomas Jefferson, the hero of American democracy; and to it was added Patrick Henry, not by lineage, or slaveholding, but by virtue of his brilliant abilities, and because he, too, was an aristocrat, by the immutable division of race.

It would be an interesting question, now, to consider why the so-called upper classes have produced most of the great statesmen of the world. Genius has shown itself in other respects no respecter of persons. From Homer to Burns, and from Burns to Joel Chandler Harris, the Muse has touched the lips of the humble quite as often as of the highborn infant. The humbler class has furnished, too, not a few of the world's great generals: Marius, Murat, Jackson, Grant, Forrest, and many others. The main reason is,

doubtless, that in most countries the career in statecraft has been practically closed against all but aristocrats, or at least has been hedged about with greater hindrances than other careers. In those states at the time of the Revolution where there was a powerful aristocracy, as in Virginia, South Carolina, and New York, this class naturally put forward the public men. Even in that day it was different in democratic New England; and as democracy has spread over the rest of the states we find that birth has had little to do with the making of statesmen. Witness Webster from Massachusetts, Clay from Kentucky, Calhoun from South Carolina, Andrew Jackson from Tennessee, Lincoln from Illinois, Stephens from Georgia, and Garfield from Ohio.

Another characteristic of the Revolutionary statesmen was their high culture. Washington attained his preëminent position amid a group of men distinguished above all the statesmen of this country, not only by their mental endowment, but in the fact that a large majority were college-bred men. There were a few striking exceptions, it is true, like Roger Sherman; but of all the group the greatest had the smallest educational opportunities.

One other group of great men, limited neither by age nor clime, Washington belonged to. It

has been often remarked that the greatest statesmen and generals of the world, the doers *par excellence*, have been generally silent men. "Carlyle," says Mr. Lodge, "crying out through hundreds of pages and myriads of words for the 'silent man,' passed by with a sneer the most absolutely silent great man that history can show." Conspicuous in that august list of mighty men of war and statecraft are, besides Washington, our own Lee and Jackson, as well as Grant; Cromwell and Wellington in England; Napoleon in France; Frederick the Great and Moltke and Bismarck in Germany; Julius Cæsar in Rome; Hannibal in Carthage; Pericles in Athens; Moses among the Hebrews.

Mr. Lodge, like all the later biographers of Washington, is hard upon Weems. If there was anything left before of the Weems myths, Mr. Lodge demolishes it. He has studied Washington's career very minutely for years, and he tells us there is no evidence not only for the plant-bed episode, for the cherry tree and little hatchet, for Washington's refusal to fight at school, but even for the colt-breaking. In the first place, Weems was "mendacious," if not a regular liar. He published himself as *rector of Mount Vernon parish,* though there was no such parish. He may have preached once, possibly oftener, to a

congregation when George Washington was present, but that is all. Hence we must receive what the scribbling parson says *cum grano salis.* Furthermore, the story of the initials in the plant-bed, by which Washington's father inculcated in the little George a profound belief in God, is taken bodily from Dr. Beattie's sketch of his son, published in England in 1799. The only authorities for Weems' stories of the cherry tree and the refusal to fight at school are "a lady" and "a good old gentleman," who remembered the incidents; but, with the light thrown by "Mount Vernon parish" and the plant-bed episode on Weems' character for historical fidelity, the lady" and "good old gentleman" can hardly be accepted as competent witnesses. Then the colt story, which Mr. Curtis tells, was a century old when he told it, and there is not even a "lady" or a "good old gentleman" to vouch for it. The episodes of the cherry tree and the colt-breaking might have happened, of course, only there is no evidence that they did. As to the story of the refusal to fight and lecturing his playmates on the sin of fighting, we can be quite sure. Washington was a most unfortunate selection for the hero of such a goody-goody story. This same Washington, son of an "imperious woman, of strong will," the Washington in whose

compression of the mouth and indentations of the brow the actor Bernard read, in 1798, the evidence of an "habitual conflict with and mastery over passion," is said not only to have refused to fight a boy at school, but to have allowed himself to be knocked down in the presence of his soldiers in 1754, and thereupon to have begged his assailant's pardon! This mild Washington of Mr. Weems is the same man who some years later wrote to the major of his old regiment, who had been excluded from the public thanks on account of cowardice at the Great Meadows:

> Your impertinent letter was delivered to me yesterday. As I am not accustomed to receive such from any man, nor would have taken the same language from you personally without letting you feel some marks of my resentment, I would advise you to be cautious in writing me a second of the same tenor.

Some years later still, this patient Washington, when covered by the gun of a poacher, "dashed his horse headlong into the water, seized the gun, grasped the canoe, and, dragging it ashore, pulled the man out of the boat and beat him soundly."

This self-contained Washington once during the war, as Judge Marshall used to tell, sent an officer to cross a river in quest of information

about the enemy by which the morrow's action was to be guided. When the man some time later brought word to the General, who was meanwhile impatiently pacing his tent, that the dark and stormy night and the ice in the river had prevented his crossing, "Washington glared at him a moment, seized a large leaden inkstand from the table, hurled it at the offender's head, and said, with a fierce oath, 'Be off, and send me a *man!*'" It is needless to add that the officer crossed the river and got the information.

Another anecdote of the same character is told by Colonel Reese, of Nashville, to whom it came by oral tradition from a senatorial ancestor of his. Washington, it seems, was one day after dinner, at which several ladies and gentlemen were present, reading some attacks of the opposition newspapers on him, when, losing his temper, he struck the table a terrible blow with his hand, so that the glasses rattled and the ladies started up in alarm, and swore that he would not stand it any longer. After pacing the floor for a few moments, he became calm and excused himself. Such a man could hardly develop out of Weems' good, cool-blooded prig of a boy.

Chancellor Garland, whose recollection covered half the period since Washington was a boy, gave a description of Virginia schoolboys of

his day, which is doubtless equally true of those of the period seventy-five years earlier. Advising the students one morning never to wear pistols, on the ground that it was a practice worthy only of cowards and bullies, and liable to lead to serious results when the blood was hot, he said:

> When I was a boy, we used to get mad and fight, but we fought fair. We struck straight from the shoulder, and one got the other down and pommeled him till he cried, "Enough!" And a fellow would have been disgraced who struck his prostrate foe after he said "Enough." We used to fight in that way [said the old gentleman, warming up with reminiscences of the first quarter of the century], and I have yet to see that there was any great harm in settling difficulties after that fashion.

Not only was Washington high-tempered, but he was a thorough boy in at least one other respect; he fell in love early and often. One of his schoolmates, who was wont to speak of him as unusually studious and industrious, recalled one occasion when he surprised his playmates by "romping with one of the largest girls." It is quite certain that by the time he was fourteen he was deeply in love with Mary Bland, his "lowland beauty," as he called her, and even wrote verses to her. Old tradition identified the "lowland beauty" with a Miss Grimes, also of West-

moreland, and there are some "dear Sally" letters extant, so that possibly he changed the designation with the girl. Here is the style in which the sixteen-year-old lover wrote to a friend:

> My place of residence at present is at his Lordship's, where I might, were my heart disengaged, pass my time very pleasantly, as there is a very agreeable young lady in the same house, Colonel George Fairfax's wife's sister. But that only adds fuel to the fire, as being often and unavoidably in company with her revives my former passion for your Lowland Beauty;[2] whereas, were I to live more retired from young women, I might in some measure alleviate my sorrow by burying that chaste and troublesome passion in oblivion; I am very well assured that this will be the only antidote or remedy.

But the heart of our melancholy young gentleman was already unfaithful to his "lowland beauty," whether he knew it or not, and for a time it was this same sister-in-law of George Fairfax, Miss Mary Carey, whose image occupied his mind. This affair continued, off and

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[2]"The 'Lowland Beauty,' Mary Bland," says Mr. Lodge, "married Henry Lee, and became the mother of 'Legion Harry,' a favorite officer and friend of Washington, and the grandmother of Robert E. Lee, the great soldier of the Confederacy."

on, for some years. But certainly not later than his twentieth year he had found another girl to his taste, for he wrote to William Fauntleroy, at Richmond, that he hoped for a revocation of the cruel sentence inflicted by his sister, Miss Betsy. In 1756, at twenty-four, when he made, as Colonel Washington, his first trip to Boston, he fell in love at short notice with a New York heiress, Mary Philipse. On his way home he again tarried in New York for the sake of this fair lady, but the women evidently had at that time no idea of the brilliant future in store for the young Virginian, and we are left to infer that the New York heiress rejected the future first President. It is two years before we hear of another love affair, but this time he was to meet his fate. In the spring of 1758, as he was on his way with dispatches to Williamsburg, he stopped one day to dine with a friend, and met there Martha Custis, a widow, "young, pretty, intelligent, and an heiress." Of course this was too much even for an Indian fighter. The horses were brought out in the afternoon, but the young people talked on, and the horses finally went back to the stable. The next morning he rode away, but on his return called at the White House and plighted his troth with the fair widow. He had been a fickle lover, perhaps, but the stately lady whom

he married January 6, 1759, found him constant in his devotion to the end.

As to Washington's generalship, Mr. Roosevelt, in his life of Gouverneur Morris (page 52), contrasting the soldiers of the Revolution with those of the Civil War, says:

As a mere military man, Washington himself cannot rank with the wonderful war-chief who for four years led the Army of Northern Virginia, and the names of Washington and Greene fill up the short list of really good Revolutionary generals. Against these the Civil War shows a roll that contains not only Lee, but also Grant and Sherman, Jackson and Johnston, Thomas, Sheridan, and Farragut, leaders whose volunteer soldiers and sailors, at the end of four years' service, were ready and more than able to match themselves against the best regular forces of Europe.

Mr. Roosevelt is, doubtless, right in his comparison, and yet Washington was a great general. Like William the Silent, he lost most of the battles he fought. Raw militia, such as he had in great part, could not be expected, especially when inferior in numbers, to hold their own with disciplined British regulars. But the wonder is that his army did not go to pieces after the battle on Long Island, or amid the sufferings of Valley Forge. There were some brilliant feats of generalship. Of the Boston campaign it is rightly said:

To maintain a post within musket-shot of the enemy for six months together, without powder, and at the same time to disband an army and recruit another within that distance of twenty odd British regiments, is more, probably, than ever was attempted.

And yet he accomplished it, and drove the enemy from the city. Frederick the Great is reported to have called the Trenton campaign the most brilliant of the century. Of the Monmouth campaign Frederick said: "Clinton gained no advantage, except to reach New York with the wreck of his army. America is probably lost for England." But it is neither Boston nor Trenton nor Monmouth, nor even Yorktown, that stamps Washington as the great general. It was holding that army together after defeat and amid the most terrible destitution and sufferings. "His cardinal doctrine was that the Revolution depended upon the existence of the army, and not on the possession of any particular spot of ground, and his masterly adherence to this theory brought victory, slowly but surely." His greatest feat of generalship, as of statesmanship, was holding the army together, keeping the superior British forces confined to a limited area; teaching Congress by endless letters what to do; begging, entreating, threatening this body, as well as the state governments, as the

need of money and supplies became more and more urgent; striking a blow now and then to keep up the courage and patriotism of his countrymen. Nobody has, perhaps, ever seriously doubted that the fate of the Revolution was all the time in the hands of this one man, and its success is his work, in a measure that can rarely be said of one man. Nothing could daunt the heaven-sent deliverer—not defeat, not lack of supplies, of money, of munitions of war, not disbanding troops, nor plots against himself, nor treason.

It will probably never be accurately known just how great a part Washington had in the framing of the Constitution. We know perfectly well that he knew that the salvation of the country depended on the adoption of some form of government stronger than the Articles of Confederation. We know from a remark of his reported by Gouverneur Morris, and made probably just before the convention opened, how he felt:

> It is too probable that no plan we propose will be adopted. Perhaps another dreadful conflict is to be sustained. If, to please the people, we offer what we ourselves disapprove, how can we afterwards defend our work? Let us raise a standard to which the wise and honest can repair. The event is in the hand of God.

But Washington was not a talker. He had sat silent for fifty-one days in the convention which declared war and made him commander of the Revolutionary forces, and yet Patrick Henry had said of him then: "If you speak of solid information and sound judgment, Colonel Washington is unquestionably the greatest man on the floor." Now, he presided over the Constitutional Convention, and from May 25 to September 17 spoke but once (in behalf of Gorham's amendment). And yet Mr. Lodge, after thoroughly investigating the whole subject, thinks—an opinion shared by Mr. Bancroft in his History of the Constitution—that, "without the influence and the labors of Washington the Convention of 1787, in all probability, would have failed of success."

As first President of the United States, Washington had, of course, greater difficulties than could ever beset any of his successors. Everything had to be settled. There were no precedents. All depended on the good sense of the Chief Executive and his advisers. He began by choosing the ablest Cabinet that ever assembled around any President at the national capital. Good sense and patriotism and the loftiest and most unselfish motives characterized all his public acts. He did not escape criticism, of course.

Only a weak man with a weak policy ever does that. A bitter opposition soon developed, but he never swerved from what he conceived to be the path of duty. "He judges well," said Pericles, "who accepts unpopularity in a great cause." Washington had accepted unpopularity in the Revolution, and he accepted it with the like equanimity during his administration. But time always brings his revenge to the really great and honest man, and most men have long ago acknowledged what Mr. Lodge so well says with regard to the administration of our first President:

> When Washington went out of office, the way was open to the Western movement; the dangers of disintegration by reason of foreign intrigues on the frontier were removed; peace had been maintained, and the national sentiment had had opportunity for rapid growth. France had discovered that, although she had been our ally, we were not her dependent; other nations had been brought to perceive that the United States meant to have a foreign policy all their own; and the American people were taught that their first duty was to be Americans and nothing else.

He might have added that Washington, in his appointments, set the highest example for the proper conduct of the civil service.

How did the great man look? His pictures

do not, as a rule, it seems, exhibit the strong man we expect to see. Here is the description Mr. Lodge gives of him from contemporary testimony:

> Over six feet high, powerfully built, and of uncommon muscular strength, he had the force that always comes from great physical power. He had a fine head, a strong face, with blue eyes set wide apart in deep orbits, and beneath, a square jaw and firm-set mouth which told of a relentless will. Houdon, the sculptor, no bad judge, said he had no conception of the majesty and grandeur of Washington's form and features until he studied him as a subject for a statue.

Mrs. John Adams thus describes to her husband the appearance of Washington when he assumed command at Cambridge:

> Dignity, ease, and complacency, the gentleman and the soldier, look agreeably blended in him. Modesty marks every line and feature of his face. Those lines of Dryden instantly occurred to me:
>
> "Mark his majestic fabric! He's a temple
> Sacred by birth, and built by hands divine;
> His soul's the deity that lodges there;
> Nor is the pile unworthy of the God."

Captain David Ackerson, of Alexandria, Virginia, thus describes, in 1811, Washington's appearance, as he saw him three days before the crossing of the Delaware:

Washington had a large, thick nose, and it was very red that day, giving me the impression that he was not so moderate in the use of liquors as he was supposed to be. I found afterwards that this was a peculiarity. His nose was apt to turn scarlet in a cold wind. He was standing near a camp-fire, evidently lost in thought and making no effort to keep warm. He seemed six feet and a half in height, was as erect as an Indian, and did not for a moment relax from a military attitude. Washington's exact height was six feet two inches in his boots. He was then a little lame from striking his knee against a tree. His eye was so gray that it looked almost white, and he had a troubled look on his colorless face. He had a piece of woolen tied around his throat, and was quite hoarse. Perhaps the throat trouble from which he finally died had its origin about then. Washington's boots were enormous. They were number thirteen. His ordinary walking shoes were number eleven. His hands were large in proportion, and he could not buy a glove to fit him, and had to have his gloves made to order. His mouth was his strong feature, the lips being always tightly compressed. That day they were compressed so tightly as to be painful to look at. At that time he weighed two hundred pounds, and there was no surplus flesh about him. He was tremendously muscled, and the fame of his great strength was everywhere. His large tent when wrapped up with the poles was so heavy that it required two men to place it in the camp-wagon. Washington would lift it with one hand and throw it in the wagon as easily as if it were a pair of saddlebags. He could hold a musket with one hand and shoot with precision as easily as other men did with a horse-pistol. His lungs

were his weak point, and his voice was never strong. He was at that time in the prime of life. His hair was a chestnut brown, his cheeks were prominent, and his head was not large in contrast to every other part of his body, which seemed large and bony at all points. His finger-joints and wrists were so large as to be genuine curiosities. As to his habits at that period I found out much that might be interesting. He was an enormous eater, but was content with bread and meat if he had plenty of it. But hunger seemed to put him in a rage. It was his custom to take a drink of rum or whisky on awakening in the morning. Of course all this was changed when he grew old. I saw him at Alexandria a year before he died. His hair was very gray, and his form was slightly bent. His chest was very thin. He had false teeth which did not fit, and pushed his under lip outward.

This was evidently meant to be a faithful description, notwithstanding minor inaccuracies, as, for example, the color of the eyes.

Washington's fatal illness was, as is well known, sudden and short. He took cold from riding in the snow and rain December 12, 1799, and died two days later from *œdematous laryngitis* (then called *quinsy*)—that is, he was slowly strangled to death by the closing of the throat. The principal remedy tried was bleeding, which did no good, of course. He was seriously ill only twenty-four hours, and realized at once

that the end was near.[3] He gave his will into the keeping of his wife, gave minute directions about the disposition of his papers, and, when nothing more was to be done, calmly awaited the end. "I die hard," he said to Dr. Craik, "but I am not afraid to go." He died as he was in the very act of counting his own pulse.

As to his religious faith, Mr. Lodge says:

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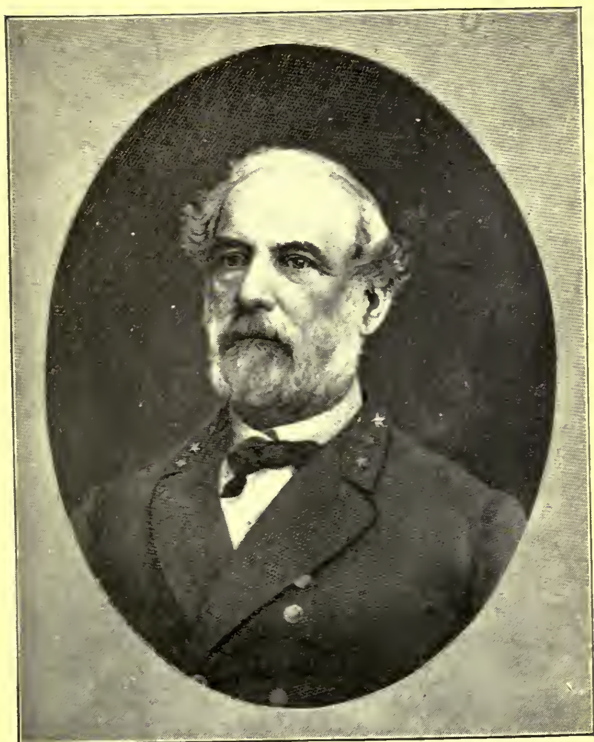
[3]Dr. F. H. Hooper gives (in a footnote, Vol. II., page 296, of Lodge's "Washington") the following interesting statement as to the disease: "Washington's physicians are not to be criticised for their treatment, for they acted according to their best light and knowledge. To treat such a case in such a manner in the year 1889 would be little short of criminal. At the present time the physicians would use the laryngoscope and *look* and *see* what the trouble was. (The laryngoscope has been used only since 1857.) In this disease the function most interfered with is breathing. The one thing which saves a patient in this disease is a *timely tracheotomy.* (I doubt if tracheotomy had ever been performed in Virginia in Washington's time.) Washington ought to have been tracheotomized, or, rather, that is the way cases are saved to-day. No one would think of antimony, calomel, or bleeding now. The point is to let in the air, and not to let out the blood. After tracheotomy has been performed, the œdema and swelling of the larynx subside in three to six days. The tracheotomy tube is then removed, and respiration goes on through the natural channels."

He had been brought up in the Protestant Episcopal Church, and to that Church he always adhered; for its splendid liturgy and stately forms appealed to him and satisfied him. He loved it, too, as the Church of his home and his childhood, and yet he was as far as possible from being sectarian, and there is not a word of his which shows anything but the most entire liberality and toleration. He made no parade of his religion, for in this as in other things he was perfectly simple and sincere. He was tortured by no doubts or questionings, but believed always in an overruling Providence and in a merciful God, to whom he knelt and prayed in the day of darkness or in the hour of triumph with a supreme and childlike confidence.

VI.

THE SOUTH'S IDEAL HERO.

PERHAPS it was because I was homesick that I took to reading last winter about the noblest character whom my native Southland has yet produced. I am conscious that I have perhaps idealized Southern character in the course of the fourteen years that I have been away from home, and I wanted to refresh and confirm my convictions by reading the story of that supreme crisis when men's souls were tried and General Robert E. Lee was our foremost man. I was curious, too, to see whether the General Lee of my boyish enthusiasm would seem the same under the quieter and closer scrutiny of middle life. I read eagerly book after book on the Civil War. Incidentally I have recovered some of my lost youth, and have recalled the moments when I saw with my own eyes one or other of the Confederate heroes whose deeds of glory I have found recorded on the printed page. How it quickens your interest if you have seen in the flesh the hero you read about! I have been fully repaid for my reading. General Lee is a greater



ROBERT EDWARD LEE.

man, a more stainless character, than I had ever dreamed. There is absolutely no littleness about that majestic man. He was worthy of the unparalleled devotion of his army and his people during the war, and the best thing we can still do for the formation of the highest ideals of manhood in our Southern youth is to call and recall their attention to our stainless hero. I never saw General Lee, but it is perhaps pardonable if under the impulse of my present enthusiasm I group together some of the most striking facts in the life of the great soldier who is probably to be forever the South's ideal of manhood.

Robert E. Lee was always good: a model boy, an exemplary youth, a man of stainless life. No one was ever heard to censure his conduct or his character. At school preparing for West Point he was "never behind at his studies, never failed in a single recitation." At West Point he never received a demerit; was adjutant of the corps, the post of honor in his senior year, and graduated second in his class. "He was the most punctual man I ever knew," said his son. "He was always ready for family prayers, and at all meal times, and met every engagement, business or social, on the moment." From him was heard "never a word that might not have been uttered in the presence of the most refined woman." He

never drank liquor. A bottle of fine old whisky which a Virginia lady persuaded him to take to the Mexican War he brought back unopened. In 1861 a friend from Norfolk forced upon him two bottles of good old "London Dock" brandy, but these he kept untouched all through the war until compelled to use them during a severe illness of one of his daughters after the war. Alexander Stephens, who was greatly impressed with the manly soldier on his first interview, when seeking to win him to the service of the newly formed Confederate States government, says:

> I did not know then that he used no stimulants, was free even from the use of tobacco, and that he was absolutely stainless in his private life. I did not know, as I do now, that he had been a model youth and young man; but I had before me the most manly and entire gentleman I ever saw.

General Lee was five feet and eleven inches in height and weighed usually about one hundred and seventy-five pounds. In the Mexican campaign, when about forty years of age, "he was," says General Wilcox, "in full manly vigor, and the handsomest man in the army." Fifteen years later (1863) Stonewall Jackson said of him: "General Lee is the most perfect animal form I

ever saw." Dr. J. William Jones says of him in 1862:

> At this time General Lee was certainly one of the most superb-looking soldiers the world ever saw. I had first seen him on the day when he came to offer his sword to the state that gave him birth—the home of his love. Then he had a smooth face, save a moustache, and his hair had only a few silver threads in it. Now he had a full beard, and that and his hair were as white as the driven snow; but his graceful, knightly bearing, and his eagle eye, and the very expression of his countenance, all betokened mingled firmness and gentleness and showed him the true soldier. But when mounted he sat his horse with easy grace, seemed indeed a part of the horse, and was the finest horseman I ever saw.

"Traveler," said Captain W. Gordon McCabe, "always stepped as if conscious that he bore a king upon his back."

In the Mexican War he made a great impression upon the whole army and especially upon General Scott. He received repeatedly honorable mention in the commanding general's reports and was three times promoted. When a public reception was tendered General Scott by the city of Richmond after the Mexican War, he wrote: "Captain R. E. Lee is the Virginian who deserves the credit of that brilliant campaign." In 1857 General Scott, in writing to the Secretary of War to ask a second lieuten-

ancy for young W. H. Fitzhugh Lee, then a student at Harvard, said: "I make this application mainly on the extraordinary merits of the father, the very best soldier I ever saw in the field." To General Preston, General Scott said on one occasion, long before the Civil War:

> I tell you that if I were on my deathbed to-morrow, and the President of the United States should tell me that a great battle was to be fought for the liberty or slavery of the country, and he asked my judgment as to the ability of a commander, I would say with my dying breath, "Let it be Robert E. Lee."

To a New York banker General Scott said before the war:

> Col. Robert E. Lee is not only the greatest soldier of America, but the greatest now living in the world. . . . And if he ever gets the opportunity he will prove himself the greatest captain of history.

The position that General Scott deemed him worthy of—Commander of the United States Army—was offered him by President Lincoln in the spring of 1861, and declined. General Long quotes from a letter this account of the offer made through Mr. Francis Preston Blair:

> Mr. Blair: "I come to you on the part of President Lincoln to ask whether any inducement that he can offer will prevail on you to take command of the Union Army."

Colonel Lee: "If I owned the four millions of slaves, I would cheerfully sacrifice them to the preservation of the Union, but to lift my hand against my own state and people is impossible."

The best confirmation of the truth of this report of the offer is General Lee's letter to Hon. Reverdy Johnson, February 25, 1868:

After listening to his remarks, I declined the offer he made me of the command of the army that was to be brought into the field, stating as candidly and conscientiously as I could that, though opposed to secession and deprecating war, I could take no part in the invasion of the Southern states.

It is needless now to say that the campaigns in Virginia fulfilled all General Scott's predictions. The following estimate of the commander in chief of the armies of Great Britain, General Sir Garnet Wolseley, will more and more come to be recognized everywhere as not overdrawn:

I have met many of the great men of my time, but Lee alone impressed me with the feeling that I was in the presence of a man who was cast in a grander mold and made of different and finer metal than all other men. He is stamped upon my memory as being apart and superior to all others in every way, a man with whom none I ever knew and few of whom I have read are worthy to be classed. When all the angry feelings

aroused by secession are buried with those that existed when the Declaration of Independence was written; when Americans can review the history of this last great war with calm impartiality, I believe all will admit that General Lee towered far above all men on either side in that struggle. I believe he will be regarded not only as the most prominent figure of the Confederacy, but as the greatest American of the nineteenth century, whose statue is well worthy to stand on an equal pedestal with that of Washington, and whose memory is equally worthy to be enshrined in the hearts of all his countrymen.

The spirit of the chivalrous soldier and humane man characterized all his conduct in war, and he was wholly free from malice or vindictiveness. "We make war only upon armed men," he said in his general orders to his army on first invading Pennsylvania; he "earnestly exhorted the troops to abstain with most scrupulous care from unnecessary or wanton injury of private property," and "enjoined upon all officers to arrest and bring to summary punishment all who should in any way offend against the orders on the subject." On one occasion he was seen to dismount from his horse and put up a farmer's fence, to set a good example to his soldiers. Soon after the war, when he had been indicted for treason by a Federal grand jury, a party of gentlemen were spending an evening at his house

in Richmond, and Rev. Dr. —— led in the expression of bitterness felt by the South at this indictment. General Lee followed him to the door when he left, and said:

> Doctor, there is a good old book, which I read and you preach from, which says, "Love your enemies, bless them that curse you, do good to them that hate you, and pray for them which despitefully use you and persecute you." Do you think your remarks this evening were quite in the spirit of that teaching?

Then General Lee added:

> I have fought against the people of the North because I believed they were seeking to wrest from the South her dearest rights. But I have never cherished toward them bitter or vindictive feeling, and have never seen the day when I did not pray for them.

One day in the autumn of 1869 Dr. Jones found General Lee standing at his gate, from which a humbly clad man was moving away. "That is one of our soldiers who is in necessitous circumstances," remarked the General. On being asked to what command he belonged, General Lee replied: "He fought on the other side, but we must not remember that against him now." This poor Union soldier said to Dr. Jones afterwards: "He is the noblest man that ever lived. He not only had a kind word for me,

but he gave me some money to help me on my way."

To control one's self is greater than to conquer enemies, and "self-restraint is the highest form of self-assertion." "I never in my life saw in him the slightest tendency to self-seeking," said Jefferson Davis. After the Mexican War, Robert E. Lee said: "Such [favors] as he [the President] can conscientiously bestow I shall gratefully receive, and have no doubts that these will exceed my deserts." Concerning the promotion of Joseph E. Johnston to be brigadier general in 1860, Lee, who had previously ranked Johnston, said:

> I rejoice in the good fortune of my old friend Joe Johnston, for while I should not like, of course, that this should be taken as a precedent in the service, yet, so far as he is concerned, he is in every way worthy of the promotion, and I am glad that he received it.

When General Joseph E. Johnston was claiming that he should rank first among the five *full* generals in 1862, General Lee used to say: "Oh, I care nothing about rank. I am willing to serve anywhere that I can be most useful." He had proved that by his acceptance of an inferior command in West Virginia in the summer of 1861. When that campaign proved unsuccessful, he showed President Davis that but for the

failure of subordinates victory would have been won; but he begged the President not to speak of it, saying: "I would rather rest under unjust censure myself than injure those who are doing what they can for the cause." The same spirit characterized him in the fall of 1861 when sent to look after the coast defenses of Georgia and South Carolina.

General Lee scrupulously refrained from using his position to advance the fortunes of his kindred. His son, R. E. Lee, Jr., though he had been captain of a company of students at the University of Virginia, enlisted as a private in the artillery in 1862, and remained so until appointed to a lieutenancy on the staff of his brother, W. H. Fitzhugh Lee, when the latter was promoted to be brigadier general. Late in the war President Davis wished to appoint another son, G. W. Custis Lee, to the command of the army in southwest Virginia, making him major general, or lieutenant general, or even full general, that he might rank any other officer eligible to that position. All that was necessary was that General Lee should order his son to that command; but this he declined to do. "I cannot pass my tried officers," he said, "and take for that important position a comparatively new man, especially when that man is my own son."

Consideration for, and sympathy with, others was as characteristic of General Lee as was his lack of self-seeking. This was evident already in the boy's conduct toward his invalid mother. Dr. J. William Jones says of him at this period:

> So Robert was the housekeeper, carried the keys, attended to the marketing, managed all of the outdoor business, and took care of his mother's horses. At the hour when the other schoolboys went to play, he hurried home to order his mother's drive, and would then be seen carrying her in his arms to the carriage and arranging her cushions with the gentleness of an experienced nurse.

When he went to West Point, his mother was heard to say: "How can I live without Robert? He is both son and daughter to me." On one vacation from West Point, finding his mother's old coachman "Nat" threatened with consumption, he took him to the milder climate of Georgia and secured for him the best medical advice and attention. The following incident is told by a Federal soldier whose leg was shattered on the last day of the battle at Gettysburg. Seeing General Lee pass near, the wounded man defiantly shouted, "Hurrah for the Union!" General Lee dismounted and came toward him. "I confess," said the Federal soldier, "at first I thought he meant to kill me." But General Lee

took his hand, looked kindly into his eyes, and said: "My son, I hope you will soon be well." "If I live a thousand years," added the soldier, "I shall never forget the expression on General Lee's face. . . . I cried myself to sleep on the bloody ground."

The love and devotion of his soldiers for General Lee was beautiful; and no wonder. "It was his constant habit," said Senator Withers, "to turn over to the sick and wounded soldiers in the hospital such delicate viands as the partiality of friends furnished for his personal consumption." His wife, who was an invalid confined to a rolling-chair, spent her time knitting socks for the soldiers, inducing others around her to do the same; and his letters to her are full of evidence that he found time amid all his duties and cares to distribute them to the soldiers. In June, 1864, a lady sent him a fine peach—the first he had seen for two years—and he sent it to an invalid lady in whose yard his tents were pitched. On the final retreat from Petersburg to Appomattox, he turned aside for a few minutes to call upon the widow of one of his officers who had fallen in battle. Intimately connected with this consideration of others was his invariable courtesy. At Lexington after the war, "even amid his pressing duties at the college he found time to be the most

thoroughly polite gentleman in the community. He seemed to think himself called on to visit all strangers who came to Lexington, and frequently surprised and delighted them by an unexpected courtesy."

Dr. Joynes, who was a member of General Lee's faculty, says:[1]

> General Lee's treatment of his faculty was not only courteous, but kind and affectionate. My wife reminds me that once, when I was detained at home by sickness, General Lee came every day, through a deep Lexington snow, and climbed the high stairs to inquire about me and comfort her.

With all his great qualities[2] General Lee was a sincere and humble Christian. Nearly every letter from the front in war, as well as those in times of peace, contains an expression of his trust in God and his submission to the heavenly will. He fostered the religious spirit among the soldiers in his army; and his anxiety for the spiritual welfare of the students under his charge at Washington College was expressed in his remark to a clergyman, "O, Doctor, if I could only know

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[1]Footnote to address made at the Lee Centennial Celebration held under the auspices of the University of South Carolina, January 19, 1907.

[2]For proof that General Lee was above money and beyond price, see Chapter XIV., pp. 349-351.

that all of the young men in the college were good Christians, I should have nothing more to desire." His very last act, at the meeting of the vestry of his church the evening he was stricken down, was to subscribe the amount necessary to cover the deficit in his pastor's salary.

Is it not absolutely clear from the foregoing incidents and illustrations not only that General Lee was in war "a phenomenon," as Stonewall Jackson said—"the only man I would be willing to follow blindfolded"—but also the purest and best of men? He was our first gentleman, a Christian hero, without self-seeking, without avarice, without malice or vindictiveness, without vice, kind and considerate, tender and forgiving, a knightly man without fear and without reproach. As Major Daniel said in his great memorial address, "To him who thus stood by us we owe a debt immeasurable, and as long as our race is upon earth, let our children and our children's children hold that debt sacred." If we teach them to do that, we are providing them with the greatest safeguard in the struggles and temptations of life. To know and revere and look up to a character like General Lee's is the best thing that can be taught the youth of our land. "On God and godlike men we build our trust."

There are a few scenes in the life of General Lee I should like especially to have witnessed; for example, that described by Major John W. Daniel just after Gettysburg. General Lee had said, on the failure of Pickett's glorious charge, "It was all my fault"; but his men knew better.

> We saw him standing by the roadside with his bridle-rein over his arm, on the second day afterwards, as the army was withdrawing. Pickett's division filed past him; every general of brigade had fallen, and every field officer of its regiments; a few tattered battle flags and a few hundreds of men were all that was left of the magnificent body, five thousand strong, who had made the famous charge. He stood with uncovered head, as if he reviewed a conquering host, and with the conqueror's look upon him. With proud step the men marched by, and as they raised their hats and cheered him there was the tenderness of devoted love, mingled with the fire of battle in their eyes.

Again I should like to have seen Gregg's Texas brigade moving forward to the charge to restore the broken lines, cheering the General as they passed him, and Lee so moved by their greeting and their gallant bearing that he spurred his horse through an opening in the trenches and followed, while the whole line shouted as it rushed forward, "Go back, General Lee, go back!" Again I should like to have been a witness at Spottsylvania six days later—May 12—

when the Federals were pouring through the broken lines threatening disaster, and General Lee had ridden forward to the head of Gordon's column. General Gordon, perceiving his intention to lead the charge, spurred to his side and seizing his reins exclaimed: "General Lee, this is no place for you! Do go to the rear. These men behind you are Georgians, Virginians, and Carolinians. They have never failed you on any field. They will not fail you here. Will you, boys?" "No, no, we will not fail him." Then turning his horse and urging him back, they shouted, "General Lee to the rear! General Lee to the rear!" Then General Gordon led them on with the ringing words, "Forward, charge! and remember your promise to General Lee."[8]

Those were scenes of his triumph, but he was greater still in the hour of humiliation. When he had arranged terms with General Grant and surrendered his army and was returning to his quarters, this is what happened:

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[8]The intensity of the musketry fire in this battle of May 12, it may be remarked, was perhaps never exceeded in warfare. A hickory tree, eighteen inches in diameter, between the opposing lines, was so chipped away by the hail of bullets that the first gust of wind blew it down. It is now preserved as a memento at Washington.

As he rode slowly along the lines, hundreds of his devoted veterans pressed around the noble chief, trying to take his hand, touch his person, or even lay a hand upon his horse, thus exhibiting for him their great affection. The General then, with head bare and tears flowing freely down his manly cheeks, bade adieu to the army. "Men, we have fought through the war together. I have done my best for you; my heart is too full to say more."

It was a farewell scene worthy of the peerless General and his heroic army. He had hoped to return home unobserved; but as he rode through the streets of Richmond, a body of Federal soldiers recognized him, lifted their hats and cheered. His own people, too, did him homage. "Men, women, and children crowded around him, cheering and waving hats and handkerchiefs. It was more like a welcome to a conqueror than to a defeated prisoner on parole."

Such scenes show the marvelous affection and admiration which soldiers and citizens had for the great leader of armies, but I have heard of another which touches my heart not less. He was presiding in faculty meeting at college one day after his health had become frail, and in the midst of the discussion dropped off to sleep; instantly every voice was hushed in reverential silence for fear of awaking him.

MAURICE THOMPSON.

VII.

MAURICE THOMPSON.

In the production of men of great talent there are often extraordinary years and especially favored localities. Maurice Thompson is classed with that coterie of literary people from the neighborhood of Brookville, Indiana, to which belonged Lew Wallace, John Hay, and others; and it is interesting to know that General Wallace, who was afterwards his fellow-townsman, spent part of his childhood with Maurice Thompson's parents.

Maurice Thompson was born at Fairfield, Indiana, September 9, 1844. His father and grandfather were Primitive Baptist preachers; both wrote doctrinal books, and both were effective public speakers. The great-great-grandfather was a companion of Daniel Boone, and the forefathers had come "by a straggling route from the highlands of Scotland and from County Kerry, Ireland, by way of Virginia, North Carolina, and Tennessee, into the 'Dark and Bloody Ground.'" Paternal and maternal ancestors fought under Lafayette or Marion in

the Revolution. Hence Maurice Thompson came naturally by his patriotic Americanism as well as his love of nature and of hunting and fishing. His mother, who came of Dutch stock, was "well educated, and a lover of the best books." "From childhood to manhood," he said, "she was my boon companion, my playmate, my adviser, my teacher, my loving and encouraging critic, my everything—my mother!"

After his birth the family drifted to southeast Missouri, back to Indiana, then to Kentucky, and finally, when Maurice Thompson was nine or ten, settled in north Georgia. Here he led, as he says, "a sweet wild life, hard enough in many respects, almost savage in some—a sweet wild life, as I remember it, however, devoted to books, manual labor, wildwood roaming, shooting, and fishing." A little later he began to make those trips, by canoe or on foot, in rivers, lakes, and swamps, or over mountains, along the Gulf coast and into Florida, which still later covered the region from the Great Lakes to the Gulf. "I was impelled," he said, "to go into the wilds of nature, and went." He had little regular schooling, and never went to college, but from his mother and from tutors he received instruction in Latin, Greek, French, German, Hebrew, and mathematics. Among

the authors that especially delighted him in the earlier period, he mentions Poe and Victor Hugo and Audubon, Cicero (*Somnium Scipionis* and *De Senectute*), and Theocritus; and in camp during the Civil War he was reading Carlyle, De Quincey, and the like. His companion in studies and roaming, as later in the war, was a younger brother ("Will"), also an enthusiast over bow and arrows and an incipient naturalist. Joining the Confederate army in 1862, he fought till he was honorably surrendered at Kingston, Georgia, in May, 1865.

His attitude during and since the war was well expressed in one of his poems—"An address by an ex-Confederate soldier to the Grand Army of the Republic":

> I was a rebel, if you please,
> A reckless fighter to the last,
> Nor do I fall upon my knees
> And ask forgiveness for the past.
>
> A traitor? I a traitor? No!
> I was a patriot to the core;
> The South was mine, I loved her so,
> I gave her all—I could no more.
>
> . . . .
>
> I stemmed the level flames of hell,
> O'er bayonet bars of death I broke.
> I was so near when Cleburne fell,
> I heard the muffled bullet stroke.

. . . .

I clasp the hand that made my scars,
  I cheer the flag my foemen bore,
I shout for joy to see the stars
  All on our common shield once more.

. . . .

I stand and say that you were right,
  I greet you with uncovered head,
Remembering many a thundering fight,
  Where whistling death between us sped.

In one of his novels Maurice Thompson describes a Confederate officer who, having come to the conviction that the national cause was that of human progress, did not desert, but rode out boldly before the host, so that he might be captured could he be overtaken, and away to the enemy. Maurice Thompson's heart was with the South, and he "stayed with her till the fight closed," but his judgment went the other way. He was a brave and daring soldier always—for proof see the incident quoted by Baskervill ("Maurice Thompson," p. 103)—and after the war he never cringed nor apologized; but time only strengthened the conviction to which he had come while still fighting, that we were essaying the impossible in behalf of human slavery that was not worth it. So he could write from his heart:

I am a Southerner.
I love the South; I dared for her

To fight from Lookout to the sea,
With her proud banner over me:
But from my lips thanksgiving broke,
As God in battle thunder spoke,
And that Black Idol, breeding drouth
  And dearth of human sympathy
Throughout the sweet and sensuous South,
  Was, with its chains and human yoke,
Blown hellward from the cannon's mouth,
  While freedom cheered behind the smoke!

After the war he worked in the field, studying the while engineering and some Greek—buying some of his books with squirrels sold at ten cents—then devoted himself to the law. In 1868 reconstruction troubles in Georgia caused him to turn his face northward, and he drifted to Crawfordsville, Indiana. His brother was with him, and they found employment as civil engineers on a line of railway then building through the county. He soon married a Miss Lee, of Crawfordsville, the courtship beginning in this wise. He called on business at the house of Mr. John Lee, and Miss Lee answered the doorbell. His choice was made instantly, and the marriage which followed proved the happiest of the happy. Mrs. Thompson became his inseparable companion, and always went with him on his journeys, which now became less and less frequent, except the annual winter hegira to the

South for the sake of his lungs. She, a son, and two daughters survive him. His brother, inseparable still in all things, married a sister of Miss Lee, drifted also into letters and law, and the two practiced together at the bar till the younger removed to the far West. The law did not hold Maurice Thompson's undivided fealty. In boyhood he was an amateur scientist, and after a while he became State Geologist of Indiana. He was for a time, too, a member of the legislature and figured in politics, being in 1888 a delegate to the National Democratic Convention. As a gold Democrat he forsook his party in 1896.

But in all that—engineering, law, science, politics—he did not find the career for which he was intended. Already as a youth he had felt all the "myriad scraps of knowledge, snatched here from books and there from nature, fusing in the heat of his imagination and running together in a strong current toward the outlet of literary expression." He had been printing from time to time sketches and stories and poems, and it may have been an incident from his own experience which he tells in "A Banker of Bankersville." A farmer says to his lawyer, whom he greatly admires: "Colonel, you're a mighty smart man. You could go to Congress if you'd stop

writin' them durn little pomes!" His first little book, "Hoosier Mosaics" (1875), while only a promise of the charming essays and nature studies that were to come in later years, made him at least a local reputation, and he began to be pointed out by his fellow-townsmen. His next book, "Witchery of Archery," was widely read and won him considerable literary fame; for thirty years ago there was a furore for archery, for which he and his brother were chiefly responsible. Not only did he write magazine articles and poems about the delights of this sport, but the two brothers took prizes at the tournaments, and their sport became the "fad" of the time. About 1884 he abandoned law for literature and science, and from 1889 letters claimed all his fealty. In that year he became, as he continued till his death, literary editor of *The Independent*. These are the main facts in his career. One may read them in several places, but they are best given, along with delightful critical estimates, in Baskervill's sketch "Maurice Thompson" in his "Southern Writers." If by this reference I invite comparison with Baskervill's paper, I shall feel compensated for the inevitable verdict should I direct or redirect any one to that charming study.

It had been several years since I had read

much from Maurice Thompson, and I was a little fearsome when I took him up again. Would I find that my taste had changed? I read first his "Alice of Old Vincennes," and was glad I could like his popular novel. It is a better book than his other novels. Still I come back to my old impression: Maurice Thompson is at his best, in prose, in his nature sketches. "This is Mr. Thompson's chosen field," said a writer shortly before his death, "and there is now no living nature-writer who has such grace and charm as he." That is what he really knew best—the hills and valleys, lakes and streams, creeks and bayous of Indiana and Georgia and Florida, with the flying, swimming, creeping, walking things that frequent those regions. He writes best seemingly out-of-doors about out-of-doors things, and he loves to test his favorite authors in an out-of-doors atmosphere. Thus he keeps his taste wholesome and fresh and pure, or rather he does this with his books because his taste is simple and sound. "I sometimes read French novels out-of-doors," says he, "merely for the antiseptic effect that the sun and air have on the offensive passages; but at best I often find myself glad that American birds and flowers do not understand French."

One thing I especially like in Maurice Thomp-

son is the way in which he mixes up authors with things in his out-of-doors sketches. In the "Tangle-Leaf Papers," for instance, we are reading about birds or fishes, or following Maurice Thompson on his wheel, and have dropped upon us unawares Theocritus or Virgil, Chaucer or Izaak Walton, Emerson or Walt Whitman—a sentence quoted from one or the other, with a telling bit of criticism, which is sure to send the reader to those authors. It is not just a medley that Maurice Thompson is giving us; not always strictly consequent, it is true, but discursive rather than rambling, like good talk, at once delightful and stimulating. It is like the out-of-doors, where we cannot always think logically and in order long enough to solve a proposition or a problem. But such papers are easy to read and interesting, and in reading them one's mind gets wholesome distraction and tonic, as the body becomes hungry from being in the fresh air.

"The Threshold of the Gods" I think Maurice Thompson would have considered his best piece of prose—if indeed it be not a poem, lacking merely verse form. Here is his very best style. The first time I read it was in 1886, when we were getting ready for his coming to Nashville to lecture, and I liked it so much that I asked

our new Professor of Elocution to read it to the Literary Club. But he did not have time to prepare the piece, and evidently did not catch its spirit. He struck a false note, the club felt the discord, and the result was confusion. Members sneered at me, and the meeting was not a success. It all came back to me as I read it one beautiful Sabbath afternoon fifteen years later; but I do not understand how the spirit of the piece could have been so completely missed. I handed the same piece, two years later, to a young friend on the top of Chilhowee Mountain. He read it with the Smoky Mountains in full view far away and the tinkle of cowbells coming up from the valley below, and as he returned it said with beaming eyes, "Maurice Thompson is a poet!" Mrs. Thompson once told me of the fate of the piece with the magazine editors. Mr. Thompson sent it to several. Mr. Alden said, "It is beautiful, but out of reach of my readers!" In similar language they all rejected it in turn.

Through Maurice Thompson's nature studies I came to know and admire and love him. I was something of a hero-worshiper, and was flattered by the friendship of the man of letters; and the combination of fondness for his writings and for him did much for me in those early days.

He helped me to a keener sense of the beauties of nature, confirmed in me a natural love of deep woods and running water and wide stretches of country. Perhaps he had something to do with the development of my love of mountain tramping, with all the delights that go therewith—drinking cool water from ever-flowing springs, eating wild berries, the luxury of abounding health and of being always hungry. I recall one spring morning at Vanderbilt in the latter eighties when I happened to be awake at five A.M.—for one of the children was ill—and became an enforced listener at a concert of birds held in the trees about the house. There was a host of birds on that beautiful campus—for Bishop McTyeire was as hospitable to birds as he was fond of trees—but I was never in the habit of getting awake for the early bird-concerts. That morning all the spring air was vocal, and even the woodpecker that could not sing seemed to catch the spirit of the occasion and mounting to the tin-covered turret pecked away, beating the drum, as it were, as an accompaniment. As I lay there and listened, I felt grateful to Maurice Thompson for opening my ears to such delights as these.

The first thing I remember reading from Maurice Thompson was "Genesis of Bird-

Song," in the *Atlantic;* and the reading of that article was perhaps the cause of my suggesting him as the first lecturer in the series given for several successive years at Vanderbilt. The idea of the promoters of that series was to bring before the students and the Nashville public writers of repute. Somebody asked, when the choice of Maurice Thompson as first lecturer had been announced, "Is he a good lecturer?" "I don't know, and I don't care!" was my reply. "He is a good writer, and I want our students to see in the flesh a man that is making literature, and thus get to reading his books, and then other people's books, simply for literature's sake." He proved to be a good lecturer—simple, natural, totally unaffected, interesting; his voice not powerful, rather gentle and soft, but clear and carrying far. The people flocked to hear him, and speaker and people were mutually pleased. I remember his saying that the great audience at Watkins Institute one evening was the handsomest he had ever faced. And since that time Southern authors have been much read at Vanderbilt. He simply lectured, but the general sentiment was, what editor Peck expressed, "Maurice Thompson is a poet!" And this brings us naturally to his poems.

Above all that Maurice Thompson wrote, I

find that his poems keep their old charm for me. That would have pleased him, I am sure; for doubtless he thought his poems his best work, and hoped and dreamed they would last. Why should he not have been pleased? Who would not be a poet above all things? It is especially the earlier and shorter poems that I like best. The mocking-bird poems are his most ambitious efforts; they are fresh and strong, full of the note of liberty everywhere, genuinely American, with something, too, of the American spirit that challenges the world. But they are not his best work, and there is not as much song in them as in some of the rest. It is of the earlier simpler poems that Mr. Howells said, "The odor of the woods, pure and keen and clean, seems to strike up from this verse as directly as from the mold in the heart of the primeval forest." I was not surprised to find that the mocking-bird poems impressed Baskervill much as they do me; but how delicately he makes his criticism! "But to some extent one feels," says he, "that the songs of the mocking-bird are 'translated carefully,' and that it is impossible to reproduce the 'golden note by golden word,' even though

> Heard in the dewy dawn-lit ways
> Of Freedom's solitudes
> Down by the sea in the springtime woods."

On a fresh August morning, after nature had had her "bath of storm," I took up the "Poems" to re-read my favorites, turning first to "At the Window," partly because it is perhaps my prime favorite, partly because a little mark in the table of contents shows that it pleased a dear friend of mine, partly because the poem has a history. Mr. Howells, the editor of the *Atlantic*, opening his mail one day in his office in 1873, read this to him first poem from a new poet. He was surprised and delighted, and showed it to Mr. Longfellow, who happened to be in at the time. He too was charmed with its simple fresh beauty, and they agreed that if the author would change the word "sapsucker" Mr. Howells would print the poem in the *Atlantic*. The change was made, the poem appeared in the *Atlantic*, and with it began Maurice Thompson's literary career. It is said, by the way, that both editor and elder poet afterwards agreed that "sapsucker" should have stayed as Maurice Thompson wrote it. But to my story. I turned next to "Between the Poppy and the Rose," because the

> Two rare young faces, lit with love,
> Between the poppy and the rose

are Maurice Thompson's wife and little girl.

Knowing him and her, I know how sincere are these words:

> Oh, life is sweet, they make it so;
> Its work is lighter than repose:
> Come anything, so they bloom on
> Between the poppy and the rose.

Next I turned to "Atalanta," which seems to me the truest and sweetest of his lyrics, and as I read the first two lines,

> When spring grows old, and sleepy winds
> Set from the South with odors sweet,

my pulse beat time to the old ryhthmic charm as fifteen years before. I did not omit "A Prelude," of course, and found myself lingering especially over the last stanza:

> And when I fall, like some old tree,
> And subtile change makes mold of me,
> There let earth show a fertile line
> Whence perfect wild flowers leap and shine.

Perhaps it was because I could see him again as he once recited these lines so effectively at Vanderbilt, and knew he liked them himself. Then I read, perhaps because it is about Theocritus, of whom Maurice Thompson was as fond as Tennyson was,

> Those were good times, in olden days,
> Of which the poet has his dreams,

> When gods beset the woodland ways,
> And lay in wait by all the streams;

and immediately I was thinking once more of that favorite prose piece, "The Threshold of the Gods." By this time it was easy to understand why Longfellow welcomed him as a "new and original singer, fresh, joyous, and true."

What strikes us is not his extraordinary power and fruitfulness, but the trueness of his note and the finish of his verse—"a finish equal to Aldrich's," said Mr. James Whitcomb Riley to me once—in the small volume of poems that he himself was willing to preserve. He was a severe critic of his own verse evidently; for while most poets bring out from time to time a fresh volume of their fugitive pieces, Maurice Thompson allowed his poems to appear only twice in book form, first as "Songs of Fair Weather," and lastly in 1892 as "Poems," only a comparatively small number of newer poems being printed in the later volume with those of the earlier. He published in journals poems that were inferior, but his own taste rejected these when it came to preserving them in a volume. He did for himself what Matthew Arnold thought necessary for Wordsworth; and while even his best may not live forever like Wordsworth's, yet they now have their chance for perpetuity.

The scenes of most of Maurice Thompson's longer stories are laid in the South, and they are the fruit doubtless of his annual Southern sojourns. The old Southern civilization always had a fascination for him. Writing, not long before the end, about Tuscaloosa, Alabama, he says:

> Were I an artist, I could revel here for a month or two, making studies of these lofty-pillared and tree-shaded mansions; were I a poet, what more could I want of inspiration to song than the dreamy, fading lines and shadowy figures of this great bygone civilization, which somehow will not disappear from these brown hills and dilapidated mansions.

Southern women always attract him. For example, he says:

> Tuscaloosa is a town of beautiful women. Wherever I walked I met them, and could not keep off the wonder of their striking forms and faces. . . . Tuscaloosa women are certainly Southern in their style. They have the unmistakable impress of Southern breeding, and they are beautiful. A stranger with alert eyes in his head, and a love of feminine gentleness, sweetness, and symmetry of the colonial type in his heart, can see and feel this while walking in the streets of this staid and picturesque old town.

Of his characters, those that survive from the old South, like Judge La Rue, are treated most

respectfully, but they are conventional; and the Southern matrons are rather vague and shadowy. His Southern girls are always well-bred and charming. Lucie La Rue, in "A Tallahassee Girl," is the best of them; and "Sweetheart Manette"—who unfolds in an old Southern mansion at Bay St. Louis as fresh and pure as a magnolia blossom in the garden—is of Lucie's type, if not quite her equal. The younger men, however, representing old South traditions, but living in a new order of things, like Garcin and Charles de Vaudreuil, seem almost unintentional caricatures of an order of society with which Maurice Thompson was not in sympathy. Indeed, I do not recall a single character of his Southern men that took hold on me strongly. The truth is, Maurice Thompson was a Southwesterner: Kentucky, Missouri, and Indiana were the habitat of his race, and Indiana had been his home since 1868; Georgia was only the sojourn of his youth, and Bay St. Louis his winter resort. He knew and loved the South, but he was not really of it. He was full of buoyant Americanism, and much more in sympathy with the bluff, hearty man of the prairie than with the Virginian, the Carolinian, or the Mississippian, the descendant of the Cavalier or the Cre-

ole. He does not intentionally caricature, but his creations betray his sympathy.

Readers of his stories, as well as of his occasional articles on realism, know what he liked in a story.

> Give me [he says] almost any leisurely tale of bygone days, with the blue of romantic distance in it, a reasonable amount of heroism thrown in, some genuine love, a trifle of mystery, plenty of well-set incidents, and a triumphant ending.

That was reading for a hot day, but it describes his own most successful novel, "Alice of Old Vincennes." Happy man! At the time of his death he was rejoicing in the romantic revival —"historical romances selling as Zola's worst novels never sold"—and his own story was the most popular of the year. "It is first and foremost a tale of love and war, with a bright-eyed girl, Indian warfare, a Catholic priest with a mysterious, worldly past, a young Virginian who fights for his country, and a couple of British villains." The scene is Vincennes, Indiana, a region every foot of which Maurice Thompson knew like his own lawn; most of the characters are historical, and the period is an important one of American history, for Colonel George Rogers Clark's recapture of old Vincennes was the winning of the Northwestern

Territory for American arms; but the purpose is not didactic, and the romantic element predominates.

"Is 'Alice of Old Vincennes' a great novel? No, it is not!" We are letting Maurice Thompson's own paper, *The Independent,* ask and answer:

> As a tale it reminds us of Cooper's works, and therefore it will never satisfy those who crave character development and human nature analysis as exemplified in the writings of Thackeray and George Eliot. It is a clever, good, and interesting story, but, measured by classical tests, it is not great.

Just here a word may be said on Maurice Thompson's attitude toward realism in fiction. It was war to the knife with him. He was in the fight against it in his earliest critical work, and he was at it when he died. He had his flings at it in his stories and in the magazines, but his main attacks were made through *The Independent.* Along with his war upon realism went his hostility to everything that posed under the name of "art for art's sake," especially the freedom of handling sexual questions that characterizes so much of French and Russian literature. He was sometimes extreme, as for instance in practically classing Tolstoi's "Anna Karénina" and Hardy's "Tess" with Zola's worst.

But he was far more right than wrong in his attitude, and there can be no question of his thorough sincerity. It might be more legitimately questioned whether he is as nearly right on realism as represented by James and Howells. But there can be no doubt about his opposing microscopic analysis as sincerely as "psychological" novels; for though Mr. Howells was his personal friend, and he admired him as perhaps no other man living, he never failed to attack Mr. Howells' theories of art in fiction. His views on these questions are best stated in "Ethics of Literary Art"; and, even if they are sometimes extreme, they are good and wholesome reading.

There was an unmistakable freshness about Maurice Thompson's poetry and nature studies, which he would have been glad to have traced back to his reading of the Greek poets. He constantly uses Homer's name, though he probably read him less than he read Pindar and Æschylus. But Theocritus and Sappho he loved. The latter he put, as other people do, above all other women poets; and the former he considered not only the greatest of bucolic poets, but one of the greatest literary geniuses of the world. He wrote articles about both, and was constantly using them for quotation or illustration in his essays, bird studies, poems, lectures—every-

where. Greek was a passion with him. He translated lyric fragments, and put the Seventh Idyll of Theocritus into a beautiful English dress; but he knew that "translation is impossible"—his own phrase—and he was constantly urging young people, especially would-be writers, to learn Greek.

The most striking characteristic of lyric art [says he in "The Pierian Freshness"—*Independent,* January 19, 1893] is the pressing together of pregnant words with such force that the quintessence of blended melody is forced out. It is like the crushing of ripe grapes; you hear the bubble of wine and catch the musty aroma at the same time. The masters of Greek song had this power of condensed expression in the highest degree. Pindar made phrases which suggest absolute control of language. They open vistas of beauty; yet when turned into the best English paraphrase, they are nothing but crude bombast. There are lyrical snatches in the Idylls of Theocritus so enchantingly beautiful that they startle one with an added surprise at each reading. The thrill does not come from an unexpected source, and yet it connects itself in some way directly with one's receptivity, and so perfectly that it is like drinking wine whose flavor and bouquet one has never before dreamed of; but whose touch slakes a great thirst which until now has consumed one unawares. This novelty, this dew-dashed freshness, this absolutely alien quality of surprise, and this directness of appeal, give to the reading of Greek poetry a fecundating power which serves genius a precious turn.

Some of the great English poets, like Tennyson and Swinburne, have appropriated even more of the Greek spirit and have done more for the Greek cause; but I do not know any American poet who has been so Greek in spirit and has drunk as deep of Greek lyric poetry. Like Mr. Gilder, who said to the students of Vanderbilt University, "The eternal canons of style are in the Greek," Maurice Thompson had not academic training; but he read Greek all his life, and never so much apparently as toward the end.

I meant to write a careful, critical paper on Maurice Thompson's writings; but it is impressionistic—rather than critical—reminiscential, personal. How could I help it? Some of the very books I have been rereading he gave me himself, and on the fly leaf is inscribed in his own hand, "With affectionate friendship of Maurice Thompson." When the new volume of "Poems" was coming out, he wrote me: "The first copy is for my wife, the next for you and Baskervill." He was my friend, and his face and voice kept obtruding themselves from the books that he gave me; and so the paper is not critical. But, at any rate, it tells what I think of his literary work and of him as author and friend.

VIII.

SIDNEY LANIER AS POET.

"LANIER did not live to sing his song!" I had been saying that to myself all summer. And yet "The Marshes of Glynn" and "Sunrise," his best poem and his last, are great songs. They are parts of the poem that he lived and of the message of song he came into the world to deliver, but only parts, just two of his projected "Hymns of the Marshes," specimen blocks from the great temple of song he had planned and was building in his soul. He did not sing his song, because when he came to himself and found his voice, the time was so short and he was so hindered. But how can this be? He died in his fortieth year, having "lived fourteen years longer than Keats and ten years longer than Shelley, and yet the amount of his printed remains is probably smaller than that which each of them left behind."[1] Surely he had time enough! But no, he had not, as the facts of his life will make evident.

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[1]Stedman's letter in the Lanier "Memorial."

SIDNEY LANIER.

Sidney Lanier was a precocious boy, and his earliest passion was for music, where probably his really greatest talent lay. Musical talent was hereditary in his family, for three of his Huguenot ancestors were in successive generations in high favor as musical composers or directors of music at the courts of Elizabeth, James I., Charles I., and Charles II., and his Scotch-descended maternal ancestors had been, in more than one generation, "gifted in poetry, music, and oratory." He says in a letter to Paul Hayne: "I could play passably well on several instruments before I could write legibly, and since then the very deepest of my life has been filled with music." Though he was, as a fellow-student writes, "a persistent student, an omnivorous reader of books, and in his college classes was easily first in mathematics, as well as in his other studies," yet his bent was to music. "I have seen him walk up and down the room," says this same college chum, "and with his flute extemporize the sweetest music ever vouchsafed to mortal ear. At such times it would seem as if his soul were in a trance, and could only find existence, expression, in the ecstasy of tone, that would catch our souls with his into the seventh heaven of harmony." This trance state seems to have been not infrequent at this period. "Ap-

parently unconscious, he would seem to hear the richest music; or again he would awake from a deep trance, alone, on the floor of his room, and the nervous strain would leave him sadly shaken in nerves." It was of this musical gift that he himself first became aware.

> I am [he writes in his college notebook] more than all perplexed by this fact, that the prime inclination, that is, natural bent (which I have checked, though), of my nature is to music; and for that I have the greatest talent; indeed, not boasting, for God gave it me, I have an extraordinary musical talent, and feel it within me plainly that I could rise as high as any composer. But [he adds] I cannot bring myself to believe that I was intended for a musician, because it seems so small a business in comparison with other things which, it seems to me, I might do.

This feeling, too, was shared by his parents, and was the dominant one of the people among whom he was born and lived. Still the passion for musical expression was imperious. "Is it genius? he asks all atremble, and begins a memorable twenty-year struggle with earnest, humble questionings as to God's will concerning the use of it."

But though he might not then think of making music his life work, he might solace himself with it. "It was the violin-voice that above all things commanded his soul," but in deference

to his father's wish he gave himself to the flute. He slipped his flute, hidden in his sleeve, into Point Lookout prison with him in 1864; with it he solaced himself in his captivity and softened the hearts of his captors; with it he left prison when exchanged, and when on the voyage home he was at death's door, with illness induced by thin clothing in cold weather, the first thing he asked for as he began to revive was his flute.

> We got him into clean blankets [writes the good lady who saved his life], but at first he could not endure the pain from the fire, he was so nearly frozen. We gave him some hot soup and more brandy, and he lay quiet till after midnight. Then he asked for his flute and began playing. As he played the first few notes, you should have heard the yell of joy that came up from the shivering wretches down below, who knew that their comrade was alive. And there we sat entranced about him, the colonel and his wife, Lilla and I, weeping at the tender music, as the tones of new warmth and color and hope came like liquid melody from his magic flute.

Lanier recovered from this desperate illness that followed his prison experience, then for several years was successively clerk in Montgomery, schoolmaster in Prattville, Alabama, and practicing lawyer, with his father, in Macon, till December, 1872, when renewed ill-health drove him for his lungs to San Antonio, where

he remained till April, 1873. During the last five years there had been strengthening in Lanier "the conviction that special talents had been given him, and that the time might be short." He did not find himself drawn to the law, but he did feel called to music and literature, and, determined now to pursue them so long as he could keep death at bay, went northward in the fall of 1873 "armed only with a silver Boehm flute and some dozen of steel pens." He found an engagement as first flute for the Peabody Symphony Concerts in Baltimore, but this alone did not afford sufficient bread for his wife and babes, and his father urged him to return to Macon to the law. His spirit was ripe for the great work he had undertaken. Before finally breaking with the law and launching on the sea of music and poetry, he had written his wife from Texas:

Were it not for some circumstances which make such a proposition seem absurd in the highest degree, I would think that I am shortly to die, and that my spirit hath been singing its swan-song before dissolution. All day my soul hath been cutting swiftly into the great space of the subtle, unspeakable deep, driven by wind after wind of heavenly melody. The very inner spirit and essence of all wind-songs, bird-songs, passion-songs, folk-songs, country-songs, sex-songs, soul-songs, and body-songs hath blown upon me in

quick gusts like the breath of passion, and sailed me into a sea of vast dreams, whereof each wave is at once a vision and a melody.

Again, soon after going to Baltimore, he wrote to his wife:

So many great ideas for art are born to me each day, I am swept away into the land of All-Delight by their strenuous sweet whirlwind, and I find within myself such entire yet humble confidence of possessing every single element of power to carry them all out, save the little paltry sum of money that would suffice to keep us clothed and fed in the meantime.

His confidence in his powers was expressed, about this time, still more fully in a letter to his wife, whom he doubtless felt it necessary to encourage and sustain. He was just then probably having the experience of seeing his first great poem, "Corn," rejected by all the New York editors.

Know then [he writes] that disappointments were inevitable and will still come until I have fought the battle which every great artist has had to fight since time began. This—dimly felt while I was doubtful of my own vocation and powers—is clear as the sun to me now that I *know,* through the fiercest tests of life, that I am in soul, and shall be in life and utterance, a great poet.

Sure now what his life work was to be—music and poetry—he began "as brave and sad a strug-

gle as the history of genius records." He had first of all two things to do: make a living for wife and children, and get ready by much study and wide reading for his vocation as a poet. For music he did not need to get ready; that came by intuition. Perhaps his first great performance before men who could really judge was at a practice of the Maennerchor in San Antonio, Texas. When he played in September of that year for Asgar Hamerik a composition of his own, the latter "declared the composition to be that of an artist and the playing to be almost perfect," concluding with an offer to Lanier of the position of first flute in the Peabody Orchestra which he was planning. After he had played on a great bass-flute at Badger's establishment in New York, Badger wrote to some one: "Lanier is astonishing. . . . But you ought to hear him play the bass-flute. You would then say, 'Let me pass from the earth with the tones sounding in my ears!'" The next year he played for the great Dr. Damrosch.

I sang the wind-song to him [writes Lanier]. When I finished, he came and shook my hand, and said it was wonderful in view of my education; and that he was greatly astonished and pleased with the poetry of the piece and the enthusiasm of its rendering.

Lanier needed, then, no special preparation for music, but for his theory of the science of English verse, already developing in his mind, and for the poetry with which his soul was travailing, study was necessary. He threw himself with unbounded enthusiasm and success into the study of English literature, mastered Anglo-Saxon and early English texts, and made various and wide excursions into the fields of philosophy, history, and science, as well as art and music. He realized that a poet must have knowledge of things as well as of men, that his studies should be comprehensive and his scholarship accurate. He had patience to wait, "not taking thought of being late, so it give advantage to be more fit." "The trouble with Poe was," he said, "he did not know enough. He needed to know a good many more things in order to be a great poet."

This spirit of study, this laying of deep and broad foundations for the superstructure he was to build, was doubtless in great part the natural adaptation of his genius to the requirements of the times; but it is significant of much that this new epoch of development on his part coincided with his removal to Baltimore where the first real university in America was about to open. The founding of Johns Hopkins University was

the greatest event in the history of the higher education in America. It was to be a university dominated by a spirit of research, not a college for teaching merely. It brought together the ablest faculty ever assembled up to that time in America, chosen simply for their eminence in their specialties. Sylvester, Gildersleeve, Rowland, Remsen, Martin, and a little later Warren, Brooks, Herbert Adams, Ely, Bloomfield, and Elliott, form a galaxy of productive scholars such as no other institution has ever got together at one time, and the gathering of such a group was of itself enough to give President Gilman a foremost place among great university presidents. Great scholars attract clever students, and soon the pick of the young talent of America was doing graduate work at Johns Hopkins, such an array of young men of high talent and earnest purpose as no other American institution has ever had or will ever have at one time within its walls. Germany had been drawing the best of these to her various universities, but the Johns Hopkins faculty now demonstrated that Germany's best advantages might be had at home. Happy the American students who were there in that first great period! The buildings were unsightly, but the atmosphere was unmistakable. Said President Adams after a visit to

Johns Hopkins: "The atmosphere of a *university,* of graduate work, of research, pervaded the place. You could feel it before you entered a building."

I like to think that Lanier's spirit of study, wide special reading, research in the science of English verse and in the development of personality, were due in large measure to his Baltimore residence and the atmosphere of Johns Hopkins University, and that in this respect Baltimore was better for him just then than Philadelphia, or New York, or even Boston might have been.

Lanier had been writing poems since his boyhood, and publishing occasionally, and a number of these are preserved—now printed as "unrevised early poems," in the volume edited by his wife; but, clever as some of these are, none gives promise of his best mature work—"Corn," "Clover," "Sunrise." There is nothing—unless it be "Betrayal" (1868)—that needed to live, had he not sung greater songs afterwards; nothing approaching the promise of Milton's hymn on the "Nativity," nor like any of Keats' best, nor like Tennyson's "Oenone" or "The Lotus-Eaters," nor Rossetti's "Blessed Damozel," nor Bryant's "Thanatopsis." He is, in the lateness of his development, more like Stephen Phillips,

whose "Primavera" and "Eremus" would be forgotten but for the "Christ in Hades" and "Marpessa," "Paolo and Francesca," and "Herod." Only in his twenty-seventh year did Stephen Phillips attract the attention of the world. "Corn," written when Lanier was thirty-two, was the first fruit of his new stage of progress and of his new environment. "In 'Corn' I have aimed at popularity," he wrote Paul Hayne; "I mean the higher popularity given to artistic work." And Paul Hayne could recall twelve years afterwards "the impression which that fine lyric made upon him." But the New York editors unanimously declined it. When it did appear in *Lippincott's* in February, 1875, its merit was at once recognized by Mr. Gibson Peacock, editor of the Philadelphia *Evening Bulletin,* a journalist of the old school, a college man, widely read in English literature, familiar with the modern languages, traveled both in America and Europe, cultivated in music and dramatic criticism. He wrote an enthusiastic notice of "Corn" for his own paper, and that was the first authoritative voice that called hail, the first hand outstretched to welcome Lanier. It was like Mr. Howells and Longfellow reading together the manuscript of Maurice Thompson's "At the Window" and deciding to publish it in

the *Atlantic.* No wonder that Maurice Thompson, though he always disliked and opposed Mr. Howells's theory of fiction, loved him better than any other man; no wonder that Lanier felt toward his first discoverer like Mahomet toward the old Cadijah. "You love me better than you did her?" asked the young and brilliant Ayesha. "No, by Allah!" answered Mahomet. "She believed in me when none else would believe." It seems strange now that the New York editors failed unanimously to recognize the merit of "Corn"; for it is a great poem—fresh, original, sent straight from the heart and soul of a man of genius, conceived on a large plan, strong in its sweep and swing, two hundred lines in length, and yet with scarcely a weak verse. But its first rejection by the editors did not dismay him.

I remember that it has always been so [he wrote], that the new man has always to work his way over these Alps of stupidity, much as that ancient general crossed the actual Alps—splitting the rocks with vinegar and fire—that is, by bitterness and suffering. D. V. I will split them.

"The Symphony" was his next great poem. A letter of his to Mr. Peacock graphically describes the birth and growth of it. He writes, March 24, 1875:

I am much better, and, though in daily fight against

severe pain, am hard at work. About four days ago, a certain poem, which I had vaguely ruminated for a week before, took hold of me like a real James River ague, and I have been in a mortal shake with the same. day and night, ever since. I call it "The Symphony": I personify each instrument in the orchestra, and make them discuss various deep social questions of the times, in the progress of the music. It is now nearly finished; and I shall be rejoiced thereat, for it verily racks all the bones of my spirit.

Of this poem Mr. Peacock wrote a notice, which was extensively copied in Southern papers; but it had larger results still. Mr. Peacock sent the poem to Bayard Taylor (then at the height of his fame), and Taylor promptly wrote his warm appreciation to Mr. Peacock, which he in turn forwarded to Lanier. Lanier sent his thanks to Bayard Taylor, and this acquaintance, which speedily became friendship, was an unspeakable boon to Sidney Lanier. The latter was, as the world now knows, a genius, an original poet; but his soul was starving. How sincerely jubilant was the opening sentence of his first letter:

When a man, determined to know as well what is under as what is above, has made his plunge down to the bottom of the great Sea Doubtful of poetic endeavor, and has looked not only upon the enchanted caverns there, but upon the dead bodies also, there

comes a moment as his head reëmerges above the surface, when his eyes are ablink with salt water, when the horizon is a round blur, and when he wastes strength that might be applied to swimming in resolutely defying what seems to be the gray sky overhead. In such a moment a friendly word—and all the more if it be a friendly word from a strong swimmer whom one perceives far ahead advancing calmly and swiftly—brings with it a pleasure so large and grave that, as voluble thanks are impossible, so a simple and sincere acknowledgment is inevitable.

It should be borne in mind that at this time Bayard Taylor had reached the height of his fame and popularity. He had been for a quarter of a century a prominent figure before the public as traveler, lecturer, and diplomatist, was the author of perhaps twenty-five volumes, and had already four years previously crowned all his literary achievements with his monumental translation of Goethe's "Faust." Bayard Taylor's letter about "The Symphony" was speedily followed by another (August 17, 1875), which said: "I can only repeat how much joy the evidence of a new, *true* poet always gives me—such a poet as I believe you to be. I am heartily glad to welcome you to the fellowship of authors." That was like Goethe's call to Carlyle across the German Ocean, hailing "the advent of a new moral force, the effects of which it was

impossible to predict"; and Bayard Taylor's commendation heartened Lanier as nothing had ever done. It was "a little of the wine of success and praise"—his words to Paul Hayne—"without which no man ever does the very best he might." "When we meet," Taylor added in that same second letter, "I hope to be able to show you more satisfactorily than by these written words the genuineness of the interest which each author always feels in all others; and perhaps I may be also able to extend your own acquaintance among those whom you have a right to know." Two weeks later (September 2, 1875), Bayard Taylor sends another gracious word: "I can't tell you how rejoiced I am to find in you the genuine poetic nature, temperament, and *morale*." Then begins a series of repeated kindnesses on Taylor's part which continued till his death three years later. He sends Lanier tickets to the Goethe celebration, gives him when he visits Boston letters to Longfellow and Lowell, commends him to Whittier and Aldrich, takes him to the Century Club to meet Bryant, Stoddard, and Stedman, and acts as intermediary for Lanier in bringing numerous poems to the magazine editors. Shortly after, when General Hawley, President of the United States Centennial Commission, asked Bayard Taylor to

suggest a poet not of New England for the "Centennial Cantata," Taylor named Lanier, which appointment brought Lanier's name for the first time very prominently before the public.

Don't overvalue my friendly good will [wrote in this connection the generous-souled Bayard Taylor], nor ever let it impose the least sense of obligation. I am very glad when I can be of some encouragement to a man in whom I have faith.

Lanier wrote once (November 24, 1876):

I have to send you my thanks very often: I hope they don't become monotonous to you. Your praise has really given me a great deal of genuine and fruitful pleasure. The truth is that, as for censure, I am overloaded with my own; but as for commendation, I am mainly in a state of famine; so that while I cannot, for very surfeit, profitably digest the former, I have such a stomach for the latter as would astonish gods and men.

After some such expression of gratitude, Taylor wrote:

You must not think, my dear friend, that simply because I recognize your genius and character, and the purity of the aims of both, I confer any obligation on you! From you, and all like you, few as they are, I draw my own encouragement for that work of mine which I think may possibly live.

Bayard Taylor's faith in Lanier was shown

in his friendly criticisms and suggestions on Lanier's "Cantata" (witness especially the long letter of January 12, 1876), and on all his other poetical work after this. For I find at least a score of letters between the two poets where the younger asks and the elder gives criticism on poems or suggests magazines to try. Indeed, after reading in one hundred pages of letters repeated evidence of Bayard Taylor's unfailing kindness, sympathy, good judgment, and faith in Lanier, one feels how peculiarly appropriate was Lanier's line characterizing his distinguished friend:

> In soul and stature larger than thy kind.

And now it is worth while to note the effect of the recognition and encouragement of people like Mr. Peacock, Bayard Taylor, and Charlotte Cushman—for she, Mr. Peacock, Bayard Taylor, and Paul Hayne were the four friends who, with his wife, most influenced Lanier's life—and the stimulus of his new environment upon the sensitive and susceptible nature of the poet. In July, 1876, Lanier wrote to Bayard Taylor:

> I can't tell you with what ravishing freedom and calmness I find myself writing in these days, nor how supreme and sunny the poetic region seems to lie in front, like broad upland fields and slopes. I write all

the time, and sit down to the paper with poems already done. I hope to have out another volume soon of work which will show a much quieter technique than this one. A modern French writer has spoken of the works of the great artists of the world as being like the high white clouds which sail calmly over a green valley on a summer day. This seems to me very beautiful.

Not even grave illness can shake the superb confidence with which he is now inspired. He writes, December 6, 1876, to Bayard Taylor:

My physician has become alarmed at the gravity and persistence of my illness, and orders me immediately to Florida, denouncing death unless a warm climate is speedily reached. He might as well talk to the stars whose light hasn't yet reached us, as try to persuade me to die before I've written my five additional volumes of poems.

Five weeks later he writes from Florida:

I see no reason to doubt that I shall be soon at work again. In truth, I "bubble song" continually during these heavenly days, and it is as hard to keep me from the pen as the toper from his tipple.

And as he is once more turning northward, in improving health, he writes (from Brunswick, Georgia, April 26, 1877):

The whole air seems full of fecundity: as I ride I'm like one of those insects that are fertilized on the

wing—every leaf that I brush against breeds a poem. God help the world when this now hatching brood of my ephemeræ shall take flight and darken the air!

On his birthday, February 3, 1879, Lanier received his appointment as lecturer in English literature in Johns Hopkins University, which for the first time in his life brought him an assured, though small, income. The last two years had been more fruitful in poems than any before, and these had maintained the high level of "Corn" and "The Symphony." Fate seemed to smile at last, and he was clearly ready to write great poetry. "The Marshes of Glynn" proves it. But fate had smiled almost too late; his resolute hold upon life was about to fail. When he received his appointment to the lectureship, he was just up from hemorrhage and a severe illness, and in the two and a half years that still remained to him of life, besides his almost continual illness he was to be much hindered by the necessity of earning bread for wife and children, of whom a fourth was born to him in August, 1880. In his letters the dreadful chronicle of illness runs like this: September, 1879, "severe illness"; January, 1880, "a most menacing illness"; May, 1880, "the final consuming fever opened"; December, 1880, "came to the very door of death"; April, 1881, aggravated illness in New York, wife sum-

moned, and tent life in a high and dry climate prescribed as the last hope. After that there were to be no more rallies, only a steady burning out till the end. Death came September 7, 1881.

> We are left alone with one another [writes Mrs. Lanier]. On the last night of the summer comes a change. His love and immortal will hold off the destroyer of our summer yet one more week until the forenoon of September 7, and then falls the frost, and that unfaltering will renders its supreme submission to the adored will of God.

Let us see how the sick man had to work during that final period. In the summer of 1879, while sojourning for his health at Rockingham Springs, Virginia, he wrote in six weeks "The Science of English Verse"; in October, 1879, he gave three courses of lectures in girls' schools; a little later there were the continuous rehearsals and concerts with the Peabody Orchestra; then, beginning in January, 1880, ten weekly lectures on English literature (two public at the university, two to university classes, six at private schools). Dr. Ward can best describe for us the last stage of the struggle:

> The winter of 1880-81 brought a hand-to-hand battle for life. In December he came to the very door of death. Before February he had essayed the open air to test himself for his second university lecture

course. His improvement ceased on that first day of exposure. Nevertheless, by April he had gone through the twelve lectures (there were to have been twenty), which were later published under the title, "The English Novel." A few of the earlier lectures he penned himself; the rest he was obliged to dictate to his wife. With the utmost care of himself, going in a closed carriage and sitting during his lecture, his strength was so exhausted that the struggle for breath in the carriage on his return seemed each time to threaten the end. Those who heard him listened with a sort of fascinated terror, as in doubt whether the hoarded breath would suffice to the end of the hour. It was in December of this winter when too feeble to raise food to his mouth, with a fever temperature of 104 degrees, that he penciled his last and greatest poem, "Sunrise," one of his projected series of "Hymns of the Marshes." It seemed as if he were in fear that he would die with it unuttered.

In the summer of 1881, while being consumed by the final fever in the mountains of North Carolina, he was gathering materials for a book on that region, which he had been commissioned to write in a railway interest, and the monthly advance payments on which were to defray expenses. The materials were gathered and the book was shaped in his mind by the end of July, but he was in too much anguish to dictate, often for hours even to speak; and so the book was not written.

Our poet has greatly puzzled the critics.

> Lanier has been likened [Baskervill says] in moral earnestness and loftiness of purpose to Milton, in intellectuality to Emerson, in spirituality to Ruskin, in love of nature to Wordsworth, in taste, sensibility, and exquisite sense of beauty to Shelley and Keats, in technique to Tennyson, in the astonishing manipulation of his meter and cadence and involution to Swinburne.

Again Baskervill says:

> In these later poems we may, it is true, still chance upon a line fashioned after Poe and observe a manner imitated from Browning, for not even "dearest Keats," it would seem, exercised such an influence upon him as these.

But it is Keats that I feel in Lanier more than any poet, except of course Shakespeare. When Lanier says in "Clover,"

> Oh,
> In arms' reach here be Dante, Keats, Chopin,
> Raphael, Lucretius, Omar, Angelo,
> Beethoven, Chaucer, Schubert, Shakespeare, Bach,
> And Buddha (sweetest masters! let me lay
> These arms this once, this humble once, about
> Your reverend necks—the most containing clasp,
> For all in all, this world e'er saw!),

he names, I think, with the possible exception of Chaucer and Schumann, *his* poets and musicians

and artists. Keats is in that list. Keats' name occurs oftener in his poems than any other except Shakespeare's; and the almost perfect poem "Clover" is "inscribed to the memory of John Keats." In his love of nature and his profoundly religious spirit Lanier reminds me of Wordsworth; but his attitude toward nature is not Wordsworth's, nor does the latter seem especially to appeal to him. The nature-note of Lanier seems to me that of Keats and Shelley. But it is the truest and sweetest nature-note that I know in American poetry. Only Bryant's very best nature poems seem to me comparable, and Bryant's passion for nature is not so keen as Lanier's. And there is a sense of closeness to, a sort of childlike trustful dependence on, nature that I find nowhere else so marked as in "A Ballad of Trees and the Master," and in the "Hymns of the Marshes." But while one may detect the subtle influence of this or that poet in Lanier's best poems, it is at most a suggestion or an inspiration; for Lanier is an original poet, and in such poems as "Corn," "The Marshes of Glynn," and "Sunrise," he has borrowed largely from no man.

It is interesting to note how Lanier characterizes the poets that especially appeal to him, *e. g.:* "Master Will"; "O sweetest Shakespeare

sole"; "Chaucer bright and Shakespeare for a king's delight"; "old godlike Æschylus"; "large Lucretius"; "Lucretius mine (for oh, what heart hath loved thee like to this that's now complaining?)"; "Beethoven, sole hymner of the whole of life"; "broad Beethoven, deaf no more, and Keats midst of much talk uplift their shining eyes"; "tense Keats, with angels' nerves where men's were better"; "Tennyson, largest voice since Milton"; "Emerson, most wise"; Wagner with "power to say the times in terms of tone."

Religious aspiration and art were Lanier's higher life. The beauty of holiness was to him equally true when reversed—the holiness of beauty. The latter was the spirit of music and poetry becoming dominant within him. But he always found God in everything, and his artistic development did not supplant or shake his religious faith; he simply admitted music and poetry as copartners with, or rather constituents of, religion. "Who has not come to that stage of quiet and eternal frenzy in which the beauty of holiness and the holiness of beauty mean one thing, burn as one fire, shine as one light within him, he is not yet the great artist." So, starting a Hebrew, he came out a Greek; but he did not lose the Hebrew in the Greek.

As art became part of his religion, so to him

the moral law was as binding in art as in religion. Time's judgments are "inexorably moral," he maintained.

> Cannot one say with authority to the young artist [he says], whether working in stone, in color, in tones, or in character-forms of the novel: So far from dreading that your moral purpose will interfere with your beautiful creation, go forward in the clear conviction that unless you are suffused—soul and body, one might say—with that moral purpose which finds its largest expression in love, do not dare to meddle with beauty; unless you are suffused with beauty, do not dare to meddle with truth; unless you are suffused with truth, do not dare to meddle with goodness? In a word, unless you are suffused with truth, wisdom, goodness, and love, abandon the hope that the ages will accept you as an artist.

"I am in soul, and shall be in life and utterance, a great poet," wrote Lanier to his wife soon after he had launched in the sea of literature. He was a poet, and his life was a poem; but his utterance was not yet that of the great poets. I would not be misunderstood. "Sunrise" has the authentic note of the great poet, "The Marshes of Glynn" even more so, but the body of his good work is not large enough and not quite great enough, I think, to entitle him to admission to the inner circle of the supremely great. Keats' remains do entitle

him to that rank; Lanier's do not. But Dr. Ward is doubtless right in predicting that he will "take his final rank with the first princes of American song."

> Some of his poetic work [says Mr. Gilder] was experimental, not fully and restfully accomplished, though always with gleams here and there from the very "Heaven of Song." As his methods and ideas matured, there was reason to expect a more rounded, sustained, and satisfying art. And every now and then there crystallized in his intense and musical mind a lyric of such diamond-like strength and luster that it can no more be lost from the diadem of English song than can the lyrics of Sidney or of Herbert.

What lyrics of Lanier's would Mr. Gilder have mentioned had he named them? I think most, perhaps all, of the following: "Corn" (1874), "The Waving of the Corn" (1876), "Clover," most of it (1876), "Evening Song" (1876), "The Bee" (1877), "The Song of the Chattahoochee" (1877), "Tampa Robins" (1877), "The Stirrup-cup" (1877), "A Song of the Future" (1878), "The Marshes of Glynn" (1878), "A Ballad of Trees and the Master" (1880), "Sunrise" (1880).

The concluding words of Mr. Stedman's letter written for the Lanier Memorial Meeting, in 1888, supplement Mr. Gilder's as an explana-

tion of any inadequacy in Lanier's accomplishment:

> He conceived of a method, and of compositions, which could only be achieved by the effort of a life extended to man's full term of years. The little that he was able to do belonged to the very outset of a large synthetic work; he did little more than to sound a few important bars of his overture. In this sense he died early, but did not die without leaving his idea behind him—out of which something may yet grow. He staked his purpose on the hope and chance of time for its execution, but—*Dis aliter visum!*

One may admit in Lanier "over-luxuriance of imagination" at times; that sometimes his love of music led him, as Mr. Stedman said, "to essay in language effects that only the gamut can render possible"; but not even the powerful authority of Edmund Gosse can convince one who has read and reread Lanier's best poems till he loves them, that there is "a painful effort, a strain and a rage," that even "Corn," "Sunrise," and "The Marshes of Glynn," "simulate poetic expression with extraordinary skill. But of the genuine traditional article, not a trace!" In the face of criticism from so great a source, I humbly venture to say that the more I read Lanier, the longer and more sympathetically I study him, the more I realize not only that, as musi-

cians tell me, his heavenly gift of music and his technical knowledge of it "form the foundation and framework of his poetry," but that his poems are "essentially musical, tuneful, and melodious." Lanier is not always simple, and his greatest poems are not easy reading, till one has been caught up into complete sympathy with his mood; then one feels with the poet "wonder unutterable," which leaves no room for a sense of want of simplicity. Through frequent reading of his best poems Lanier has become one of *my* poets, and I rise sometimes in the morning, after refreshing sleep, with one of these poems singing in my heart and calling me to read it, just as do some poems of Wordsworth or Keats or Tennyson or Arnold. He might have accomplished so much more, had the time not been so short, and had he not been so hindered by disease and the struggle for bread. "Yet short as was his literary life, and hindered though it were, its fruit will fill a large space in the garnering of the poetic art of our country."

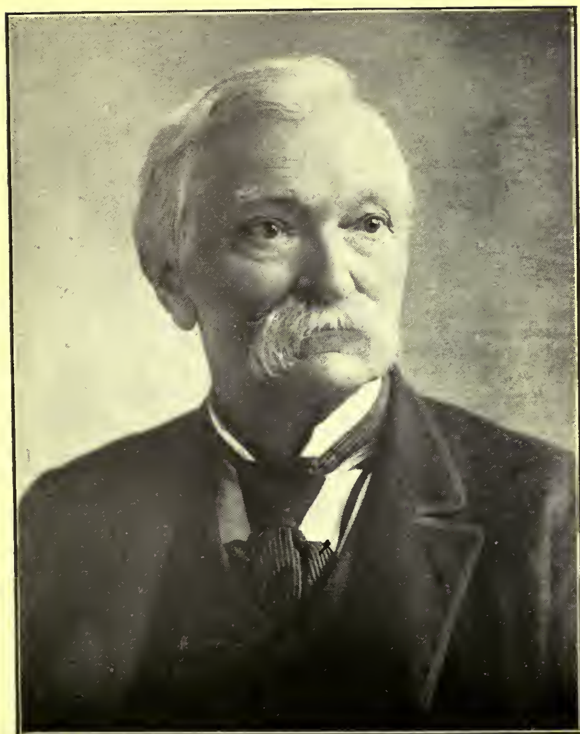
IX.

RICHARD MALCOLM JOHNSTON.

"Georgia is the greatest state in the South. You know enough of Georgians, however, to expect me to say this." So wrote a prominent native of Middle Georgia; and though we might not all admit this, we are bound to allow that the Georgian has some reason for his partiality and his pride. The writer said, a few years ago,[1] "It is certain that in the period since the war Georgia has had twice as many men of national reputation as any other Southern state"; and there still seems no good reason to change the sentence.

The Georgian mentioned above sends, from memory, a list of seventy-one names of Georgians who have been more or less prominent as writers. These include some of Georgia's great jurists, statesmen, and orators, as well as several who, perhaps, like Paul H. Hayne, really belong to other states. There are some, too, whom doubtless only Georgia partiality would

[1]Written in 1892.



RICHARD MALCOLM JOHNSTON.

consider eminent; but, after all allowances are made, the list is a very respectable one. It contains such names as the story writers and humorists, Judge Longstreet, W. T. Thompson ("Major Jones' Courtship"), Richard Malcolm Johnston, Joel Chandler Harris, Maurice Thompson, H. S. Edwards, Will N. Harben, F. R. Goulding ("Young Marooners"); the poets, Richard Henry Wilde ("My Life Is Like the Summer Rose"), F. C. Ticknor, Sidney Lanier, Maurice Thompson (already mentioned), Will H. Hayne, and Frank L. Stanton; the historian, Charles C. Jones, Jr.; the political writers and statesmen, A. H. Stephens, Robert Toombs, B. H. Hill, James C. Brown; religious writers and pulpit orators, Bishops Pierce and Haygood, and Dr. A. A. Lipscomb; journalists and orators, H. W. Grady and John Temple Graves; humorist, "Bill Arp."

Georgia is the only Southern state that we speak of as having a literature of its own. Several other states have furnished a respectable number of writers, but we do not speak of Virginia literature or Tennessee literature as we do of "Georgia literature." Various attempts have been made to explain this phenomenon. Colonel Richard Malcolm Johnston seems to consider one great secret of it the fact that, in Mid-

dle Georgia, the richer and the poorer classes come closer together than elsewhere. In the "Preface" to "Mr. Absalom Billingslea and Other Georgia Folks," he says:

> In this region, very fertile and almost universally salubrious, perhaps there was as little social distinction among its inhabitants as among those of any other in the South. The men of culture and those of wealth, as a general thing, were neighbors of the uncultured and those with small property around them, and all were friends with one another; not only trusting and trusted, but helpful, fond, often affectionate. Among such a people—every one conscious of the freedom of his manhood—whatever was original or individual must find unhindered development that will be multifold, according to particular gifts, circumstances, and opportunities.

Such a state of society ought to produce, as it did, an unusual number of men eminent both in Church and State; but why did it produce a literature? "Because the material was here," says Mrs. Sophia Bledsoe Herrick, "and the writers were an integral part of the life they undertook to depict, in a sense true of perhaps no other region of the South." Perhaps this explanation does not fully account for the rise of such a school of literature; but it does explain why the attempt to depict this phase of life, once made, should succeed.

About 1840, or soon after, there was a promise of a growth of humorous literature in several Southern states—North Carolina, Alabama, and Tennessee, as well as Georgia; but an arrest of development occurred in all the rest, whereas Richard Malcolm Johnston, at seventy years of age, wrote Georgia sketches that were lineal descendants of, though more finished than, "Georgia Scenes."

Richard Malcolm Johnston was born in Hancock county, Ga., March 8, 1822. His great-grandfather was an Episcopal clergyman in Virginia, but emigrated to Georgia. Hence our author is a Georgian, of the third generation. The ancestors of his mother, Catherine Davenport, came also from Virginia; indeed, that part of Middle Georgia where Mr. Johnston was born and brought up was settled largely by Virginians. It is a belt about one hundred miles long, from east to west, and sixty miles broad, with Augusta as the metropolis.

Richard Malcolm attended, first, "the old field school" of his neighborhood; and every one who has read "The Goose Pond School," or "How Mr. Bill Williams Took the Responsibility," will feel sure that he has been allowed to witness some of the scenes of this primitive educational establishment. In 1830 his father moved, first to Craw-

fordville, and then to Powelton, the scene of the "Dukesborough Tales." Powelton, though a place of not more than one hundred and fifty inhabitants, had a flourishing school, evidently the original of that described as taught by Mr. George Overton in "Old Friends and New," and that of Lucius Woodbridge in "Old Mark Langston." Here young Richard Malcolm was prepared for college. He had his first love scrape while at this school, having fallen, at the age of thirteen, madly in love with a young lady of twenty-six, one of his teachers. He ought not to be blamed for this, for if a good, impressible little boy has a good-looking lady teacher, twice his own age, she is bound to be his first flame. This episode gave him the suggestion for his story, the "Early Majority of Mr. Thomas Watts." His second love affair is important only from the fact that this time his sweetheart was a girl of fifteen, which shows that he was getting to be a normal kind of boy. He went from the Powelton Academy to Mercer University, where he was graduated in 1841. He taught two years, and we have, doubtless, some of his own experience, not only in the account of George Overton's and Lucius Woodbridge's schools, mentioned above, but also in "New Discipline at Rock Spring." At the end

of this time he began the practice of law with Linton Stephens, a younger brother of Alexander Stephens.

In 1844, when Mr. Johnston was twenty-two, he was married to Miss Frances Mansfield, of Hancock county, then a young lady of fifteen, who for more than fifty years continued to help and cheer him. The fine old lady, whom I met in her own home, might very well have been the original of the Lucy Parkinson whom George Overton marries in "Old Friends and New." For some years Colonel Johnston practiced at the bar, and we have every right to suppose that in the various stories, in which lawyers are prominent characters, we have bits of his own experience in the courts. Mr. Elam Sandidge, whom we first meet in "Judge Mike's Court," of the "Dukesborough Tales," then again in "Old Friends and New," and finally in "Moll and Virgil," bears every mark of being a genuine type. Just such a man Mr. Johnston must have known —the shrewd, hard lawyer, to whom both the judge and the sheriff owed their elevation, and who consequently *owned* them both. In 1857 he was unanimously elected president of his *alma mater,* but declined, and one week later accepted the professorship of belles-lettres in the University of Georgia. According to Mrs.

S. B. Herrick's sketch, in the *Century,* June, 1888, he was offered, almost at the same time, the judgeship of the northern circuit. The professorship he held till 1862, and then resigned, and opened a boys' school, at his plantation, near Sparta. There he was a close neighbor of Bishop George F. Pierce, to whom he dedicates his "Ogeechee Cross Firings." This school was very flourishing, but in 1867 a daughter, just grown up, died, and the tender-hearted man found the place no longer endurable; so giving up a school of sixty boys, of whom forty followed him, he removed to the neighborhood of Baltimore, where he taught for some years.

Mr. Charles W. Coleman, Jr., in his article on "The Recent Movement in Southern Literature," *Harper's,* May, 1887, says:

During his career as a lawyer, practicing in five or six adjoining counties, much of his time was passed at county-seat taverns, where numbers of lawyers would gather together and relate their observations of cracker life, their personal experiences among the countrymen of Middle Georgia, courthouse scenes, and the like. These tavern stories, together with his own intimate acquaintance with the people in the old-field schools, and as a lawyer, supplied a rich mine of matter for literary work, which, as yet, it did not occur to him to use. Indeed, it was after the war, when he

was forty-five years old, that he first became aware of the power to make literature a career.

According to Mrs. Herrick, his first story appeared under the *nom de plume,* "Philemon Perch," in the *Southern Magazine,* a periodical, largely eclectic, which was published in Baltimore. The merit of his work received almost immediate recognition. No one was so surprised as its author at the success of this, his first literary venture. Other stories followed, but it did not seem to occur to Colonel Johnston to seek a wider field for his work, or to think of his writing as a source of income, for he had contributed the early stories without asking remuneration. In 1879, however, his dear and valued friend, Sidney Lanier, persuaded him to submit a story to *Scribner's Magazine,* now the *Century.* When this was accepted, Mr. Lanier's delight was unbounded, both because the writer was his friend, and because the life so vividly depicted was sweet in his memory.

This story, "Mr. Neelus Peeler's Conditions," forms the point from which Colonel Johnston dated his literary career. It is a remarkable fact that an author who has obtained such wide recognition for the freshness, broadness, and humor of his work should have been over fifty years of

age before he attempted it, and that he should date his literary life from his fifty-ninth year.

Colonel Johnston, as he appeared on his visit to Nashville, in 1889, and as the writer saw him in his own home three years later, was a man whom one likes, instinctively, at first sight. He was about six feet in height, of good figure, with no stoop at all, though then in his seventieth year; hair white as snow, but thick and close cut; florid face, and the kindliest blue eye to be found in or outside of the state of Georgia. No one who has read his stories, or ever looked into that gentle eye, could help feeling that any tale of distress would surely bring a tear to his eyes and send his hand into his pocket. There may be a man easier to get acquainted with, but nobody who knew him would believe it. The old man, who loved so ardently the scenes and people of his boyhood and young manhood, loved his friends, of course, and not least those whom his writings had won for him. The kind treatment accorded him on his visit to Nashville won his heart. He never failed to send messages in his letters to those who showed him attention; and that hospitable city—hospitable especially to authors—received from him the same unstinted praise that Maurice Thompson and Thomas Nelson Page always gave it.

He led a simple, quiet life—not in affluence nor in poverty—devoting himself to his writing, while his two youngest daughters taught, assisted and encouraged in everything by his faithful and devoted wife. This was the household then; but there was one married daughter living in New Jersey, and one son in Rome, preparing to become a Catholic priest. One, at least, of his daughters inherited her father's literary faculty, and has contributed poems, and, perhaps, other work to the magazines.

The first story of Colonel Johnston's was "The Goose Pond School," which introduces the series of "Dukesborough Tales," and is a better story than "Mr. Neelus Peeler's Conditions," with which he gained an introduction to the *Century Magazine.* This, and the other stories which he contributed to the *Southern Magazine,* formed the first series of the "Dukesborough Tales," and, when published in book form, won the approval of a New York editor, as well as the enthusiastic appreciation of Sidney Lanier. The remaining stories of the series, which now form part of the volume, published by Harper and Brothers, in their Franklin Square Library, appeared first in Northern magazines. Of the three volumes of short stories which he published, the first, the "Dukesborough Tales," is the best.

The field was then new, which is an important consideration where the range of character is necessarily limited. These stories impress one, not as written for pay or for reputation, but as spontaneous—written simply because the author felt that the life they depicted was worth describing. Individual stories, in the other collections, are as good; two are, perhaps, the best of all his stories—"Mr. Absalom Billingslea," and "Moll and Virgil." Indeed, "Moll and Virgil" must be ranked with "Free Joe and the Rest of the World," which is certainly Joel Chandler Harris's best story. But, as a collection, "The Dukesborough Tales" are the richest in humor and incident, and will be the longest lived.

All the short stories—*i. e.*, "The Dukesborough Tales," "Mr. Absalom Billingslea and Other Georgia Folks," "The Primes and Their Neighbors," and "Ogeechee Cross Firings"—are of the same general character, describe the same Middle Georgia ante-bellum life, and impress the reader as being essentially reminiscences; hence these may all be discussed together. In these stories every class is faithfully described, with some caricature here and there, of course, but of an innocent kind, rather a laughing *with* than a laughing *at*. It is the same kind of caricature that is found in the "Georgia Scenes" and

"Major Jones' Courtship"; and Georgia people of the time described would probably not have distinctly recognized or acknowledged their own portraits, but would, as it were, have taken the author to be "just in fun." But all the same, under this cover, he described Georgia country and village life, and no one doubts the essential truth of it. A Middle Georgia village or neighborhood, fifty years ago, furnished only a few types of character, but we have them all here, sketched to the life. There's Mr. Bill Williams, best sustained of all the characters, the garrulous country youth, whose ambition is a career, as clerk, in the village store; the old field schoolmasters, Meadows and Lorriby, as well as the village teachers, Overton and Woodbridge; the country parson, represented by Brother Bullington (Baptist), or Brother Swinger (Methodist); the good old sisters, Catlin, of the Methodist Church, and Tolliver, of the Baptist, who love and respect each other, and differ only on the doctrines of election and free grace: various types of deacons; the pompous militia colonel, Moses Grice; the neighborhood oracle, as Mr. Archie Kittrell; the neighborhood gossip, Miss Priscilla Mattox; the shrewd and unscrupulous lawyer like Sandidge; or the young, ambitious, high-minded opponent of Sandidge, Mr. Mobly;

the close-fisted, note-shaving, grasping, mean country capitalist, the chief man of the village, president of the school board, whom everybody fears and everybody hates, Mr. Duke; and lastly, the comely widows, like Mrs. Ashby, Mrs. Malvina Hodge, or Mrs. Brinkley; the old maids, Miss Georgiana Pea or Miss Angelina Spouter; or those blooming, peach-cheeked, happy, healthy Georgia maidens, like Lucy Parkinson or Betsey Ann Acry. These might be a very staid and uninteresting set, seen by other eyes than those of a humorist, like Colonel Johnston, but it is very certain that, as described by him, they have a perennial interest.

Of course courting and marrying occupy a considerable share of attention in these sketches, and Colonel Johnston does not confine himself to the romance of young love. Widowers and widows come in, as is right and natural, for their fair share, and for a humorist, widowers, if not widows, offer finer subjects than those young men and maidens who love and marry for the first time.

Mr. Singleton Hooks had been a great dancer in his youth, and could surpass the best in "slinging a foot in a quintillion, when his dander were up, the fiddle chuned accordin' to the scale, and his pardner ekal to her business." But he had

seen "they were a jumpin'-off place to sech as that, and had the jedgment to git out o' the way o' the wrath to come." He was now in middle life, with iron-gray hair and solemn port, a justice of the peace, a deacon in the church, and even an occasional exhorter. But his wife died! And wonderful are the ways of widowers. He turned, after a brief while, his back upon the graveyard, and tried to present, first, a resigned, soon a cheerful, face to the world outside of it. It began to be remarked that his conversation, general carriage, even his person, were brighter than for years. For now he dressed and brushed himself with much care; and before long, instead of bestowing monitory looks on jests and other frivolities of the young and the gay, he not only smiled forgivingly, but occasionally, with his own mouth, put forth a harmless anecdote, at which he laughed as cordially as he knew how, and seemed gratified when others enjoyed it. He got more Sunday clothes and wore them oftener, a new hat and a new cane, and found most consolation in the society of ladies, especially those under twenty. "I feel," he said, to one of them, "a'most a right young man jes' grown, sech is my health, and my strength, and my sperrits." But that was not all. Miss Sally Cash, an elderly unmarried maiden, of fair prop-

erty, who, on the re-advent into society of two marrying men, the widowers Hooks and Tuggle, had come to the conclusion that "may be it were His will for her not to git old, thes by herself," and had made her appearance at meeting, in a new red frock and green calash, and new pink parasol, and new white crane-tail fan, and new striped ribbons, and new cheeks that just blazed like a peach—Miss Sally Cash gave a party and invited Mr. Hooks, among others. Lively and jokey as Mr. Hooks had become, no one could have anticipated what happened. He purchased the shiniest silk stockings and the sleekest pair of pumps, and the longest, widest, stripedest silk cravat, which was to be tied in the most approved Augusta style. "Them feet and them legs," he remarked to some gentlemen and ladies at the party, "them legs and them feet 'pear like they forgot, till here lately, what they was made for, but my intentions is, before they git much older, to convince 'em o' their ric'lection." And when the call, "Choose pardners," rang out, Mr. Hooks seized the hand of Miss Susan Ann Tuggle and led her out. And such dancing! His legs made up for all the years of repression. Susan Ann whispered to him, "You are the best partner I ever danced with"; and afterwards married him. Now it was the marrying spirit

in him that did all that; for, after he got Susan Ann, everything "swayed down peaceable," and the brethren forgave him for dancing, when Susan Ann gave in her beautiful experience at meeting, and it was given out that he would not dance any more.

A life so simple and narrow does not offer much variety of course, especially in the way of amusements or recreations, but the interest of an event depends largely upon whose eyes see it, and Colonel Johnston reviews the scenes of his boyhood and young manhood with glasses that are delightfully colored, both with the enthusiasm and large patriotism of youth, and the idealism of long absence. Add to this his unfailing humor, and we have a sufficient guarantee that the life described will not seem either barren or dry. First among the rustic recreations described is the monthly meeting at the neighborhood church or the annual camp meeting. Now, though religious meetings may not be intended to be recreations, as they were among the ancient Greeks, there is no denying the fact that they do form one of the chief recreations of country people, especially of young men and maidens. And, of course, our author doesn't forget to touch upon the chief intellectual stimulus of a country neighborhood, in quiet times, the per-

petual controversy over the doctrines of baptism, by immersion or by sprinkling, over election and free grace. But it would be a mistake to suppose that Colonel Johnston describes all this irreverently, as the following reflection will prove:

When a man, far away from such scenes, both in space and in years, begins to talk about them, he is prone to indulge too fondly. He cannot at least but love to muse, amid other recollections, on those long, so long, ago camp-meeting nights. Religiously inclined, earnestly so indeed, but not taking part in the exciting scenes which so many, with varying purposes, gathered there to witness, when the bugle would sound the call for silence and repose, when even all mourners' wailings would be hushed, it was a pleasant thing to take a rustic chair, and, leaning against a post of the tent, sit and listen to the night music then rising in the woods, and dream and dream and dream of hopes and destinies for this life and the life eternal.

The discipline and exercises in the respective schools of Mr. Meadows and Mr. Lorriby were doubtless not funny to the boys and girls at the time, but, as described in "The Goose Pond School," and "How Mr. Bill Williams Took the Responsibility," they are the most mirth-provoking of comedies, however often read. Then, there is the muster day of the battalion, with its invariable finish in the way of fights—*i. e.*, en-

counters meant generally not to wipe out a grudge or an affront, but as a trial of superior strength, agility, or endurance. Who does not remember the contest between Bob Durham and Bill Stallins, in the "Georgia Scenes," which proved the crowning delight of Ransy Sniffle's life? Such encounters we have described in "The Various Languages of Billy Moon," the famous struggle in which Mr. Bill Williams vindicated his manhood against Colonel Mose Grice ("King William and His Armies"), and the *fifth* combat between Bob Hackett and Bill Giles, as described in "The Humors of Jacky Bundle," the outcome of which was thus related by a witness:

> Never see a pootier fight; but Bob had to give in this time. That set Bill *two* in *five,* and as he ris off'n Bob, he told him the next turn would fetch him even 'ith him. Bob laughed, he did, bunged up, as he were, and he said: "All right, Bill, we'll see." Then they went to Jim Simmon's kyart, to take a drink, which Bill, he 'sisted on payin' the expense.

The circus was a very rare occurrence in a Georgia village fifty years ago, of course, but it did appear, even there, sometimes, and furnished our author with material for one of his best sketches, in which two of our old friends, Colonel Grice and Mr. Bill Williams, materially as-

sist the clown in his efforts to amuse the crowd. Trials in court are, in rural districts, a chief source both of recreation and of instruction, and one of the best sketches in the "Dukesborough Tales" is that describing Judge Mike's Court, where old Sandidge and young Mobly have their first regular legal encounter, and the incompetent Judge Mike, pushed to the wall by Mobly's bold and clever management, takes out his rage and spite on the innocent and unoffending Allen Thigpen. The sketch is permanently valuable as describing an important and now, happily, obsolete phase of the judicial economy of Georgia.

One of the shorter stories, now published as a separate novelette, "Ogeechee Cross Firings," is dedicated "To the memory of Right Rev. George Foster Pierce, who, during many years, was the author's close neighbor and friend, whose love of the humorous, both as a hearer and a rehearser, whose marvelous personal beauty, whose devout, innocent life, and whose unrivaled eloquence made him, of all men, in his native state, during his time, the one most admired, loved, and revered." And that reminds me of Colonel Johnston's remark one summer, in Baltimore: "The grandest man I ever knew, as a man and as a Christian, was George Pierce."

To the question as to whether Bishop Pierce was not the original of Henry Doster, in this sketch, he replied:

> Yes, I had George Pierce in my mind when I was sketching "Henry Doster." All the other characters are imaginary, although, of course, I have seen the elements out of which I constructed my concrete, here and there, among various old-time originals.

Colonel Johnston was a humorist of recognized power, but he could never have succeeded in sketching Georgia provincial life as he did if he had not loved the old times so well. "The Dukesborough Tales" are dedicated "To memories of the old times—the grim and rude, but hearty, old times in Georgia"; and "The Primes and Their Neighbors" inscribed "To memories of Powelton, my native village." That is the secret of it all. All his stories and novels are essentially reminiscences of this old Georgia provincial life, which he has both idealized and caricatured, but out of which he has wrought, with a hand of love, a picture that is of permanent value and interest, and made, doubtless, the truest history of Middle Georgia yet written. He has cultivated his field more assiduously than the rest of the Southern writers, except Miss Murfree, and, big or little, it is *his* field. The dialect could hardly be more faithfully rendered. The best of these

stories will never lose their value. They may be more read or less read, as time passes, but they have permanent worth as describing with essential accuracy, a state of society, humble though it be, that has passed away. Some of them, I verily believe, have enough genuine humor to float them for some time yet down the great tide of time, in which most books sink. These bear, as well as the very best sketches of the "Georgia Scenes," the test of repeated rereading. It might be well, some day, to have the very best of them collected into a single volume; and such a collection would, in all likelihood, long retain its popularity. Different persons would make somewhat different selections, but most of the following would certainly be in any collection: From "The Dukesborough Tales," the series in which Mr. Bill Williams figures prominently, viz., "How Mr. Bill Williams Took the Responsibility," "The Pursuit of Mr. Adiel Slack," "Investigations of Mr. Jonas Lively," "Old Friends and New," "The Expensive Treat of Colonel Moses Grice," and "King William and His Armies," also "The Goose Pond School," "The Various Languages of Billy Moon," and "Judge Mike's Court"; from "Mr. Absalom Billingslea and Other Georgia Folks," "Mr. Absalom Billingslea," "The Brief Embarrassment

of Mr. Iverson Blount," "The Meditations of Mr. Archie Kittrell," "The Wimpy Adoptions," and "Moll and Virgil"; from "The Primes and Their Neighbors," "The Experiment of Miss Sally Cash," and "The Pursuits of the Martyns."

Perhaps one of the best proofs of the merit of the novel, "Old Mark Langston," is that it reads better, on the whole, the second time than the first. I was about to pronounce it equal to the promise of some of the short stories, but the denouement prevented. It is not possible that a Georgia village could have been the scene of the unraveling of such a plot of avarice, meanness, cruelty, deceit, hypocrisy, lying, desertion, villainy—involving so many people in so many places, and extending over so long a period. But one character, at least, is sketched with a touch that will make most judicious readers overlook or forget what they did not like in others. This is old Jesse Lines. There is nothing to admire in him, and, doubtless, he was not meant to be the strong point of the work, but he will be remembered when all else in the book is forgotten, though his daughter, Doolana, is a noble girl, and Mr. Duke stands out strongly in all his meanness. Jesse Lines' objection to the Bible as an "onfriendly book" will give a good idea of the man and his talk:

It may not be onfriendly to you; but to me—well, as fur as I can go to say about that book, it ain't what I call friendly—not to me it ain't. I've tuck her up, time and time ag'in, and tried to read her—as fur as I can understan' her, and which they's a heap in her I can't understan', ner make heads ner tails of—but which, somehow, she always seems onfriendly to me and ag'in me. I ain't no great reader, nohow, as you know, 'special sence my 'fliction. But when I does read, I wants to read in a book which, ef she can't be 'special friendly, and pinted friendly, ain't, at least, *on*-friendly; or, ef it actilly ain't a-meanin' o' me by name, and abusein' of me, yit is constant a-hintin' round me—and which I were never a man that had to be kicked down-stars befo' I could take a hint. Now you jes' read out loud, whar you is, a while, and less see how she goes.

"A righteous man hateth lying; but a wicked man is loathsome and cometh to shame."

Thar! [cried he, in undisguised resentment]. Didn't I tell you so? Shet her up. For God-a-mighty's sake, Doolana, shet her up!

Mrs. Herrick says Colonel Johnston, speaking of Doolana Lines, remarked:

I meant to make her mean, like her father, but before I had written fifty lines about her, she just turned herself out of my hands, and there she was before me. She seemed to say: "Don't make me mean. I am a woman. You never knew a woman mean like that." And I had to stop. I just could not do it. I cannot, somehow, be rough with any woman; they always seem

to reproach me. I cannot forget the reverence due their femininity.

That is doubtless the reason why the Widow Guthrie, who gives her name to Colonel Johnston's second complete novel, did not turn out to be a female edition of Kinsey Duke, as she seemed, at first, to promise to become. This book, which is intended to describe the life of the upper class in a Middle Georgia village, has experienced the fate of other books of this kind, written by authors who had won success with short stories and sketches of mountaineers, crackers, etc.; as, *e. g.*, Miss Murfree's "Where the Battle Was Fought" and Mr. Page's "On New Found River." The characters, lacking the quaintness and originality of pioneer and backwoodsman, fail to enlist our full sympathy. Even Colonel Johnston's humor seems handicapped, and while little or no fault is to be found with some of the characters—as, *e. g.*, Duncan Guthrie's wife—we never get very well acquainted with her or them. The book will hardly live as long as "Old Mark Langston."

Colonel Johnston was the author, in conjunction with William Hand Browne, of a "Biography of Alexander Stephens" and a "History of English Literature." He also prepared for the press "Studies, Literary and Social," which

were issued in three small volumes. Much of Colonel Johnston's time was spent in the study of English and European literature. On the former he delivered as many as sixty lectures before the Peabody Institute, Baltimore, and a considerable number elsewhere.

MATTHEW ARNOLD.

X.

MATTHEW ARNOLD.

If a reason must be given for a study of Matthew Arnold's works at this time (1898), one might say, perhaps first of all, that the "Letters" have not only thrown new light upon Arnold's personality, but have made clearer than ever before the task he had set himself, and especially the spirit in which he gave himself to that task. Arnold knew himself better, of course, than anybody else knew him; and in his familiar letters, especially those to his mother and sisters—letters meant only for the family circle, and free from a shadow of suspicion that a wider audience was ever in mind—we have his own estimate of the worth of his work, and his own statement of the hindrances that hampered his literary effort.

In this paper the object has been, so far as possible, to let Arnold, by means of his "Letters," state his own case; and the same purpose has determined the extensive quotations made from his works. Those who would get the most out of the "Letters" must consider them in the light of a self-revelation, not as a collection

from which Arnold's opinions of other men and other men's works may be learned. In bulk Arnold's twenty-one volumes constitute a sufficiently large output; and in prose, at least, we all feel, perhaps, that he found adequate expression of himself. He was a great literary critic, doubtless the greatest and safest that the English-speaking race has yet produced, and though hindered much by outward circumstances, he yet found opportunity to deliver his message. If things had been different, we should doubtless have had more of those incomparable introductions to the poets; and we shall always regret that he did not leave the evidently intended further essay on Shelley. Still we have his "secret" and his "method" of literary criticism in the collected edition of his critical works prepared with his own hand. He was greatly hindered, it is true, by the fact that he had to give his main effort during his whole life to the exacting duties of a school inspectorship, in order to win bread for his family.

Qualified by nature and training for the highest honors and successes which the world can give, he spent his life in a long round of unremunerative drudgery, working even beyond the limits of his strength for those whom he loved, and never, by word or sign, betraying even a consciousness of that dull

indifference to his gifts and services which stirred the fruitless indignation of his friends.[1]

He rose superior to these hindrances, I think, in the matter of the prose expression of himself; but it was his poetic faculty that suffered, and it is there that the world has cause chiefly to regret that he was so hampered. He himself told F. W. H. Myers that "his official work, though it did not check his prose writing, checked his poetry." If any one, considering what his great contemporaries, Tennyson and Browning, achieved, be inclined to criticise Arnold, let him blame if he can after reading the following:

Indeed, if the opinion of the general public about my poems were the same as that of the leading literary men, I should make more money by them than I do. But, more than this, I should gain the stimulus necessary to enable me to produce my best—all that I have in me, whatever that may be—to produce which is no light matter with an existence so hampered as mine is. People do not understand what a temptation there is, if you cannot bear anything not *very good,* to transfer your operations to a region where form is everything. Perfection of a certain kind may there be attained, or at least approached, without knocking yourself to pieces, but to attain or approach perfection in the region of thought and feeling, and to unite this

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[1] Preface to "Letters," by G. W. E. Russell.

with perfection of form, demands not merely an effort and a labor, but an actual tearing of one's self to pieces, which one does not readily consent to (although one is sometimes forced to it), unless one can devote one's whole life to poetry. Wordsworth could give his whole life to it; Shelley and Byron both could, and were, besides, driven by their demon to do it. Tennyson, a far inferior natural power to either of the three, can; but of the moderns Goethe is the only one, I believe, of those who had an *existence assujettie* who has thrown himself with a great result into poetry. And even he felt what I say, for he could no doubt have done more *poetically* had he been freer; but it is not so light a matter, when you have other grave claims on your powers, to submit voluntarily to the exhaustion of the best poetical production in a time like this. Goethe speaks somewhere of the endless matters on which he had employed himself, and says that with the labor he had given to them he might have produced half a dozen more good tragedies; "but to produce these," he says, "I must have been *sehr zerrissen.*" It is only in the best poetical epochs (such as the Elizabethan) that you can descend into yourself and produce the best of your thought and feeling naturally and without an overwhelming, and in some degree morbid, effort; for then all the people around you are more or less doing the same thing. It is natural, it is the bent of the time, to do it; its being the bent of the time, indeed, is what makes the time a *poetical* one.[2]

I have quoted this passage at length, because

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[2] "Letters," I., 72 f.

it is the most important reference in the "Letters" to the hindrances which clogged Arnold's poetic effort, and because it is an admirable general statement, to be supported by the passages which follow here.

I am now at the work [he writes at forty-one] I dislike most in the world: looking over and marking examination papers. I was stopped last week by my eyes, and the last year or two these sixty papers a day of close handwriting to read have, I am sorry to say, much tried my eyes for the time. They soon recover, however, and no reading ever seems to hurt them. At present I can do nothing after my papers are done but write the indispensable letters for that day's post.[3]

The next year he writes to Lady de Rothschild as follows:

I must go back to my charming occupation of hearing students give lessons. Here is my programme for this afternoon: Avalanches—The Steam Engine—The Thames—India Rubber—Bricks—The Battle of Poictiers—Subtraction—The Reindeer—The Gunpowder Plot—The Jordan. Alluring, is it not? Twenty minutes each, and the days of one's life are only three-score years and ten.[4]

Three months later he writes:

I am being driven furious by seven hundred closely

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[3]"Letters," I., 207. [4]*Ibid.*, I., 281.

written grammar papers which I have to look over, and an obstinate cold in the head at the same time.[5]

Again, to Lady de Rothschild, still two years later:

I have [he says] in the next two months, besides my usual school work, to look over thirty sacred poems, the same number of Newdigates (the Oxford prize poem), ten Latin poems, and several English essays; to give a lecture on Celtic poetry, of which, as the *Saturday Review* truly says, I know nothing; to write a Latin speech, and to report on the secondary instruction of the continent of Europe.[6]

The everlasting grind of examination papers becomes exceedingly pathetic on one occasion. He writes thus to his sister, Mrs. Forster, January 4, 1868:

Poor little Basil [his infant son] died this afternoon, a few minutes before one o'clock. I sat up with him till four this morning, looking over my papers, that Flu and Mrs. Tuffin might get some sleep; and at the end of every second paper I went to him, stroked his poor twitching hand and kissed his soft warm cheek; and though he never slept, he seemed easy, and hardly moaned at all. This morning about six, after I had gone to bed, he became more restless; about eleven he had another convulsion; from that time he sank.[7]

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[5]"Letters," I., 285. [6]*Ibid.*, I., 381. [7]*Ibid.*, I., 443.

On his birthday, that same year (December 24, 1868), Arnold writes to his mother:

> Tell Edward I divide my papers (second-year grammar) through every day, taking in Christmas day, Saturdays, and Sundays. In this way I bring them down to twenty-five a day, which I can do without the strain on my head and eyes which forty a day, or—as I used often to make it in old times by delaying at first—eighty or ninety a day, would be. I am up at six, and work at the preface to my "Culture and Anarchy" essays; work again at this, and read, between breakfast and luncheon. Play racquets and walk between luncheon and four; from four to seven look over my twenty-five papers, and then after dinner write my letters and read a little.[8]

Passages of similar tenor might be multiplied almost indefinitely from the "Letters"; but these will suffice, perhaps, to indicate not only how he was hampered in his literary effort, but also how conscientious he was in the performance of his drudgery tasks, how industrious in reading as well as in writing.

In such a paper, it is necessary to ignore almost entirely a large part of Arnold's work, and to restrict attention to what is of universal and permanent value. As to what is of permanent value, doubtless everybody will agree. If Ar-

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[8] "Letters," I., 467.

nold lives, it will be as a critic of literature and as a poet. His school reports were, and are, exceedingly valuable; but such things are not literature, even when written by an Arnold. As the world rolls on and times change, old questions lose interest, and new problems present themselves in religion, in social life, in politics; the treatment of such questions, except in their permanent aspects, cannot be literature, and, in the long run, only literature survives, except for the specialist. This remark does not apply, however, to "Culture and Anarchy"; at least so much of it as treats of the distinction between "Hebraism" and "Hellenism." Arnold himself rightly felt that the distinction thus drawn was of more than transient value. "The chapters on 'Hellenism' and 'Hebraism,'" he wrote to his mother, "are, in the main, I am convinced, so true that they will form a kind of center for English thought and speculation on the matters treated in them." One is tempted to make an exception again in favor of "Literature and Dogma," if only for the great aphorism, "Conduct is three-fourths of life," so beautifully illustrated there. But that aphorism is everywhere in Arnold's works, and, better still, is on its winged way among men.

THE CRITIC.

An enthusiastic student of English literature remarked to me once that Matthew Arnold will live by his poetry; that the ideas and ideals for which he stood in his criticism will pass into the general atmosphere of culture, and it will be forgotten by most that we owe them to Arnold. The remark was made with the highest appreciation of Arnold's influence as a critic, and my friend did not know, I am sure, that he was almost quoting Frederic Harrison. "We can have little doubt now," says Harrison, "when so much of Arnold's prose work in criticism has been accepted as standard opinion, and so much of his prose work in controversy has lost its savor, that it is his poetry which will be longest remembered, and there his finest vein was reached."[9] Many were doubtless long before agreed with Andrew Lang in the general proposition that his poems were "by far his most important and most permanent contribution to literature." To have one's ideas become a part of the *literary* atmosphere is to have accomplished a great work, even if one's self be forgotten; and Arnold himself would, I am sure, have been satisfied to believe that this would be

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[9]*Nineteenth Century,* March, 1896.

the fate of his criticism. Writing to one of his sisters about his article on "The Burials Bill," he said: "It is a seed sown in the thoughts of the young and fair-minded, the effect of which will be gradual but persistent. In all I write this is the sort of effect I aim at."[10] And to his mother he wrote: "To be less and less *personal* in one's desires and working is the great matter, and this, too, I feel, I am glad to say, more deeply than I did."[11] Again to the same: "One can only get one's self really accepted by men by making one's self forgotten in the people and doctrines one recommends."

Men may cease to read the essays on Wordsworth, Milton, Keats, and Byron; but we shall read these and other great poets more, and appreciate them better, because of Arnold's essays. For one of these—Wordsworth—Arnold, more than any other person, vindicated his rightful position in English letters, and with that little volume of superb selections made it easy for the elect to come under Wordsworth's spell. And for Keats, who does not feel that Arnold has said the supreme word? Shelley had written of Keats:

> Till the Future dares
> Forget the Past, his fate and fame shall be
> An echo and a light unto eternity.

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[10]"Letters," II., 155. [11]*Ibid.*, I., 400.

Tennyson had said, "Keats, with his high spiritual vision, would have been, if he had lived, the greatest of us all"; but Arnold wrote, "He is with Shakespeare!" When a critic like Arnold says that, he compels us to read Keats; and when we read Keats, if we have any poetry in our souls, we are Keats' forever.

I say the thoughts of the essays may pass into the general literary atmosphere, and it may become no longer necessary to read them, but I cannot imagine this of the essay on "The Study of Poetry." I can hardly imagine even the cultivated public not needing to read and reread this masterly, simple treatise. It ought to be read by young people once a year. Frederic Harrison says of it:

> Arnold's piece on "The Study of Poetry," written as an introduction to the collected "English Poets," should be preserved in our literature as the norma, or canon, of right opinion about poetry, as we preserve the standard coins in the Pyx, or the standard yard measure in the old Jewel-house at Westminster.[12]

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[12]*Ibid.* In a footnote Harrison adds: "This does not include *obiter dicta* in his familiar letters. A great critic, like the Pope, is infallible only when he is speaking *ex cathedrâ,* on matters of faith." One thinks at once of Tennyson, to whom Arnold never was quite just in the "Letters"—*e. g.,* I., 278: "I do not think

"Every critic," says Arnold, in the essay on "The Function of Criticism," "should try and possess one great literature at least besides his own, and the more unlike his own, the better." That was the minimum requirement. Very similar is his answer to the objection to studying other languages on the ground that we have enough to do to know our own: "It is true, as Goethe said, that no man who knows only his own language knows even that." Of Scherer, Arnold said: "He knows thoroughly the language and literature of England, Italy, Germany, as well as France." His own outfit was perhaps even more complete. He possessed, as

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Tennyson a great and powerful spirit in any line." (Compare also I., 72, 147, 280.) Such *obiter dicta* must be offset by Arnold's remark to Hallam Tennyson: "Your father has been our most popular poet for forty years, and, on the whole, he has deserved it." One is even more startled, perhaps, at this epistolary verdict on Thackeray: "He is not, to my thinking, a great writer." ("Letters," I., 247.) These judgments would certainly have been modified if given *ex cathedrâ;* and when one remembers the concluding paragraph of the essay on "Joubert," one cannot but hope that Arnold would have qualified this remark concerning the great Whig historian: "Macaulay is to me uninteresting, mainly, I think, from a dash of intellectual vulgarity which I find in all his performance." ("Letters," II., 155.)

the basis of his culture, an extraordinarily thorough knowledge and an exquisite appreciation of Greek literature, especially Greek poetry, knowing as few men have done Homer, Sophocles, Æschylus, and Pindar, besides Plato, Epictetus, and Marcus Aurelius. In Latin he was well versed, and familiar especially with Lucretius and Virgil. In Hebrew he had some knowledge of the original, and was steeped in the literature of the Old and New Testaments, including the Septuagint, the Vulgate (for which as literature he had the profoundest sympathy and admiration), and the best literature of mediæval Christianity. Of modern literatures he knew best, of course, the French. Indeed, it might be said, with a large measure of truth, that he learned his art of criticism from the French. Next to French he knew best the German literature, and was familiar with the results of German scholarship, at least in biblical lines. With Italian there are indications that he was at least fairly well acquainted, and he knew Dante well. In English literature he was, of course, widely and deeply read—more so in the older literature than the contemporary — and in all the greatest poetry a master without a rival.

With Arnold, "culture is reading." From his

writings we may learn his "doctrine," and from his "Letters" we may gather his "method" as to reading. "Desultory reading," he writes to one of his sisters,[13] "is a mere anodyne; regular reading, well chosen, is restoring and edifying." "My great desire in education," he says in one of his letters,[14] "is to get a few good books universally taught and read. Twenty, I think, is about all I would have in the direct teaching of the young, and to be learned as text-books. Young people may read for themselves collaterally as much as they like." Again, in his sixtieth year, he writes:[15]

> The importance of reading—not slight stuff to get through the time, but the best that has been written—forces itself upon me more and more every year I live; it is living in good company, the best company, and people are generally quite keen enough, or too keen, about doing that; yet they will not do it in the simplest and most innocent manner by reading. However, if I live to be eighty, I shall probably be the only person left in England who reads anything but newspapers and scientific publications.

He advises his sister, Mrs. Forster,[16] "to read something of Burke's every year," because Burke "treats politics with his thought and imag-

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[13] "Letters," II., 127. [14] *Ibid.*, II., 164. [15] *Ibid.*, II., 227. [16] *Ibid.*, I., 249.

ination"; because he is "our greatest English prose writer."

Arnold's own "method," or practice, in reading is easy to discover. Of Gray he said: "He lived with the great poets: he lived, above all, with the Greeks, through perpetually studying and enjoying them." And Arnold himself lived constantly, from youth to age, with the great Greeks. In the second sonnet, in reply to the question, "Who prop, thou ask'st, in these bad days, my mind?" he says that he is occupied with Homer, "clearest-souled of men"; with Epictetus, "whose friendship I not long since won"; and especially with Sophocles,

> Who saw life steadily, and saw it whole.

In 1849 he writes: "I have within this year gone through all Homer's works and all those ascribed to him." And he is reading, at the same time, biographies of Byron, Scott, Napoleon, Goethe, Burns. The next year he is reading "Goethe's letters, Bacon, Pindar, Sophocles, Milton, Thomas à Kempis, and 'Ecclesiasticus.'" In 1857 he writes: "What I learn in studying Sophocles for my present purpose is, or seems to me, wonderful." In 1860 he is "reading a great deal in the 'Iliad' again." In 1861 he gives his three lectures on "Translating Homer," say-

ing at the outset that "for one or two years the works of Homer were seldom out of his hands." In his fortieth year we find him at night, after inspecting schools, reading "about a hundred lines of 'Odyssey' to keep himself from putrefaction"; and in his sixty-third year he uses the "Odyssey" to take the taste of Daudet's "Sapho" out of his mouth. The very last reference in the "Letters" to Greek literature represents him as "reading five pages of Greek anthology every day."

As to other literature besides the classical, the "Letters" confirm the impression that he kept in his general reading largely to the great authors. His first youthful enthusiasm in French was George Sand, "the greatest spirit in our European world from the time that Goethe departed."[17] Later his favorite French authors were Sainte-Beuve, Voltaire, Joubert, Senancour, Maurice de Guérin, Renan, Scherer. His friend and master in criticism was Sainte-Beuve, "the first critic of our time." The circle of French writers at Paris, to which Sainte-Beuve and Scherer belonged, he thought "perhaps the most truly cultivated in the world." The three Germans whom he knew best were

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[17] "Letters," II., 152.

doubtless Lessing, Heine, and Goethe. The last was to him "the greatest poet of modern times, the greatest critic of all times." Goethe and Wordsworth, he says in a letter, "are the two moderns I most care for." Heine was "the most important successor and continuator of Goethe in Goethe's most important line of activity"—namely, as "a soldier in the war of liberation of humanity"; and so he was "in the European poetry of that quarter of a century which follows the death of Goethe incomparably the most important figure."

In English prose, Arnold's favorite authors seem to have been Burke, Newman, and possibly Emerson. For Newman's great qualities he had the profoundest admiration, as of "a man who alone in Oxford of his generation, alone of many generations, conveyed to us in his genius that same charm, that same ineffable sentiment, which this exquisite place itself conveys." Of English poets it were but necessary to name all the greatest; with all these Arnold "lived." But it would be safe, I think, to say that the works and authors which he loved most, studied longest, and absorbed most completely were the Bible, Homer, Sophocles, Goethe, Wordsworth, and Sainte-Beuve.

Arnold's "doctrine of studies" is contained,

he himself said,[18] in his lecture on "Literature and Science." His "doctrine of criticism" is found perhaps most succinctly stated in his essay on "The Function of Criticism at the Present Time," which serves as a general introduction to his two volumes of "Essays in Criticism." His "doctrine of style" is best given in the essay on "The Influence of Academies."

The business of the critical power is, he says in the essay on "The Function of Criticism at the Present Time," "in all branches of knowledge, theology, philosophy, history, art, science, to see the object as in itself it really is." True criticism "tends to make the best ideas prevail." "Its business is simply to know the best that is known and thought in the world, and by in its turn making this known to create a current of new and fresh ideas." "Presently these new ideas reach society, the touch of truth is the touch of life, and there is a stir and growth everywhere; out of this stir and growth come the creative epochs of literature."

Criticism's best spiritual work is "to keep man from a self-satisfaction which is retarding and vulgarizing, to lead him toward perfection by making his mind dwell upon what is excellent in

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[18] "Letters," II., 253.

itself, and the absolute beauty and fitness of things." Why has it so little accomplished this in England? Because it has not kept in the purely intellectual sphere, has been so practical, polemical, controversial. "Without a disinterested treatment of things, truth and the highest culture are out of the question." The duty of criticism is "to be perpetually dissatisfied" with everything which falls short of "a high and perfect ideal." Criticism "must maintain its independence of the practical spirit and its aims." "Let us betake ourselves more," says Arnold, "to the serener life of the mind and spirit."

The critic is to help us enlarge and complete ourselves by bringing in the elements in which we are deficient, not as Carlyle, by "preaching earnestness to a nation which has plenty of it by nature."[19] The English-speaking race is distinguished by energy and honesty, and has a sense for conduct; the French by a sense for social life and manners; the Germans by a sense for knowledge; the Greeks had a sense for beauty, for social life and manners, for knowledge, but not, in the highest degree, for conduct. By studying the points wherein we are weak and the elements wherein other peoples are strong, and

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[19] "Letters," II., 222.

bringing in those qualities in which we are not strong, we shall complete and develop ourselves.

The great business of the critic is the spread of culture. What Arnold meant by culture may be understood, perhaps, from the following extracts from "Sweetness and Light": Culture is "a desire after the things of the mind simply for their own sakes and for the pleasure of seeing them as they are." "Culture is an harmonious expansion of all the powers which make the beauty and worth of human nature." "It is in endless additions to itself, in the endless expansion of its powers, in endless growth in wisdom and beauty, that the spirit of the human race finds its ideal." Culture is "the study and pursuit of perfection." Culture "places human perfection in an *internal* condition, in the growth and predominance of our humanity proper, as distinguished from our animality." "Culture seeks to make the best that has been thought and known in the world current everywhere." Culture's aim is "to make reason and the will of God prevail."

"Culture is reading," said Arnold; and he "looked to literature for gradually opening and softening men's minds." He looked to literature even to interpret the Bible afresh, and to put religion on a sounder basis. He considered Lord

Salisbury a dangerous man, "chiefly from his want of any true sense and experience of literature and its beneficent function. Religion he knows and physical science he knows, but the immense work between the two, which is for literature to accomplish, he knows nothing of."[20]

The critic's chief function, then, is to be a guide to the best literature. He is to cultivate in himself, and stimulate in others, a conscience in letters, to induce the attitude which Sainte-Beuve claims for France. "In France the first consideration for us is not whether we are amused and pleased by a work of art or mind, nor is it whether we are touched by it. What we seek above all to learn is whether *we are right* in being amused with it, and in applauding it, and in being moved by it." To be such a guide as Arnold demands, the critic must be, as Sainte-Beuve was, "a man of extraordinary delicacy of tact and judgment in literature"; and "perfect, so far as a poor mortal critic can be perfect, in knowledge of his subject, in judgment, in tact and tone." He must be, further, "a man of genius, with the *étincelle* and the instinctive good sense and moderation which make a guide really attaching and useful."[21]

[20] "Letters," II., 41. [21] *Ibid.,* I., 173.

The course of literary criticism "is determined for it by the idea which is the law of its being; the idea of a disinterested endeavor to learn and propagate the best that has been known and thought in the world, and thus to establish a current of fresh and true ideas." And since much of the best that has been known and thought in the world must necessarily be foreign, "the English critic of literature must dwell much on foreign thought, and with particular heed on any part of it, which, while significant and fruitful in itself, is for any reason specially likely to escape him." For "the criticism which alone can help us for the future . . . is a criticism which regards Europe as being, for intellectual and spiritual purposes, one great confederation, bound to a joint action and working to a common result; and whose members have, for their proper outfit, a knowledge of Greek, Roman, and Eastern antiquity, and of one another." "I hate," he says in a letter,[22] "all over-preponderance of single elements, and all my efforts are directed to enlarge and complete us by bringing in as much as possible of Greek, Latin, and Celtic authors." Every one, therefore, with any turn for literature will do well

[22] "Letters," I., 287.

steadily to widen his culture, severely to check in himself the provincial spirit; and to keep in mind "that all mere glorification by ourselves of ourselves or our literature . . . is both vulgar and, besides being vulgar, retarding." "Instead of always fixing our thoughts upon the points in which our literature and our intellectual life generally are strong, we should from time to time fix them upon those in which they are weak, and so learn to perceive what we have to amend."

As to pronouncing judgment on literature, which is often regarded as the critic's one business, Arnold, in stating what he conceives to be the true principle, impliedly explains his own method:

> The judgment which almost insensibly forms itself in a fair and clear mind, along with fresh knowledge, is the valuable one; and thus knowledge, and ever fresh knowledge, must be the critic's great concern for himself. And it is by communicating fresh knowledge, and letting his own judgment pass along with it—but insensibly, and in the second place, not the first, as a sort of companion and clue, not as an abstract lawgiver—that the critic will generally do most good to readers.

Following his own principle—"to learn and propagate the best that has been known and

thought in the world"—Arnold concerned himself little with the mass of current English literature; partly because so little of it came under that definition, more because the personal bias was so liable to influence the critic's judgment of contemporary authors. But to those who must deal with current English literature he suggested to try it, so far as they could, by the standard of the best that is known and thought in the world; and that, "to get anywhere near this standard, every critic should try and possess one great literature at least, besides his own, and the more unlike his own the better."

The great function of criticism is to prepare the way for creative epochs of literature. To have the sense of creative activity—"the great happiness and the great proof of being alive"—is not denied to criticism: "but then criticism must be sincere, simple, flexible, ardent, ever widening its knowledge."

Still, in full measure, the sense of creative activity belongs only to genuine creation; in literature we must never forget that. It is no such common matter for a gifted nature to come into possession of a current of true and living ideas, and to produce amidst the inspiration of them, that we are likely to underrate it. The epochs of Æschylus and Shakespeare make us

feel their preëminence. In an epoch like those is, no doubt, the true life of literature; there is the promised land, toward which criticism can only beckon. That promised land it will not be ours to enter, and we shall die in the wilderness; but to have desired to enter it, to have saluted it from afar, is already perhaps the best distinction among contemporaries; it will certainly be the best title to esteem with posterity.

As compared with our own chief critic, Lowell, Arnold educates more, though he dazzles less. "Lowell's address at Birmingham," said Arnold in a letter,[23] "is full of good things, and the *Times* is loud in its praise. But here again I feel the want of body and current in the discourse as a whole, and am not satisfied with a host of shrewd and well-wrought and even brilliant sayings." That is not an unjust criticism. The great merit of both critics was to have led men to appreciate more fully, to love more profoundly, the great poets. But Arnold is more constructive, more educative, than Lowell. He can tell us simply, but at the same time almost unerringly, wherein and why a poet is great. He lays bare the secret of his power. Above all, he helps us to feel that the great poets are not only necessary but delightful reading. His doctrine on poetry, or any particular poet, seems often,

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[23] "Letters," II., 313.

on first reading, so simple as hardly to be a body of doctrine at all. But after reading his two volumes of "Essays in Criticism," you realize that the doctrine has been a leavening, an enriching influence; that he has educated you in good taste.

When a young man, after reading the "Count of Monte Christo," read the sixth book of the "Odyssey" and said, "I could have shouted for joy; I knew that was literature," I said to myself, "That is just the way Arnold works." Arnold's essays on "The Study of Poetry" and on Wordsworth made me a Wordsworthian. I had read Lowell's essay on Wordsworth years before, and had been scarcely more attracted to than repelled from Wordsworth, so much does Lowell lay stress on the dullness and prosiness of so large a part of Wordsworth's poetry. Arnold, too, "marks the *longueurs* of Wordsworth, his flatness, his mass of inferior work," as Frederic Harrison says. But he made a volume of superb selections of Wordsworth's masterpieces. His essay sent me to that volume, and that volume made me a Wordsworthian forever.

When Lady Airlie told Disraeli that she thought Arnold's aptness at coining and establishing current phrases was a disadvantage, since people got hold of the phrases and then thought that they knew all about his work, Disraeli re-

plied: "Never mind; it is a great achievement." And it was.

This is a very rare power [says Frederic Harrison], and one peculiarly rare amongst Englishmen. Carlyle had it, Disraeli had it; but how few others amongst our contemporaries! Arnold's current phrases still in circulation are more numerous than those of Disraeli, and are more simple and apt than Carlyle's. These ἔπεα πτερόεντα fly through the speech of cultivated men, pass current in the market place; they are generative, efficient, and issue into act. They may be right or wrong, but at any rate they do their work. They teach, they guide, possibly may mislead, but they are alive.

When Arnold speaks of Homer's poetry as "rapid, direct, simple, and noble"; of "the inspiring and intoxicating effect" of the power and style of Pindar; of Chaucer's "liquid diction, fluid movement"; of Spenser's "fluidity and sweet ease"; of Shakespearian "largeness and indulgence"; of Milton's "sure and flawless perfection of rhythm and diction"; of Gray as "the scantiest and frailest of classics in our poetry, but still a classic"; of Burns' "spring, bounding swiftness"; of Wordsworth's "high seriousness" and his "healing power"; of the "magic of style," the "fascinating felicity" of Keats; of Byron that "our soul had *felt* him like the thunder's roll"; of Shelley as "beautiful and inef-

fectual angel, beating in the void his luminous wings in vain"—we feel all the truth and force of a fairly adequate definition. Only a great critic could so hit off things. Such criticism "illuminates and rejoices us."

What Philistine even is there who cannot count off a long roll of Arnold's apt designations and phrases? "Philistine," "Barbarian," "saving remnant," "young lions of the press," "urbanity," "balance," "high seriousness," "sweet reasonableness," "sweetness and light," "stream of tendency," "lucidity of soul," "liquid diction," "fluid movement," "the grand style," "magic of style," "note of provinciality," "note of distinction," "sense" for conduct, for knowledge, for beauty, for social life and manners. How many, too, of Arnold's definitions and aphoristic sayings lodge in the mind, and work like leaven to clarify and purify one's ideas! "The Eternal Power not ourselves, that makes for righteousness"; "Israel's master feeling, the feeling for righteousness"; "religion is morality touched by emotion"; "conduct is three-fourths of life"; "poetry is a criticism of life"; "culture is reading"; "genius, the ruling divinity of poetry"; "intelligence, the ruling divinity of prose"; "politics, that 'wild and dreamlike trade' of insincerity"; "excellence is not common or abundant"; "the

ideal, the saving ideal, of a high and rare excellence"; "the discipline of respect for a high and flawless work"; "the severe discipline necessary for all real culture."

The Poet.

Goethe's task was, the inevitable task for the modern poet henceforth is—as it was for the Greek poet in the days of Pericles—not to preach a sublime sermon on a given text, like Dante; not to exhibit all the kingdoms of human life, and the glory of them, like Shakespeare; but to interpret human life afresh, and to supply a new spiritual basis to it.

So writes Arnold, in "Letters on Celtic Literature," and impliedly defines the task which he had set himself in his own poetry. "To interpret human life afresh, to supply a new spiritual basis to it," was indeed Arnold's chief effort in the majority of his prose works—"Literature and Dogma," "God and the Bible," "St. Paul and Protestantism," "Culture and Anarchy"—as well as in his poetry. Indeed, Arnold's chief concern in life was *religion*. In this he was his father's son. Dean Stanley and Thomas Hughes seem, in active religious and social life, the natural outcome of Dr. Arnold's vigorous liberalism in religion; perhaps as inevitable, though a remoter, outcome in letters were Mat-

thew Arnold, Arthur Clough, and Mrs. Humphry Ward. Certainly Arnold always thought that he was doing his father's work, and he always claimed that his critical studies touching the Bible were religious. "I never touch," says he,[24] "on considerations about the State without feeling myself on his ground." He was delighted when Dean Stanley told him that the ideas of the preface to "Culture and Anarchy" were exactly what his father would have approved. In a letter to his sister, Miss Arnold, he says: "It will more and more become evident how religious is the work I have done in 'Literature and Dogma.'" And he concludes the preface to "God and the Bible" with the claim that "a calmer and more gradual judgment" will recognize his work "to have been an attempt conservative, and an attempt religious."

"Not to break with one's connection with the past in one's religion is one of the strongest instincts in human nature," said Arnold with regard to Catholicism;[25] and his whole life was an effort not to break entirely with the past in religion. One finds, according to Arnold, one's truest expression in poetry, and here we may look for the deepest religious note in Arnold.

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[24] "Letters," I., 400. [25] *Ibid.*, II., 151.

What was the dominant note of his poetry? It was "the eternal note of sadness," "a brooding over man's destiny," the *Weltschmerz.*

> A longing to inquire
> Into the mystery of this heart which beats
> So wild, so deep in us—to know
> Whence our lives come and where they go.[26]

His poetry was an attempt to express "the world's deep, inarticulate craving for spiritual peace." There was in Arnold a combination of the Greek strain and the Oriental. He would have the joy of the Greek; he has the resigned sadness of the Oriental. Deep down even in the Greek there is an undertone of melancholy, and this undertone was strong in Arnold. The source of his sadness was primarily the change from the simple religious views which characterized the home of his childhood, and the sense of "the century's eclipse of faith." His was the anguish of Stagirius,

> When the soul, growing clearer,
> Sees God no nearer,
> When the soul, mounting higher,
> To God comes no nigher.

Perhaps "The Grande Chartreuse," best of all Arnold's poems, expresses the change that had

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[26] "The Buried Life."

taken place in him, the void left in his heart, the "nameless sadness" that resulted.

> For rigorous teachers seized my youth,
> And purged its faith, and trimmed its fire,
> Showed me the high white star of Truth,
> There bade me gaze and there aspire.

In the "Carthusian Monastery" he feels

> As on some far northern strand,
> Thinking of his own gods, a Greek
> In pity and mournful awe might stand
> Before some fallen Runic stone—
> For both were faiths, and both are gone.
> Wandering between two worlds, one dead,
> The other powerless to be born,
> With nowhere yet to rest my head,
> Like these on earth I wait forlorn.
> Their faith, my tears, the world deride,
> I come to shed them at their side.

This is the real cry of Arnold's heart, and it is a note we get only in his poems. And we cannot help wondering sometimes, Are the only alternatives the course of Huxley or the course of Newman? Are all other resting places temporary? Arnold spent his whole life in trying to persuade himself and others that neither alternative was necessary or right; but the sadness remained, and a half-despairing resignation is the dominant note of his most characteristic

poetry. Already in 1848 life seemed to him a "long heart-wasting show"; and though his later view was more cheerful, it was never joyful. Man's life is

> . . . the hot race
> Wherein he doth forever chase
> That flying and elusive shadow, *rest.*[27]

In the "Scholar-Gipsy" he complains of

> This strange disease of modern life,
> With its sick hurry, its divided aims,
> Its heads o'ertaxed, its palsied hearts.

Happy, in comparison, is the "Scholar-Gipsy":

> Free from the sick fatigue, the languid doubt,
> Which much to have tried, in much been baffled, brings.

"Men have such need of joy," he said, that "joy in widest commonalty spread," which Wordsworth found. But already in "Empedocles" he confessed,

> The world hath failed to impart
> The joy our youth forebodes;

and long afterwards, in "Dover Beach," the note is the same, "the eternal note of sadness":

> . . . The world which seems
> To lie before us like a land of dreams,

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[27] "The Buried Life."

So various, so beautiful, so new,
Hath really neither joy, nor love, nor light,
Nor certitude, nor peace, nor help for pain;
And we are here as on a darkling plain
Swept with confused alarms of struggle and flight,
Where ignorant armies clash by night.

From his "Poems" and his "Letters" alike we learn how intimate and wholesome, how almost Wordsworthian, was Arnold's communion with nature; and yet even

. . . through the hum of torrent lone
And brooding mountain bee
There sobs I know not what ground-tone
Of human agony.[28]

Even of "that general life which does not cease," the secret is "not joy, but peace":

. . . The mute turf we tread
The solemn hills around us spread,
This stream which falls incessantly,
The strange scrawled rocks, the lonely sky,
If I might lend their life a voice,
Seem to bear rather than rejoice.[29]

Not joy, then, but self-renunciation, he found to be the higher rule, as George Eliot did, as Goethe did:

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[28] "Obermann." [29] "Resignation."

> He only lives with the world's life
> Who hath renounced his own.

"Sick for calm," like Balder, he prayed:

> Calm soul of all things! make it mine
> To feel, amid the city's jar,
> That there abides a peace of thine,
> Man did not make and cannot mar.[30]

This calm, or peace, Arnold, like his favorite Hebrew prophet, is fond of figuring as a river. "Then had thy peace been as a river, and thy righteousness as the waves of the sea." (Isaiah xlviii. 18.) "I will extend peace to her like a river, and the glory of the Gentiles like a flowing stream." (Isaiah lxvi. 12.) Compare the concluding lines of "The Future":

> But what was before us we know not,
> And we know not what shall succeed.
>
> Haply the river of Time—
> As it grows, as the towns on its marge
> Fling their wavering lights
> On a wider, statelier stream—
> May acquire, if not the calm
> Of its early mountainous shore,
> Yet a solemn peace of its own.
>
> And the width of the waters, the hush
> Of the gray expanse where he floats,

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[30] "In Kensington Gardens."

> Freshening its current and spotted with foam
> As it draws to the ocean, may strike
> Peace to the soul of the man on its breast—
> As the pale waste widens around him,
> As the banks fade dimmer away,
> As the stars come out, and the night wind
> Brings up the stream
> Murmurs and scents of the infinite sea.

So, too, I am sure, at the close of "Sohrab and Rustum," where the old warrior has unwittingly slain his own son, the same beautiful figure typifies the rest that is now Sohrab's, and promises peace to Rustum's remorse:

> . . . and from his limbs
> Unwillingly the spirit fled away,
> Regretting the warm mansion which it left,
> And youth, and bloom, and this delightful world.
> So, on the bloody sand, Sohrab lay dead,
> And the great Rustum drew his horseman's cloak
> Down o'er his face, and sate by his dead son.
> As those black granite pillars, once high reared
> By Jemshid in Persepolis, to bear
> His house, now 'mid their broken flights of steps
> Lie prone, enormous, down the mountain side—
> So in the sand lay Rustum by his son.
> And night came down over the solemn waste,
> And the two gazing hosts, and that sole pair,
> And darkened all; and a cold fog, with night,
> Crept from the Oxus. . . .
>
> But the majestic river floated on,
> Out of the mist and hum of that low land,

Into the frosty starlight, and there moved,
Rejoicing, through the hushed Chorasmian waste,
Under the solitary moon; he flowed
Right for the polar star, past Orgunjè
Brimming, and bright, and large; then sands begin
To hem his watery march, and dam his streams,
And split his currents; that for many a league
The shorn and parceled Oxus strains along
Through beds of sand and matted, rushy isles—
Oxus, forgetting the bright speed he had
In his high mountain cradle in Pamere,
A foiled, circuitous wanderer—till at last
The longed-for dash of waves is heard, and wide
His luminous home of waters opens, bright
And tranquil, from whose floor the new-bathed stars
Emerge, and shine upon the Aral Sea.

But if Arnold does not bring a message of hope, as Tennyson did, or joy, as Browning did; if to him the hereafter is simply

> The future and its viewless things,
> That undiscovered mystery;[31]

if of his lost friend, Arthur Clough, he could say only,

> For there thine earth-forgetting eyelids keep
> The morningless and unawakening sleep
> Under the flowery oleanders pale;[32]

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[31] "A Wish." [32] "Thyrsis."

if he does conclude,

> Unduped of fancy, henceforth man
> Must labor! must resign
> His all too human creeds, and scan
> Simply the way divine;[33]

he does not, for all that, say, "Let us eat and drink, for to-morrow we die." Arnold's essential doctrine, preached at length in several prose volumes, is contained in a single line of the poem, "Worldly Place":

> The aids to noble life are all within.

And in the "Better Part" he says:

> Hast thou no second life? Pitch this one high!
> Sits there no judge in Heaven our sin to see?
> More strictly, then, the inward judge obey!
> Was Christ a man like us? Ah, let us try
> If we then, too, can be such men as he.

Amid all doubts and uncertainties, one must still pursue "whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are of good report"; must strive to be one of

> . . . that small transfigured band,
> Whom many a different way
> Conducted to their common land—

[33] "Obermann Once More."

. . . .
Whose one bond is that all have been
Unspotted by the world.[34]

He did seem, moreover, to believe, at least at times, in some sort of eternal life. Of the Brontès, who lie buried in Haworth Churchyard, he says:

Unquiet souls!
In the dark fermentation of earth,
In the never idle workshop of nature,
In the eternal movement,
Ye shall find yourselves again.[35]

And he suggests how and by whom eternal life may be attained:

The energy of life may be
Kept on after the grave, but not begun;
And he who flagged not in the earthly strife,
From strength to strength advancing—only he—
His soul well knit, and all his battles won,
Mounts, and that hardly, *to eternal life.*[36]

And so for his father his faith rings out above doubt:

Somewhere, surely, afar
In the sounding labor house vast
Of being, is practiced that strength,
Zealous, beneficent, firm!

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[34]"Obermann." [35]"Epilogue" (Haworth Churchyard). [36]"Immortality."

Yes, in some far-shining sphere,
Conscious or not of the past,
Still thou performest the word
Of the Spirit in whom thou dost live—
Prompt, unwearied as here![37]

Those who know how completely the "eternal note of sadness" dominates Arnold's poetry, and so must have been the real note of his inner being, are glad to know from the "Letters" how happy was his wedded life; how he loved and was loved by his children and relatives and friends; how fond he was of brooks and rivers and lakes, of the sea and of the mountains, of flowers and animals; how cheerful and brave and kindly he was to everybody; that it was the "*Weltschmerz*" alone that made him sad.

It has been suggested that as Arnold's characteristic note is the cry of the *mal du siecle,* if the world should ever be healed of this, and an era of faith return, then Arnold's day would be done; the age of spiritual discomfort having passed, we should heed no longer the song which voiced that age. There is something in this suggestion; but I cannot admit its full force. Even in poems whose dominant note is "the eternal note of sadness," there are strains of high

[37] "Rugby Chapel."

seriousness and austere beauty which will live on in spite of all changes of thought and feeling, no matter whether faith dies or revives. Such are "Dover Beach," "The Future," "Resignation," "The Youth of Nature," and "Obermann." But there are to be found also in Arnold passages of pure poetry which sing themselves into our souls simply by reason of their sunny atmosphere and smiling landscape, because of their classic repose or their calm pathos. Such, for instance, are "Thyrsis," stanzas 6-14 and 16-20; the "Scholar-Gipsy," 8-13 and 21-25; the Cadmus and Harmonia and the Apollo and Marsyas choruses in "Empedocles"; "The Forsaken Merman"; "The Church of Brou," III.; "Tristram and Iseult," III.; and, crowning achievement of all, the close of "Sohrab and Rustum." I will allow myself to quote, in further illustration, only two short passages from poems on which any lover of Arnold might safely rest his claim to be a true poet. The one is from "The Forsaken Merman":

We went up the beach, by the sandy down
Where the sea stocks bloom, to the white-walled town;
Through the narrow paved streets, where all was still,
To the little gray church on a windy hill.
From the church came a murmur of folk at their
prayers,
But we stood without in the cold blowing airs.

We climbed on the graves, on the stones worn with
rains,
And we gazed up the aisle through the small leaded
panes.

The other passage is from the Apollo and Marsyas chorus in "Empedocles":

> Many a morning had they gone
> To the glimmering mountain lakes,
> And had torn up by the roots
> The tall crested water-reeds
> With long plumes and soft brown seeds,
> And had carved them into flutes,
> Sitting on a tabled stone
> Where the shoreward ripple breaks.

Of this passage Andrew Lang says: "The landscape of these lines seems to me almost unapproached for felicity in English poetry."

A stronger claim still might be made for Arnold. Not single poems only, nor single striking passages, but single great lines prove him to be a poet. Commenting on such lines as

> Where Orpheus and where Homer are,

and

> Hungry, and sharp, and barren as the sea,

Lang says: "If no more than fragments like these were left of Arnold's poems (and as evil

a fate has befallen some of the Greeks), a competent critic of the far-off future would be able to say that the author of them was in the truest sense a poet." How easy it would be to multiply the number of such great lines!

> Who saw life steadily, and saw it whole;
>
> And that sweet city with her dreaming spires;
>
> And Egremont sleeps by the sea;
>
> The far-off sound of a silver bell;
>
> All the live murmur of a summer's day;
>
> Not daily labor's dull Lethean spring,
> Oblivion in lost angels can infuse
> Of the soiled glory, and the trailing wing.

Perhaps the human character which most attracted Arnold was the Emperor Marcus Aurelius. The greatest of his essays, except those introductory to the poets, was about this "imperial sage, purest of men." It was with the "Meditations" of Marcus Aurelius that the bereaved father, on the morning after his first great sorrow (the death of his oldest son), was trying to console himself.

Readers of the "Essays in Criticism" [says the editor of the "Letters"] will remember the beautiful eulogy on that great seeker after God, and will per-

haps feel that in describing him the friend who speaks to us in the following pages half unconsciously described himself. "We see him wise, just, self-governed, tender, thankful, blameless, yet, with all this, agitated, stretching out his arms for something beyond, *tendentemque manus ripæ ulterioris amore.*"

This was indeed Arnold; and his poetry, being the truest expression of himself, was full of this Aurelian note. "His graver pieces sound," says Frederic Harrison, "like some echo of the imperial 'Meditations' cast into the form of a Sophoclean chorus." His constant "brooding over man's destiny," his "pensive philosophy of life," his gnomic vein, naturally fitted him for elegy, and it is perhaps generally agreed that here he is at his best. This was clearly Tennyson's feeling. "Tell Matt. Arnold," he said, "to write more poetry like 'Thyrsis' and the 'Scholar-Gipsy,' and let such subjects as 'Culture and Anarchy' alone."

This undertone of thought and austerity gives [says Frederic Harrison[38]] a uniform and somewhat melancholy color to every line of his verse, not despairing, not pessimist, not querulous, but with a resolute and pensive insight into the mystery of life and of things, reminding one of those lovely tombs in the Cerameicus at Athens, of Hegeso and the rest, who in immortal

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[38] *Nineteenth Century,* March, 1896.

calm and grace stand, ever bidding to this fair earth a long and sweet farewell.

"Every one is more sensitive about his poetry than about his other writings," said Arnold in a letter; and we are curious to know what he had to say about his own poems. He mentions them in the "Letters" far less frequently than his prose articles, doubtless because, as compared with the reception of his critical work, the poems were less talked about.

> I always feel [he wrote about the poem on Stanley in 1882] that the public is not disposed to take me cordially; it receives my things as Gray says it received all his except the "Elegy": with more astonishment than pleasure at first, and does not quite make out what I would be at; however, that the things should wear well, and be found to give pleasure as they come to be better known, is the great matter.

He intimates, in referring to commendations from Kingsley and Froude, that the leading literary men had welcomed his poems. Disraeli told him that he was "the only man whom he ever knew who had become a classic in his own lifetime";[39] though he referred, doubtless, to Arnold's critical work. "No one can deny that he is a poet," said Tennyson. George Eliot said that "of all

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[39] *Nineteenth Century*, March, 1896.

modern poetry, his was that which kept constantly growing upon her"; and the Bishop of Derry told him that his poems "were the center of his mental life, and that he had read many of them hundreds of times." But with the general public it was different.

> It is curious [he wrote in 1878] how the public is beginning to take them [his poems] to its bosom after long years of apparent neglect. The wave of thought and change has rolled on until people begin to find a significance and an attraction in what had none for them formerly. . . . The writers of poetry have been better friends to me always than the mass of readers of poetry.

Notwithstanding the infrequent reference, we can gather from the "Letters" Arnold's own estimate of the worth of his poetry, and what he thought of its future. And no truer judgment has been given on his poems than that by himself in a letter to his mother in 1869:

> My poems represent, on the whole, the main movement of mind of the last quarter of a century, and thus they will probably have their day as people become conscious to themselves of what that movement of mind is, and interested in the literary productions which reflect it. It might be fairly urged that I have less poetical sentiment than Tennyson, and less intellectual vigor and abundance than Browning; yet because I have more of a fusion of the two than either

of them, and have more regularly applied that fusion to the main line of modern development, I am likely enough to have my turn as they have had theirs.[40]

That the fusion of poetical sentiment and intellectual vigor was his ideal in poetry he had already stated six years earlier.

I do not at present [he wrote his mother in 1863] very much care for poetry unless it can give me true *thought* as well as true feeling. It is the alliance of these two that makes great poetry, the only poetry really worth very much.

He intended, then, his poetry to be "a hidden ground of thought and austerity within," and few things would have pleased him so much could he have read his sometime opponent Frederic Harrison's frank recognition of his "intellectual vigor and abundance."

He has [says Harrison] more general insight into the intellectual world of our age, and he sees into it more deeply and more surely, than any contemporary poet. . . . It must be conceded that Arnold in his poetry dwells in a higher philosophic ether than any contemporary poet. He has a wider learning, a cooler brain, and a more masculine logic.[41]

And we can imagine him after a while in the

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[40]"Letters," II., 10. [41]*Nineteenth Century,* March, 1896.

Elysian fields, shaking hands gratefully with the Positivist for this verdict:

> But those who thirst for the pure Castalian spring, inspired by sustained and lofty thoughts, who care for that *σπουδαιότης*, that "high seriousness" of which he spoke so much as the very essence of the best poetry, have long known that they find it in Matthew Arnold more than in any of his even greater contemporaries.

I have for some time considered Arnold our most stimulating and illuminating helper to an appreciation of the worth of the ancient classics. His most elaborate statement of his views on the classics is to be found, of course, in what he called his "doctrine of studies," the lecture on "Literature and Science." But all through his works there are remarks, comparisons, suggestions, which illuminate and rejoice the spirit of the classicist. But, best of all, his best work has the true spirit of the classics.

> He had been sprinkled [says Frederic Harrison] with some of the Attic salt of Lucian; was imbued with the classical genius—and never so much as in his poems. . . . It may be said that no poet in the roll of our literature, unless it be Milton, has been so essentially saturated to the very bone with the classical genius. Arnold is "classical" [Harrison adds] in the serene self-command, the harmony of tone, the measured fitness, the sweet reasonableness of his verse.

That is high praise, and richly deserved. Like Gray, he "lived with the great poets, above all with the Greeks," and he makes grateful acknowledgment of his indebtedness to his ancient masters:

> I say [said he in "Preface to Poems," 1853], that in the sincere endeavor to learn and practice, amid the bewildering confusion of our times, what is sound and true in poetical art, I seemed to myself to find the only sure guidance, the only solid footing, among the ancients. . . . Let us study them [said Arnold in concluding his second "Preface"]. They can help to cure us of what is, it seems to me, the great vice of our intellect, manifesting itself in our incredible vagaries in literature, in art, in religion, in morals—namely, that it is fantastic and wants sanity.

Of especially Greek qualities we may claim for Arnold's poetry "severe and scrupulous self-restraint"; "clearness of arrangement, vigor of development, simplicity of style," as well as "lucidity of thought" and "purity of method." It is characterized, besides, not only by high seriousness and austerity, but by urbanity of form and by charm, by exquisite polish and refined modulation. When we concede, with Frederic Harrison, that it lacks passion, dramatic power, dithyrambic glow, we have admitted that Arnold does not belong to the small number of the very

greatest poets; but we may claim for him, with Harriet Waters Preston, an "assured place in the innermost circle of those who surround the very greatest."

How are we to account for Arnold's small poetical product? Doubtless the chief reason is given in the paragraph quoted above from one of his letters, his *existence assujettie*—in other words, his school inspecting. But there is surely an additional reason. Perhaps Tennyson realized the danger to Arnold's poetical productivity when he sent word: "Tell Matt. Arnold to write more poetry like 'Thyrsis' and the 'Scholar-Gipsy,' and let 'Culture and Anarchy' alone." Situated as he was, he could devote only part of his energy to literature. There must be a sacrifice somewhere. One who considered him the greatest of English critics would hardly suggest that he, like Tennyson, should have given himself exclusively to poetry. His literary criticism will abide, at least as a permanent influence on English literature; his poetry will live. It is his social, political, and religious essays that in the very nature of the case must be shortest lived; and if he made a mistake in his literary work, it was there. He spent in controversy energy which belonged to poetry and to literary criticism. He "gave to sermons what was meant

for song." But, being his father's son, and feeling religious and political questions so strongly, this was probably inevitable. His father used to say, "I must write a pamphlet or burst"; and Matthew Arnold was too much his father's son not to be drawn into the discussion of religious and political questions. He himself realized the danger early, for he wrote in his thirty-ninth year to his mother:

> I must finish off for the present my critical writings between this and forty, and give the next ten years earnestly to poetry. It is my last chance. It is not a bad ten years of one life's for poetry if one resolutely uses it; but it is a time in which, if one does not use it, one dries up and becomes prosaic altogether.[42]

Again, three years later, in a letter to Grant Duff, he expresses this feeling still more strongly:

> One is from time to time seized and irresistibly carried along by a temptation to treat political or religious or social matters directly; but after yielding to such a temptation I always feel myself recoiling again, and disposed to touch them only so far as they can be touched through poetry.[43]

But he kept yielding to the temptation. And how could he be expected to resist, when this

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[42]"Letters," I., 165. [43]*Ibid.*, I., 267.

sort of thing gave him great and immediate popularity?

> I am struck [he writes to his mother in 1868] to find what hold among these younger men what I write has taken. I should think I heard the word "Philistines" used at least a hundred times during dinner, and "Barbarians" very often.[44]

After all, must it not be admitted that Arnold was not "driven by his demon to poetry," as Shelley and Byron were?

Arnold thought, as has been said above, that he was likely enough to have his turn, as Tennyson and Browning had had theirs. And Frederic Harrison thinks that, because of its appeal to the best and most serious modern thought, his poetry "is almost certain to gain a wider audience, and to grow in popularity and influence." Has Arnold's turn come? Mr. Stead has recently made an interesting experiment in England. He sent forth a selection from Arnold's poems as No. 26 of his "Penny Poets." Nearly two hundred thousand copies were sold within six months, and Mr. Stead received cordial letters from common people who had not before heard of Arnold. Pastors, too, are surprised to find workingmen full of interest in Matthew

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[44] "Letters," I., 457.

Arnold; and public libraries report a new demand for his poems. But all this proves too much. This popularity is fictitious. So, the year after Carlyle's death, seventy-two thousand copies of the six-penny edition of "Sartor Resartus" were sold in Great Britain alone. But, all the same, "Sartor Resartus" can never be a popular book with the common people. Doubtless Arnold's day will come, and is already coming; but his appeal will always be to a select though steadily growing audience; it can never be to the mass of ordinary readers.

XI.

STEPHEN PHILLIPS.

In the year 1897 a new star appeared in the firmament of English poetry, and was greeted with an applause perhaps as universal as, certainly more unanimous than, was that which hailed Tennyson. This was natural, since Tennyson had prepared the world for the new poet, and the new poet is Tennyson's legitimate successor in his own line. My own adhesion to the new poet was not due to this general acclaim, for I was unaware of the applause for some time, except doubtless to know that the *Academy's* prize of one hundred guineas had been awarded to a new poet. I am slow to read the much-talked-of new novels, still slower with new poets. A lady, who had been urging me to read Stephen Phillips, on returning to town after a year's absence, handed me the volume. That night I read the poem that had been crowned, "Christ in Hades," and was struck at once by the opening verses:

> Keen as a blind man, at dawn awake,
> Smells in the dark the cold odor of earth.

STEPHEN PHILLIPS.

I thought the poem strong; but I was not completely captured, and no wonder, for it was late at night, and a man in the forties needs the vigor and freshness of morning in his frame fully to appreciate poetry of a high order. I think it was the next morning I read "Marpessa," and my surrender was immediate and unconditional. I remember saying to some one then: "Outside of the admittedly great poets, this is the best poetry I know."

It is my way, perhaps everybody's way, to try favorite poems on my friends. I was very careful, for only a few really love poetry. So far I have read "Marpessa" at different times to perhaps a dozen people, and the poem has captured its auditor every time. It was not till months afterwards that I knew that Mr. William Watson, whom I greatly revere as poet and true disciple of Wordsworth, had been doing the same thing with "Christ in Hades." "Even a literary life," he says, "has its pleasures, and I have known no greater pleasure during recent years than my first reading of Mr. Stephen Phillips' 'Christ in Hades'—except, indeed, my second reading of that poem, and perhaps my third." He goes on to tell how, on one occasion, he and Mr. Churton Collins "sat talking about their beloved poets until far into the waning night," and

how at length he chanced to discover that Mr. Collins, though he knew everything else under the sun, was ignorant of the name and work of Mr. Stephen Phillips. Reading passages from the "Christ in Hades" "to fastidiously attentive ears," he had the satisfaction of knowing that he had won the appreciation of the critic.

> Very soon I began to feel [continues Mr. Watson] that if Mr. Phillips did not quickly do something to sustain the position which this one noble poem had earned for him, I should have a personal grievance to ventilate. I was deeply committed as a prophet, and my credit was at stake. And so it befell that in due season he kept his promise and was even better than his word. In "Marpessa" he has demonstrated what I should hardly have thought demonstrable: that another poem can be even finer than "Christ in Hades."

Mr. Stephen Phillips was born July 28, 1868. His mother was a descendant of Wordsworth, and to her he attributes his love of verse, which, though innate, was dormant, for he had a boy's contempt for all things metrical. But at fifteen, when he was ill, his mother read to him "Christabel." This proved to be the touch that awakened his spirit, and he rose from his illness determined to be a poet. For years he wrote a great deal, gaining at least a useful readiness of speech. He entered Queen's College, Cambridge, in 1886, but

had only one term; for Mr. Benson's troupe of Shakespeare players came to Cambridge at that time, and so inflamed him that he got himself taken on probation and went upon the stage. So one term is his sole basis for being counted with the Cambridge poets, Spenser, Milton, Gray, Tennyson, and others. He continued with the troupe six years; but, while the experience must have been of the greatest value to him as a playwright, there is no evidence that he was extraordinarily successful as an actor, though it is mentioned especially that he played the ghost in *Hamlet* so well that he was called before the curtain, a rôle in which Shakespeare himself is said to have done excellently well. Coming once with the troupe to Oxford, he was led by conversation with a cousin and an East Indian student to devote himself again to poetry. The result was "Primavera," a pamphlet of verse, which seems to have no value now in Mr. Phillips' eyes, and is only a find for collectors.

Leaving Mr. Benson's troupe in 1892, he gave himself especially to the study of the Greeks and Milton, determined to restore blank verse to its old dignity and variety. It will some time be remembered, doubtless, that this new epoch in his life coincides with the death of Tennyson. When his "Eremus" appeared, in 1894, he was congrat-

ulated as the first to take advantage of Mr. Bridges' studies in Milton's prosody, but at that time he had not seen Mr. Bridges' work. Mr. Phillips now regards "Eremus" merely as an exercise in versification, and would suppress it if he could. It shows, according to Mr. Gosse, "that the secret of that marvelous lyrical movement of unrhymed iambics, which is Mr. Phillips' particular glory, had not, in 1894, been revealed to him." "The Apparition" is said to be the only verse that Mr. Phillips would preserve from the period before 1895. It was not till 1897, when the volume of poems containing the republished "Christ in Hades" and "Marpessa" appeared, that the advent of a new poet was generally hailed. The recognition was instantaneous and cordial. "He can never provide us again," says Mr. Gosse. "with the thrill which a mature new voice in poetry gives when it is heard for the first time."

Mr. Phillips' first play. *Paolo and Francesca,* came out in 1899; the second, *Herod,* in 1900. Occasional poems appear now and then in the magazines. The *Academy* regards the "Christ in Hades" as superior even to "Marpessa," as did the appreciative lover of good poetry who introduced me to Stephen Phillips. The Bible text. "Thou wilt not leave my soul in hell [Ha-

des]," suggested the poem, and the *Nekyia* (book xi.) of the "Odyssey," doubtless also the sixth book of the "Æneid," were in the poet's mind, but the details, the treatment, are completely his own. The poem is in unrhymed iambics, and shows that he had completely achieved the task he set himself in 1892, when he devoted himself to the study of Milton—to restore blank verse to its old dignity and variety. He is complete master of this great verse form, and it is unquestionably the fittest in which his especial genius can express itself. If his blank verse shall ever seem greater, it will be because it is more heavily freighted with richer, deeper, broader ideas, the fruit of profounder observation, wider knowledge of men and things. The *form* is now perfect. To be fully appreciated, the poem must be read as a whole, and not once but often. I liked it at first; but not till the third reading did its great power really dawn upon me, and at every re-reading it seems greater still. There are plenty of characteristic passages which may be quoted with the certainty that their charm will be recognized even when thus detached. Persephone's speech shows his best qualities:

> It is the time of tender opening things.
> Above my head the fields murmur and wave,
> And breezes are just moving the clear heat.

> O the midnoon is trembling on the corn,
> On cattle calm and trees in perfect sleep.

How touching is the cry of the Athenian spirit to Christ!

> O pity us;
> For I would ask of thee only to look
> Upon the wonderful sunlight, and to smell
> Earth in the rain.

All the emptiness of death is in the cry of the woman:

> Whom, then, dost thou seek?
> For see, we are so changed: thou wouldst not know
> The busy form that moved about thy fire.
> She has no occupation and no care,
> No little tasks.

In the words of the Roman are "the Virgilian stateliness and simplicity":

> Around thee is the scent
> Of over-beautiful quick-fading things:
> The pang, the gap, the briefness, all the dew,
> Tremble, and suddenness of earth: I must
> Remember young men dead in their hot bloom,
> The sweetness of the world edged like a sword,
> The melancholy knocking of those waves,
> The deep unhappiness of winds, the light
> That comes on things we nevermore shall see.
> Yet I am thrilled: thou seemest like the bourne
> Of all our music. of the hinting night,
> Of souls under the moonlight opening.

In this strong and beautiful poem we recognize the qualities claimed for Mr. Phillips by the *Academy:* "Seriousness of purpose," "interpretative sympathy," "singular instinct for the right word," "a heart attuned to the beauty and the meaning of things," "the perfect fusion of matter into form which is that indefinable, inimitable, undeniable thing style." It is classic in its setting. Not only is the general indebtedness to Homer and Virgil evident, and the atmosphere of classic mythology about it from the parts played in it by Persephone, Hermes, Prometheus, the Athenian ghost, the Roman, the Furies; but individual allusions make us feel that it is a Greek Hades. When the Athenian ghost says,

> Is not the laborer,
> Returning heavy through the August sheaves
> Against the setting sun, who gladly smells
> His supper from the opening door—is he
> Not happier than these melancholy kings?

we know that the poet had in mind the famous reply of Achilles' shade to Odysseus in the eleventh book of the "Odyssey": "Rather would I live upon the earth as the hireling of another, with a landless man, than bear sway among all the dead that be departed." In these lines, also from the Athenian's address,

> Just as a widower, that dreaming holds
> His dead wife in his arms, not wondering,
> So natural it appears,

the poet certainly was inspired by a glorious passage in Tennyson's "Guinevere"—

> Tears of the widower when he sees
> A late lost form that sleep reveals;

but he might have had in mind also, as Tennyson undoubtedly had in mind, the similar passage in the great chorus of Æschylus ("Agamemnon," 429 ff.). So when the spirit of the woman says,

> Thou canst not fetch
> Thy drooping, listless woman to the air,

one thinks, as the poet thought, of Orpheus and Eurydice. One is tempted to call especial attention to Ixion, or to the "softly feeding vulture" of Prometheus, or to the reminiscences from the Greek poets evoked by the line,

> The beautiful ease of the untroubled gods,

and to other points where one feels Greek influence, if space allowed.

It is a great poem, but "another poem can be even finer than 'Christ in Hades,'" as Mr. Watson said. "A poet's writing should be sweet to

the mouth and ear," said Tennyson; and, if not stronger, certainly sweeter, more beautiful is "Marpessa" than "Christ in Hades." Mr. Phillips' two lines of introduction give the gist of the classic legend on which the poem is based: "Marpessa, being given by Zeus her choice between the god Apollo and Idas a mortal, chose Idas." The legend may be found in the "Iliad," ix. 557 ff., in Ovid, "Metamorphoses," viii. 305, and elsewhere. The scene of the choice is thus brought before us:

> When the long day that glideth without cloud,
> The summer day, was at her blue deep hour
> Of lilies musical with busy bliss,
> When very light trembled as with excess,
> And heat was frail, and every bush and flower
> Was drooping in the glory overcome;
> They three together met; on the one side,
> Fresh from diffusing light on all the world,
> Apollo; on the other, without sleep,
> Idas; and in the midst Marpessa stood.
> Just as a flower after drenching rain,
> So from the falling of felicity
> Her human beauty glowed, and it was new;
> The bee too near her bosom drowsed and dropped.
> But as the god sprang to embrace her, they
> Heard thunder, and a little afterward
> The far Paternal voice, "Let her decide."

The rest of the dramatic idyl, three hundred and thirty-five lines in all, consists of the address-

es of the god and the mortal, each preferring his suit, and Marpessa's reply. Some think the speech of Apollo the finest poetry. The god says to the maiden:

> Thy life has been
> The history of a flower in the air,
> Liable but to breezes and to time,
> As rich and purposeless as is the rose;
> Thy simple doom is to be beautiful.
> Thee God created but to grow, not strive,
> And not to suffer, merely to be sweet,
> The favorite of his rains.

But he warns:

> Slowly shalt thou cool to all things great,
> And wisely smile at love; and thou shalt see
> Beautiful Faith surrendering to Time,
> The fierce ingratitude of children loved,
> Ah, sting of stings! A mourner shalt thou stand
> At Passion's funeral in decent garb.
> The greenly silent and cool-growing night
> Shall be the time when most thou art awake,
> With dreary eyes of all illusion cured,
> Beside that stranger that thy husband is.
>
> . . . .
>
> But if thou'lt live with me, then will I kiss
> Warm immortality into thy lips;
> And I will carry thee above the world,
> To share my ecstasy of flinging beams,
> And scattering without intermission joy;
> And thou shalt know that first leap of the sea
> Toward me; the grateful upward look of earth,
> Emerging roseate from her bath of dew.

Since she is a woman, Apollo promises her

> More tender tasks; to steal upon the sea,
> A long-expected bliss to tossing men—
>
> . . . .
>
> To lure into the air a face long sick,
> To gild the brow that from its dead looks up,
> To shine on the unforgiven of this world.

Idas, in a speech which a noted writer considers the most impassioned poetic address in the language, tells Marpessa he loves her, not for her "body packed with sweet of all this world,"

> Nor for that face that might indeed provoke
> Invasion of old cities.
>
> . . . .
>
> Thou meanest what the sea has striven to say
> So long, and yearned up the cliffs to tell;
> Thou art what all the winds have uttered not,
> What the still night suggesteth to the heart.
> Thy voice is like to music heard ere birth,
> Some spirit lute touched on a spirit sea;
> Thy face remembered is from other worlds,
> It has been died for, though I know not when,
> It has been sung of, though I know not where.
> It has the strangeness of the luring West,
> And of sad sea-horizons.

Marpessa recognizes the bliss of immortality offered her and all the power to do good and soothe pain, but she says:

Yet should I
Linger beside thee in felicity,
Sliding with open eyes through liquid bliss
Forever; still I must grow old. Ah, I
Should ail beside thee, Apollo, and should note,
With eyes that would not be, but yet are dim,
Ever so slight a change from day to day
In thee my husband; watch thee nudge thyself
To little offices that once were sweet:
Slow where thou once wert swift, remembering
To kiss those lips which once thou couldst not leave.
I should expect thee by the Western bay,
Faded, not sure of thee, with desperate smiles,
And pitiful devices of my dress
Or fashion of my hair: thou wouldst grow kind;
Most bitter to a woman that was loved.

But with Idas the mortal, when the first sweet sting of love is past,

There shall succeed a faithful peace;
Beautiful friendship tried by sun and wind,
Durable from the daily dust of life.

. . . .

Then though we must grow old, we shall grow old
Together, and he shall not greatly miss
My bloom faded, and waning light of eyes,
Too deeply gazed in ever to seem dim.

Are not the above, as the *Blackwood's* critic said, "passages that march with the footfalls of the immortals"? Surely they are "stately lines with all the music and the meaning of the highest

poetry." In the "Christ in Hades" and "Marpessa" Mr. Phillips has demonstrated afresh the possibilities of classic legends as a source of poetry. It had been supposed that poets like William Morris, Swinburne, and the rest, had exhausted that vein, but the genius makes all poetic material his own. For the style of treatment, quite as much as for his subject and his allusions, Mr. Phillips is indebted to the Greeks. "The simplicity of structure is antique," says Mr. Watson, "and the proportion, the symmetry, the poise—these are classic."

I have been asked: "Is Mr. Phillips true to life in making Marpessa talk as she does? Was she not too young, too inexperienced to know some of the things she says to Apollo?" And I answered: "How did Keats know at twenty-five some of the things he said?" Euripides was criticised for putting sentiments into the mouths of some of his women that would better have suited sages. Indeed, it was a philosopher, the poet Euripides, thus expressing himself through the mouth of a woman. But after all. the essential thing, both with Euripides' nurse and with the maiden Marpessa, is whether the sentiment is true to human nature, not whether a maiden or an old nurse might say it. Some complain of "over-voluptuousness" in the verse; that the lan-

guorous sweetness cloys the taste. If there be this defect, it is a fault almost sure to be cured, at least ameliorated, as in Tennyson's case, by added years and experience.

The drama *Paolo and Francesca* is the old story of Guinevere and Lancelot, but as delicately handled as in Tennyson's idyl:

> To-day I take to wife Ravenna's child.
>
> . . . .
>
> Deep in affairs my brother I dispatched
>
> . . . .
>
> To bring her on the road to Rimini.

Already we see the trouble begin, just as in the Guinevere story, and we know how it must end. Duke Giovanni, warrior and statesman, already deaf with war, languishes for calm. "I ask," he says,

> "Henceforth a quiet breathing, that this child,
> Hither all dewy from her convent fetched,
> Shall lead me gently down the slope of life."

But he is already "on the slant of life," and "hath a limp," and "youth goes toward youth." Francesca is very innocent as yet of this great life;

> She hath but wondered up at the white clouds.

She asks:

> What is it to be sad?
> Nothing hath grieved me but ancient woes,

> Sea perils, or some long-ago farewell,
> Or the last sunset cry of wounded kings.
> I have wept but on the pages of a book.
>
> . . . .
>
> I am still a child.
> I feel that to my husband I could go,
> Kiss him good-night, or sing him to his sleep,
> And there an end.

A week later the cloud of fate has drawn perceptibly nearer. Francesca says to Paolo:

> All here are kind to me, all grave and kind,
> But O, I have a fluttering up toward joy,
> Lightness and laughter and a need of singing.
> You are more near my age, you understand.

The plot thickens fast. Francesca is too young and innocent to know; Giovanni would keep Paolo about himself and Francesca; but Paolo knows the danger. He tries to fly, but comes straight back to see Francesca, then will take poison and die. The rest of the story is as Francesca told it to Dante in the "Inferno." Paolo and Francesca were reading Galahaut's story of Lancelot:

> Many times that reading made us lift our eyes and took the color from our faces, but only one point was that which overcame us. When we read of the longed-for smile being kissed by such a lover, this one who never from me shall be divided kissed my mouth all trembling.

It is all told more fully, but not so beautifully, in "Boccaccio." At last it was as old Angela, the half-seer nurse, foretold:

> I see two lying dead upon a bier—
> Slain suddenly, and in each other's arms.

Is it a great drama? I do not know; I am only sure that it is a beautiful poem. "Poetry beautiful as any that has been given us since Tennyson was in his prime," says Professor Trent. The striking characteristics shown in "Marpessa" are all here—almost perfect diction, melodious verse, lyric sweetness, single lines and passages that thrill and linger with us. It, too, is "sweet to the mouth and ear." But has Mr. Phillips the requisite intellectual power and moral greatness? It is perhaps premature to say, and the bewildering sweetness of the verse makes it hard to be an unbiased judge. There is a Greek felicity of phrase and a general air of restraint, especially in the limited number of characters. Only Paolo and Francesca, Giovanni and his cousin Lucrezia, are important, the last being perhaps the distinctest dramatic creation of the poet. But while the drama is restrained, it is not austere like the best Greek dramas. It has borrowed from the Greek drama what might be best appropriated by modern poetry; but it is not

Greek like Sophocles; it is rather Greek as Keats was Greek—restrained like the Greek, but with a sweetness that is rather romantic than classic.

The play *Herod* is based on authentic history, which may be read in Josephus. The two chief characters, and the only ones of prime importance, are Herod, king of Judea, and Mariamne, his queen, of the old Maccabean line. Herod is a masterful man, and bears a love nigh madness for Mariamne. These are qualities that fit him for tragedy. Mariamne's young brother, Aristobulus, because of his Maccabean lineage the popular idol, and so a menace to the throne, is drowned by Herod's order; but in slaying her brother, Herod killed Mariamne's love, and finally, goaded to desperation by suspicion, he condemned her, thus fulfilling an oracle: "He shall kill that thing which most he loves." Then after a spell of madness passed by the Dead Sea's shore, he returns to the palace under the delusion that Mariamne is still alive. At sight of Mariamne's embalmed body, which has been brought before him, he stands in a cataleptic trance.

As a drama *Herod* is stronger than *Paolo and Francesca,* but here, as there, "the merit of the play lies in the love passages and in the truly poetic feeling and diction which form the most important part of Mr. Phillips' equipment." It

too is Greek in the limited number of characters, for there are really only two that profoundly interest us, Herod and Mariamne; though the latter's brother, Aristobulus, and Sohemus, Herod's faithful retainer, contribute greatly to the effectiveness of the plot and to the clearness with which the protagonist and deuteragonist stand out. But the love passion of the play is modern, not Greek. The two greatest scenes in the play are doubtless in act ii., when Herod returns from winning over Octavius Cæsar and is taxed by Mariamne with the murder of her brother, and again when Mariamne says finally: "Herod, I cannot change; my love is dead." For stage purposes more effective still may be the final scene where Herod, only half recovered from his madness, sends for Mariamne, whom he believes alive. Purely as literature the most beautiful single passage in the play has always seemed to me that where Herod, to his mother's and sister's urging to condemn Mariamne, replies:

> Would you commit such beauty to the earth?
> Those eyes that bring upon us endless thoughts!
> That face that seems as it had come to pass
> Like a thing prophesied! To kill her!
> And I, if she were dead, I too would die,
> Or linger in the sunlight without life.

> Oh, terrible to live but in remembering,
> To call her name down the long corridors;
> To come on jewels that she wore laid by;
> Or open suddenly some chest, and see
> Some favorite robe she wore on such a day!
> I dare not bring upon myself such woe.

So far as my knowledge goes, the critic is right who lately said, "It is the best work of its kind since the death of Browning"; and, as Mr. Brownell thinks, there is "unlikely to be an English dramatic poem of equal interest published until the author of *Herod* writes another."

In Mr. Phillips' poetical work two defects are most apparent. The first is a lack of lyric power. His lyrics do not sing. It is blank verse where he is strongest, and there is to be found "the lyric sweetness of his unrhymed iambics," of which Mr. Gosse speaks. His lyric power is by no means that of Tennyson or Browning, Keats or Shelley, and doubtless he will never sing in such pure lyric strains as any of these. The second defect is lack of humor. Even Shakespeare wrote only one play without humor, and Mr. Phillips has written two. Unless he can remedy this defect, he will hardly as a dramtist be ranked with the greatest. But in the sphere of the dramatic idyl his defective humor is not necessarily a fatal lack. Wordsworth had no humor; his best poetry is

characterized by high seriousness unrelieved by humor, and yet Wordsworth is third in the royal line of British poets. At any rate, here is real poetic achievement.

Since the foregoing paper was printed, some seven years ago, several other poetical dramas by Mr. Phillips have appeared: "Ulysses," "The Sin of David," "Nero," and "Faust." They are splendid spectacles—especially the first and two last—and as such have been successful upon the stage. Perhaps a judgment now upon their merit as dramas would be premature; but I cannot believe that they will live as literature as long as "Marpessa" and "Christ in Hades." One who knows and loves Homer's *Odyssey* and Goethe's *Faust* will hardly care to read often Mr. Phillips' "Ulysses" and "Faust." The regret cannot be repressed that Mr. Phillips devotes to the stage of the day genius that might make poetry for posterity.

SOPHOCLES.

Statue in the Lateran Museum, Rome.

XII.

THE DISCIPLINE OF SUFFERING IN SOPHOCLES.

"If a poet have a soul as high as Sophocles, his influence will always be moral, let him do what he will."
—*Goethe.*

"Who prop, thou askest, in these bad days, my mind?
. . . . Be his
My special thanks, whose even-balanced soul,
From first youth tested up to extreme old age,
Business could not make dull, nor passion wild;
Who saw life steadily, and saw it whole;
The mellow glory of the Attic stage,
Singer of sweet Colonus, and its child."—*M. Arnold.*

SOPHOCLES, son of Sophillus, a wealthy, or at least well-to-do, armorer, was born at Colonus, a suburb of Athens, 495 B.C., *i. e.,* thirty years after Æschylus and fifteen before Euripides. His wise father gave him the best education, intellectual and physical, that Athens could afford, and he won public prizes in both music and gymnastics. On account of his beauty of person, physical grace, and skill in dancing, he was chosen, in his sixteenth year, to lead the choir in celebration of the victory at Salamis. At the age of twenty-seven he made his first appearance as a tragic poet, in competition with

the mighty Æschylus. In the persons of the two poets, the old and the new were represented; two rival policies were in some sense on trial; two stages of tragedy were in competition. Party feeling ran high, and the archon seized upon the general Cimon and his colleagues, who had just returned from Scyros with the bones of the Attic hero Theseus, to act as judges of the contest. They awarded the prize to Sophocles, and thus this favorite of the Muses became with his first effort the prince of the Athenian stage, and remained so till his death, sixty-three years later, or, rather, for all time.

He composed, according to the best authorities, perhaps, one hundred and thirteen plays, and won the first prize twenty times, *i. e.,* as he contended with tetralogies, with eighty out of one hundred and thirteen dramas. He never got lower than second prize. In 440, the year after the phenomenal success of his greatest play, *Antigone*, he was elected one of the ten generals of Athens, an experience about which he pleasantly remarked: "Pericles says I am a better poet than general." Some authorities also make him a colleague in the generalship with Nicias during the Peloponnesian war. In 435 B.C. he was one of the stewards of the confederate treasury. In the year 413. after the Syra-

cusan disaster, he was elected one of the *πρόβουλοι*, or commissioners of public safety, and in this capacity gave his assent, two years later, to the establishment of the Four Hundred, that is, if the poet be the Sophocles who was *πρόβουλος*, which is doubtful.

In his old age, according to tradition, his son Iophon, fearing that he might alienate his property to his namesake and favorite, a child of his natural son Ariston, accused him of senile incapacity. The aged poet replied to the accusation by reading to the court a chorus from the play he was then composing, the famous ode on his birthplace, Colonus, whereupon the judges rose in a body and reverentially escorted him in triumph to his home.

Supplanting Æschylus at the age of twenty-seven, it was twenty-eight years before he lost a first prize to Euripides, and he lived to put on mourning at ninety for his younger rival. Being, like Goethe, beautiful in person and mind, he was also genial and gentle in disposition, so that the satirist Aristophanes represented him thus even in Hades—*εὔκολος μὲν ἐνθάδ', εὔκολος δ' ἐκεῖ*. Devoted to his native city—*φιλαθηναιότατος* they called him—he, like Socrates, refused all invitations to tyrants' courts, never quitted Athens except on military service, and died full of years,

the best beloved citizen of Athens, and "dear to the gods as no one else was"; for tradition has it that Dionysus twice appeared to Lysander and bade the besieger allow the poet's body to pass through the hostile lines to Deceleia for burial. His best and truest epitaph was that by Phrynichus:

> Thrice happy Sophocles! in good old age,
> Blessed as a man, and as a craftsman blessed,
> He died: his many tragedies were fair,
> And fair his end, nor knew he any sorrow.

After-slander did not completely spare him, accusing him of a love of sexual pleasures—a charge that finds no support in his extant works or fragments—and of over-fondness for money. Both charges are unsupported by evidence.

He followed Æschylus in exhibiting trilogies, but broke these up into independent plays; improved the scenery of the stage and the costumes of the actors; added a third actor; increased the number of the chorus from twelve to fifteen, but lessened its importance while enhancing the function of the dialogue. As to his own artistic development, Sophocles used to say, according to Plutarch, "that when he had put aside the tragic pomp of Æschylus, and then the harsh and artificial manner of his own elaborate style, he arrived in the third place at a form of speech which

is best suited to portray the characters of men, and is the most excellent." All his extant plays belong to his third style. One criticism, at least, he made upon the work of his great predecessor and rival. "Æschylus," said he, "did what he ought to do, but did it without knowing." A criticism upon Euripides too has been handed down. He said Æschylus represented men as greater than they are, he as they ought to be, Euripides as they are. He wrote also elegies, pæans, epigrams, and a prose work on the chorus, and he is said to have founded a society for the promotion and cultivation of music and dancing and poetry.

This is about all that we know, perhaps more than we know certainly, about Sophocles' outward life. All the rest is implicit in his works. He was the greatest tragedian of antiquity. Immediate posterity worshiped him as a hero. The later ancients called him the "Homer of Tragedy," and even Homer the "Epic Sophocles." Homer was ὁ ποιητής, Pindar ὁ λυρικός, Aristophanes ὁ κωμικός, Sophocles ὁ τραγικός. Virgil was his greatest Latin imitator, and Ovid said with prophetic instinct, *Nulla Sophocleo veniet iactura cothurno.* Shelley calls him the Greek Shakespeare, and both Shelley and Tennyson, "whether consciously or not, reproduce with ex-

quisite effect the suggestive poetical coloring of Sophocles."

The great poets have always been the great teachers, never so consciously this as the great Greek poets. "The poet," says Rohde, "was to be the teacher of the people, to whom, in the conditions of Greek life, there was no other teacher to speak. He was in the highest sense to instruct where his speech, in sublime poetry, dealt with the questions and verities of religion, and with the relation of morality to religion." Aristophanes recognized this when he said (*Frogs,* 1054 ff.): "The poet ought to hide what is base, for the instructor of boys is the teacher, but of men the poets."

As a great tragic poet, then, Sophocles was also an ethical teacher. And what was his *cathedra;* who were his audience? He taught from the Attic stage, at once temple and theater, and his immediate audience was twenty thousand people, more or less. From the mere reading of the *Œdipus Tyrannus*, the *Œdipus Coloneus,* or the *Antigone,* we can imagine only in some faint degree the effect on Athenians when acted as part of a religious ceremony, the audience being not assembled Attica only, but representative Hellas. Never before had Greek poet had such an opportunity. Homer's poems

were recited at festivals and taught in schools all over the Greek world; Simonides' epitaphs passed from mouth to mouth throughout Hellas; Pindar's choral odes were sung in great assemblies. But no poets before the Attic tragedians had ever addressed such vast and such cultivated audiences at one time, and no poet, no orator, no man has ever done so since, or will ever do so again. And after the great Dionysiac festival was over, the great thoughts of the great tragic poets too, like those of Homer and Pindar and Simonides, were repeated from mouth to mouth, and became part of the ethical storehouse of the Greek race.

Though Sophocles was not conspicuous for "the sententious philosophy of life that endeared Euripides to the compilers of commonplace books," yet the numerous fragments, which doubtless owe their preservation largely to their ethical significance, would furnish a striking collection of gnomic utterances. The Greeks, from the Homeric period down, are supposed to have regarded truth-telling less seriously than the English or the Germans; but for this they got no countenance from Sophocles, who used to speak on this wise:*

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*The quotations are from the "Fragments," and the

"Truth evermore surpasseth words in might."[1]

"A righteous tongue hath with it mightiest strength."[2]

"Be sure no lie can ever reach old age."[3]

"Words that are false bring forth no fruit at all."[4]

"Deceit is base, unfit for noble souls."[5]

"No oath weighs aught on one of scoundrel soul."[6]

Of a piece with such reflections on truth are admonitions as to virtue and righteousness:

"What virtue gains alone abides with us."[7]

"The noblest life is that of righteousness."[8]

"'Tis better not to be than vilely live."[9]

"Hast thou done fearful evil? Thou must bear
Evil as fearful; and the holy light
Of righteousness shines clearly."[10]

"Then does men's life become one vast disease,
When once they seek their ills by ills to cure."[11]

These quotations may fitly be concluded with one of beautiful content and import, and of universal application:

"Each day we need to take some forward step,
Till we gain power to study nobler things."[12]

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numerals refer to Dindorf's edition ([1]691, [2]101, [3]59, [4]717, [5]100, [6]671, [7]202, [8]326, [9]436, [10]11, [11]98, [12]779); the translations are Plumptre's.

But the poet had also a strictly religious function to perform.

The work of Sophocles [says Plumptre], following, though with calmer tread and clearer vision and serener speech, in the steps of Æschylus, was the task, finding the mythology of Homer in possession of the mind of the people, to turn it, as far as it could be turned, into an instrument of moral education, and to lead men upward to the eternal laws of God, and the thought of his righteous order.

In several particulars the popular theology had already been greatly purified and elevated by Æschylus.[1] The deep-seated notion of Φθόνος, or divine jealousy of human eminence, so constantly reflected in Herodotus, is displaced in Æschylus by Νέμεσις, or divine justice; mere prosperity does not produce calamity. "Each man fares according to his deserving." The popular doctrine, "The sufferer is guilty," is corrected by Æschylus into "The guilty suffers" (δράσαντι παθεῖν), which saves the justice of the gods sometimes at man's expense. The popular belief in the potency of a father's curse is purified, in that it is represented only as pronounced on hardened offenders. Still another tenet of

[1]For the matter of this paragraph especial indebtedness to Professor Butcher's chapter on Sophocles is acknowledged.

the popular theology was that of the curse bequeathed—"The fathers have eaten sour grapes, and the children's teeth are set on edge." Æschylus, like Ezekiel, asserted the responsibility of the individual: "The soul that sinneth, it shall die." He taught that not *guilt,* but the *tendency* to guilt was inherited; and this tendency might be fostered or resisted. Nor does this tendency to guilt annihilate free will; it is an act of free will that rouses the latent tendency, and sets in operation Ἄτη, or the infatuation which makes evil appear good and good evil to the man who is hasting on to ruin, Ἄτη being thus both penalty and parent of crime. So far Sophocles followed in the footsteps of Æschylus in most points; but in some important respects he made a great advance. Æschylus had discarded the doctrine of *vicarious punishment,* but still considered suffering penal. Sophocles was the first of the Greeks to recognize that suffering may be vicarious, but is not necessarily penal. Undeserved suffering "always appears as part of the permitted evil which is a condition of a just and harmoniously ordered universe," in the *Antigone* vindicating the higher laws, in the *Œdipus Coloneus* educating character.

In Sophocles [says Verrall] the struggle lies between the free will of man and the law of necessity;

pity and terror are aroused by the unequal strife between human weakness and the higher powers. The purification consists in the inspiring thought that when once the fault of mortal weakness is expiated the original harmony between man's free will and the divine law of necessity is reëstablished, and the hero's suffering is but the cleansing fire through which he passes on to godhead."[2]

We shall consider, then, in this paper especially the mystery of suffering as part of a divine discipline ordering men's lives aright, as it wrought upon the characters of Œdipus and his daughter Antigone in the *Œdipus Tyrannus,* the *Œdipus Coloneus,* and the *Antigone.* Here again it is a Greek proverb,[3] **πάθει μάθος** (**παθήματα μαθήματα**), *wisdom through suffering,* which Æschylus and Sophocles interpreted afresh, and discovered new and deeper meanings in.

The conviction grows upon me with added years and repeated readings that, while each play is dramatically complete in itself, in a wider view of God's dealings with men the *Œdipus Coloneus* was, and Sophocles meant it to be, a sequel to the *Œdipus Tyrannus.* "Such a tragedy as the first *Œdipus* demanded such another as the second." As Goethe in part second of

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[2]"The Student's Greek Tragedy," p. 118. [3]Æschylus, *Agamemnon* 187; Herodotus, i. 207.

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Faust, so Sophocles in the *Œdipus Coloneus* took up again an old theme, and in his last years, with a mind still clear, with a faith more serene, ripened and sweetened, even if saddened by experience, composed and left as his greatest legacy to his people and to the world the story of Œdipus' purification by suffering, and of the reparation made by the gods for all that he had endured. The object of Sophocles in the two plays is to

> assert eternal Providence,
> And justify the ways of God to men.

"And this," says Professor Packard, "he does in the Œdipus at Colonus in a way which makes us wonder at the depth and tenderness and truth of Greek theology in his hands."

The story of Œdipus is, briefly, this: The childless Laius, King of Thebes, on consulting the Delphic oracle, was promised a son, but warned that he should die by that son's hand. When the child was born, Jocasta, his wife, sent it to Mount Cithæron to be exposed to death, but the kindly shepherd gave it instead to a herdman of Polybus, King of Corinth, and he in turn presented it to his royal master and mistress, who were childless. The boy Œdipus ("Swell-foot," so called because his father had pierced his feet

and tied them together with cords) grew to the age of early manhood, still reputed to be the son of the King and Queen of Corinth; but taunted one day by a comrade with being a supposititious child, and receiving no satisfaction from his parents, he went to Delphi to consult the oracle. And there learning to his horror that he was fated to kill his father and wed his mother, he sought to avoid the pollution by returning no more to Corinth. On his flight he met in a narrow way, unbeknown, his father, Laius, who was journeying to Delphi, got into an altercation with an attendant, was struck by the king, and in his fury slew all but one man, who ran away to Thebes and reported that the king had been murdered by robbers. Reaching Thebes, he found the sphinx making havoc of the people because no one could answer her riddle. He solved it, the sphinx slew herself, and the people rewarded their deliverer with the widowed queen and the throne. So Œdipus prospered, and had two sons and two daughters.

Just here the *Œdipus Tyrannus* opens. This masterly play represents the working out of the prophecy to its fulfillment, when Œdipus stood before the world convicted of being his father's murderer, his mother's husband, his children's brother. His wife-mother hanged herself in

shame, and the impetuous king, loathing himself as god-accursed and polluted, tore the buckles from her robe as her body swung in air, and dug out his own eyeballs, that he might not see men see his shame, begging piteously the while that he might be cast forth once more out of human society, as father and mother had exposed him, an innocent babe, on wild Cithæron.

> O marriage rites
> That gave me birth, and, having borne me, gave
> To me in turn an offspring, and ye showed
> Fathers, and sons, and brothers, all in one,
> Mothers, and wives, and daughters, hateful names,
> All foulest deeds that men have ever done.
> But, since, where deeds are evil, speech is wrong,
> With utmost speed, by all the gods, or slay me,
> Or drive me forth, or hide me in the sea,
> Where never more your eyes may look on me.[4]

So the *Œdipus Tyrannus* ended amid horrors upon horrors. Surely Œdipus was right, and for him there was naught to be prayed for but obscurity and oblivion. Yet even for this god-accursed wretch Sophocles was in later years to show that the gods could work out a great redemption.

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[4]*Œdipus Tyrannus* 1403 ff. All the metrical renderings in this paper are taken from Plumptre's translation.

In time the storm of passion had subsided, and Œdipus, recognizing that he had been more sinned against than sinning, had grown calmer and content to abide in Thebes; but his sons, now grown up, and Creon had thrust him forth a wanderer on the earth, lest he should bring trouble to the city. Fate had still to lesson him to wisdom, and so he wandered from place to place, sustained alone by the love of Antigone, who was eyes and hands to him. The *Œdipus Coloneus* opens thus:

> Child of a blind old man, Antigone,
> What country reach we? Whose the city near?
> Who will receive the wanderer, Œdipus,
> And give him day by day his scanty needs?
> He asks but little, than that little, less
> Most times receiving, finding that enough.
> For I have learnt contentment; chance and change
> Have taught me this, and the long course of time,
> And the stout heart within me.[5]

The wanderer, not old in years, but by sorrows and sufferings aged, "of all mankind the most enslaved to ills," has brought his "wasted, spectral form, that once was Œdipus," to the goal of life.

> We hardly recognize him now [says Butcher] as the man from whom we parted in the *Œdipus Tyrannus*

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[5] *Œdipus Coloneus* 1 ff.

in the first transport of horror and remorse. His old fiery temper is indeed still ready to blaze forth. But suffering has wrought on him far otherwise than on Lear, whose weak and passionate nature it unhinged, and with whom the thought that he himself was mainly to blame embittered his anger and turned grief into despair. Œdipus has disencumbered himself of a past which is not truly a part of himself. In the school of suffering his inborn nobleness of character has come out. The long years have taught him resignation. In spite of troubled memories, he is at peace with himself and reconciled to heaven. He has read the facts of his past life in another light. He has pondered the ancient oracles of Apollo, which predicted to him at once his doom and his final rest. His inward eye has been purged, and with newly won spiritual insight he thinks of himself as a man set apart by the gods for their own mysterious purposes. He bears himself with the calm and dignity of one who knows that he is obeying their express summons, and has a high destiny to fulfill. The unconscious sin is expiated, and he who was the victim of divine anger, the accursed thing that polluted the city, is now the vehicle of blessing to the land that receives him. A sufferer, not a sinner, restored to the favor of the gods, he finds in that favor and in the honors that await him an ample recompense for all that he has endured.[6]

In his young manhood, when Apollo had predicted the calamities that were before him, the god had also promised him rest when he should

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[6]"Some Aspects of the Greek Genius," p. 127 f.

reach "a seat of the Awful Goddesses." Œdipus has had abundant experience of Apollo's oracles, and knows that the god speaks the truth. He has reached the grove of the Awful Goddesses, but the terrible *Erinyes* have become the *Eumenides,* or Gentle Ones. The place was fair too, and all was peace and solemn stillness round about. Happy was it that tradition had led the woe-worn Œdipus to Sophocles' own birthplace; for the aged poet, as he described the spot, was doubtless in some measure voicing his own heart's wish as to the place where death should come upon himself. Most men, perhaps, who have any sentiment, naturally long to end life where they began. It is no wonder, then, that in his description of the burial-place and the death-scene of the discrowned King of Thebes at his own Colonus, Sophocles reached the loftiest height of his sublimest poetry. It was, indeed, a lovely spot, and about it, ever since his immortal chorus sang its praises, there has rested the halo of an unearthly beauty and sanctity.

Of all the land far famed for goodly steeds,
Thou com'st, O stranger, to the noblest spot,
    Colonos, glistening bright,
Where evermore, in thickets freshly green,
    The clear-voiced nightingale
    Still haunts and pours her song,
    By purpling ivy hid,

And the thick leafage sacred to the God,
With all its myriad fruits,
By mortal foot untouched,
By sun's hot ray unscathed,
Sheltered from every blast;
There wanders Dionysos evermore,
In full, wild revelry,
And waits upon the Nymphs who nursed his youth.

And there, beneath the gentle dews of heaven,
The fair narcissus with its clustered bells
Blooms ever, day by day,
Of old the wreath of mightiest Goddesses;
And the crocus golden-eyed;
And still unslumbering flow
Kephisos' wandering streams;
They fail not from their spring, but evermore,
Swift-rushing into birth,
Over the plain they sweep,
The land of broad, full breast,
With clear and stainless wave;
Nor do the Muses in their minstrel choirs,
Hold it in slight esteem,
Nor Aphrodite with her golden reins.[7]

Œdipus had not long to wait for the promised sign from the sky, a thunder-peal from Zeus. It was not death that befell him, but translation. As we read, we are reminded of the end of Enoch, who "was not, for God took him"; of

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[7]*Œdipus Coloneus* 668 ff.

Moses, whom the Lord buried; of Elijah, who ascended with "the chariot of Israel and the horsemen thereof." A messenger tells the story:

Yea, these are things we well may wonder at;
For how he went from hence, thou knowest well,
(Thyself being present) no friend guiding him,
But he himself still led the way for all;
And when he neared the threshold's broken slope,
With steps of bronze fast rooted in the soil,
He stopped on one of paths that intersect,
Close to the hollow urn where still are kept
The pledges true of Perithos and Theseus;
And stopping at mid distance between it,
And the Thorikian rock, and hollow pear,
And the stone sepulcher, he sat him down,
And then put off his garments travel-stained,
And then he called his girls, and bade them fetch
Clear water from the stream, and bring to him
For cleansing and libation. And they went,
Both of them, to yon hill we look upon,
Owned by Demêter of the fair green corn,
And quickly did his bidding, bathed his limbs,
And clothed him in the garment that is meet.
And when he had his will in all they did,
And not one wish continued unfulfilled,
Zeus from the dark depths thundered, and the girls
Heard it, and shuddering, at their father's knees
Falling they wept: nor did they then fórbear
Smiting their breasts, nor groanings lengthened out;
And when he heard their bitter cry, forthwith
Folding his arms around them, thus he spake:
"My children! on this day ye cease to have

A father. All my days are spent and gone;
And ye no more shall lead your wretched life,
Caring for me. Hard it was, that I know,
My children! yet one word is strong to loose,
Although alone, the burden of these toils,
For love in larger store ye could not have
From any than from him who standeth here,
Of whom bereaved ye now shall live your life."
So intertwined, all wept and sobbed: and when
They ended all their wailing, and the cry
No longer rose, there came a silence. Then
A voice from some one cried aloud to him,
And filled them all with fear, that made each hair
To stand on end. For, many a time, the God
From many a quarter calls to him. "Ho there!
Come, come, thou Œdipus, why stay we yet?
Long time thy footsteps linger on the way."
And he, when he perceived the God had called,
Bade Theseus come, the ruler of the land;
And when he came, he said, "Ah, dearest friend,
Give me thy hand's old pledge to these my girls;
And ye, give yours to him. And do thou swear,
Of thy free will never to give them up,
But ever to fulfill what thou shalt judge,
With clearest insight, best." And he, as one
Of noble nature, wept not, but did vow
With solemn oath to do his friend's behest.
And this being done, then straightway Œdipus
Clasping his children with his sightless hands,
Spake thus: "My children! Now ye need to show
Your tempers true and noble, and withdraw
From where ye stand, nor think it right to look
On things that best are hidden, nor to list
To those that speak; but ye, with utmost speed

Go forth. But Theseus, who may claim the right,
Let him remain, to learn the things that come."
So much we all together heard him speak,
And then, with tears fast flowing, groaning still
We followed with the maidens. Going on
A little space we turned. And lo! we saw
The man no more; but he, the king, was there,
Holding his hand to shade his eyes, as one
To whom there comes a vision drear and dread
He may not bear to look on. Yet a while,
But little, and we see him bowed to earth,
Adoring it, and in the self-same prayer
Olympos, home of gods. What form of death
He died, knows no man, but our Theseus only.
For neither was it thunderbolt from Zeus
With flashing fire that slew him, nor the blast
Of whirlwind sweeping o'er the sea that hour,
But either some one whom the gods had sent,
To guide his steps, or else the abyss of earth
In friendly mood had opened wide its jaws
Without one pang. And so the man was led
With naught to mourn for—did not leave the world
As worn with pain and sickness; but his end,
If any ever was, was wonderful.[8]

Butcher's view, as given above, of the purpose and the effect of the gods' dealings with Œdipus is not fully shared by some able critics. Jebb thinks the attitude of the gods toward Œdipus is "not that of a providence which chastens men

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[8] *Œdipus Coloneus* 1586 ff.

in love for their good. . . . If such harmony as they concede to him at the last is indeed the completion of a kindly purpose, it is announced only as the end of an arbitrary doom. If it is the crown of a salutary though bitter education, it appears only as the final justice (1567) prescribed by a divine sense of measure."[9]

It would be a mistake [says Jebb, further] to aim at bringing the play more into harmony with modern sentiment by suffusing it in a mild and almost Christian radiance, as though Œdipus had been softened, chastened, morally purified by suffering. Suffering has, indeed, taught him endurance (*στέργειν*) and some degree of caution; he is also exalted in mind by a new sense of power; but he has not been softened.[10] Rohde,[11] too, protests against "the glorification of the pious sufferer of traditional literary exegesis."

These are weighty names; but the view of Butcher and of Symonds is that which the whole play always makes upon me, especially when read as a sequel to the *Œdipus Tyrannus.* Jebb is doubtless right in saying that "the total impression made by the play as a work of art depends essentially on the manner in which the scene of sacred peace at Colonus is brought into

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[9]Introduction to *Œdipus Coloneus,* p. xxiv. [10]*Ibid.,* p. xxiii. [11]*Psyche,* ii. p.

relief against the dark fortunes of Polynices and Eteocles."[12] But the total impression made by a consecutive reading of the two *Œdipuses* depends on the manner in which the scene of sacred peace at Colonus is brought into relief against the dark fortunes of Œdipus in the first play.

The great art of the poet is displayed, the religious significance of the poem consists in this especially, that the glorious end of Œdipus seems the outcome of his long education through suffering; that it embodies "a final justice prescribed by a divine sense of measure," which seems wholly adequate, which reconciles us to the previous seeming injustice of fate toward the unwittingly, unwillingly sinning Œdipus. The final impression on us is satisfying, soothing, softening, and fills us with a sense of religious awe and peace. "The sanctity of tone throughout harmonizes with the pious, unassuming faith in a divine control. Elevation and serene calmness are united to tenderness and warmth of feeling. The sorrows and melancholy of the first part disappear at the end in a peace that comes from the gods." If the great lesson of the *Œdipus Tyrannus* is νέμεσις, that the violation of eternal laws brings a penalty even upon

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[12]Introduction to *Œdipus Coloneus,* p. xxiv.

the unconsciously guilty, the lesson of the two plays is certainly πάθει μάθος, *wisdom through suffering.*

> Sophocles deepens [says Butcher] the meaning of the Greek proverb, "Man learns by suffering" (*παθήματα μαθήματα*). He raises it from a prudential or a moral maxim into a religious mystery. He anticipates the faith of Plato, that when a man is beloved of the gods, even poverty, sickness, and other sufferings can turn out only for his good. The *Œdipus Coloneus* is the most perfect instance of the man whom adversity has sorely tried, and on whom it has had not, indeed, a softening, but a chastening and enlightening influence.[13]

But for one point in the *Œdipus Coloneus,* perhaps all critics would agree that Œdipus had been softened, as well as chastened, by his sufferings. The sons of Œdipus were as unfilial as Lear's daughters, but modern imitators have felt it necessary to make Œdipus less unrelenting in his curse. But in the *Œdipus Coloneus* he is no longer simply the man Œdipus. He has become a seer and a prophet, with the gift to foretell and the power to curse. He is no longer the father Œdipus, but the personification of outraged paternal rights; and thus, as the representative of the will of the gods, he curses his

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[13]"Some Aspects of the Greek Genius," p. 125.

sons for their filial ingratitude. "The Erinys has no mercy for sins against kindred; the man cannot pardon because the Erinys acts through him."[14] Then, too, his sons, like Creon, were both unrepentant and hypocritical, and no sympathy would have been expected for them had they not been sons. Œdipus is like Lear only in that he met with the foulest filial ingratitude, and pronounced a terrible curse thereon; in all other respects his spiritual greatness widely separates him from Lear.

The *Œdipus* is, in part, a Greek treatment of the Job problem. Œdipus, like Job, is a man overwhelmed by calamities which he has not deserved. Job's friends doubtless expressed the current view of their age, a notion still prevalent in Christ's time, that suffering implied guilt and pain meant punishment. The Greeks of Sophocles' day were not wiser. Job protested his innocence, and God approved. Œdipus was an object lesson of the same sort. His deeds were involuntary errors rather than crimes. He was not, like Job, a perfect man; he was more like Lear, but he was sinned against rather than sinning. "When eternal laws are broken by man," says Jebb, "the gods punish the breach, whether

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[14]Jebb, Introduction to *Œdipus Coloneus,* p. xxiii.

willful or involuntary; but their ultimate judgment depends on the *intent.*"[15] Œdipus, with advancing years and reflection, came more and more to the conviction wherein Job rested from the beginning, that suffering did not prove guilt. "The unwitting sin makes no man bad."[16] Job was proved, Œdipus was disciplined, by suffering. Job, according to early Oriental ideas, was compensated for his trials by renewed and increased prosperity and happiness in this life; Sophocles more wisely and truly points, mystically and mysteriously, by Œdipus' holy death, to bliss beyond the grave.

Sophocles is touched with the melancholy of human life. This favorite of the gods and of the graces knew how vain was human happiness. But he was no pessimist, did not teach despair. His noblest characters find their way through suffering, by suffering, to light and life. The road was steep and hard, but it led to Elysium at last.

As the *Œdipus Coloneus* is, in the development of Œdipus' character, a sequel to the *Œdipus Tyrannus,* so is, in the unfolding of Antigone's character, the *Œdipus Coloneus* the

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[15]Jebb, Introduction to *Œdipus Coloneus,* p. xxii.
[16]Sophocles' "Fragments," 582.

necessary forerunner of the *Antigone.* No matter that the *Antigone* came out long before, antedating even the *Œdipus Tyrannus;* we have, all the same, in the *Œdipus Coloneus* the process of development which explains Antigone's conduct in the play of the same name. "The ethical interest of the play, so far as it is not absorbed by Œdipus himself, centers principally in Antigone, whereby we are prepared for her emergence into fullest prominence in the tragedy which bears her name." While still a little girl, she had seen her mother commit suicide, and her father blind himself because his unwitting sins had found him out. Later she had guided and begged for and fed him in all his pariah wanderings, and stood by him at his mysterious end. Born to sorrow and acquainted with grief, this woman had got used to making sacrifices. Hardly had her aged father been taken, Moses-fashion, from her sight before her erring brother's body, condemned to lie unburied, a prey to dogs and birds, appealed not merely to sisterly affection and pity, but to religious scruples and obligation, and promptly she made the sacrifice of hope and love and life upon the altar of duty. Polynices had been a partner to her father's expulsion from Thebes, and consequently to her own ex-

ile; but it was her "nature not to join in hating, but in loving";[17] so she granted the boon that he asked. The brothers fell in fratricidal strife, and Creon, the new king, forbade to bury Polynices, who had fallen in arms against his native city. It was a conflict between divine and human authority, and the noble Antigone hesitated not.

> He is my brother. . . .
> . . . I go to bury him,
> And good it were in doing this to die.
> Loved I shall be with him whom I have loved,
> Guilty of holiest crime.[18]

She was detected, and brought before Creon to answer for the violation of his edict.

> *Creon.*—And didst thou dare to disobey these laws?
> *Antig.*—Yea, for it was not Zeus who gave them forth,
> Nor justice, dwelling with the gods below,
> Who traced these laws for all the sons of men;
> Nor did I deem thy edicts strong enough,
> That thou, a mortal man, shouldst overpass
> The unwritten laws of God that know not change.
> They are not of to-day nor yesterday,
> But live forever, nor can man assign
> When first they sprang to being. Not through fear
> Of any man's resolve was I prepared

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[17] *Antigone* 523. [18] *Antigone* 45 and 71 ff.

> Before the gods to bear the penalty
> Of sinning against these.[19]

"Nowhere," says Plumptre, "even in the ethics of Christian writers, are there nobler assertions of a morality divine, universal, unchangeable, of laws whose dwelling is on high, 'in which our God is great and changeth not.'"

Sophocles' art has made Antigone's isolation complete. Her sister, Ismene, sympathizes and admires, but Antigone's deed, lofty and self-forgetful as it is, seems to her the rashest folly. The people secretly praise her, as one

> Who of all women most unjustly,
> For noblest deed must die the foulest death;[20]

but fear seals their lips before Creon. Even the guard who had hunted her down pities and sympathizes; but his own safety is paramount to all other considerations. Hæmon, her betrothed, is alone ready to lend practical aid; but he can do nothing. Meanwhile, Antigone is like a being from another sphere. She belongs wholly to the dead, and her thoughts are with father and brother only. Even in the presence of her betrothed she never once utters his name. Com-

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[19]*Antigone* 449 ff.; cf. *Œdipus Tyrannus* 863-873.
[20]*Ibid.* 694 f.

pletely isolated, she becomes only more stubborn in her sense of right, and seems even hard and harsh in her refusal of Ismene's request to be allowed to share her doom. Or was this hardness really tenderness, assumed in order to save Ismene?

> Indeed if I mock, 'tis with pain that I mock thee.[21]

At any rate, the holiness of her cause and her complete isolation command our undivided sympathy, and "her act rises to a moral sublimity that finds its parallel only in the annals of martyrdom." "She falls," says Symonds, "an innocent victim. . . . She perished in the cause of divine charity. . . . She is technically disobedient, morally most duteous." When the ordeal is past, she, who has never weakened before Creon, becomes a simple woman again, and bewails her unhappy lot.

> O tomb, my bridal chamber, vaulted home,
> Guarded right well forever, where I go
> To join mine own, of whom the greater part
> Among the dead doth Persephassa hold;
> And I, of all the last and saddest, wend
> My way below, life's little span unfilled.[22]

The pathos of her unhappy lot brings tears from the Theban elders. "I can no more keep

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[21]*Antigone* 551. [22]*Ibid.* 891 ff.

back the streaming tears when I see Antigone thus passing to the bridal chamber where all are laid at rest."[23]

What is the compensation for all this woe? Antigone, the innocent scion of a family accursed, the purest flower of Greek womanhood, suffers all the wrongs that could be heaped upon her in life and in death. Does the supreme artist of the Greeks simply content himself, as Herodotus might have done, with the working of Νέμεσις and Ἄτη? Νέμεσις operates in the case of Creon, and to the chorus of Theban elders Antigone seems a typical example of the operation of Ἄτη or the family curse.

> Ah! happy are the souls that know not ill;
> For they whose house is struck by wrath divine
> Find that no sorrow faileth, creeping still
> Through long descent of old ancestral line.[24]

But of Antigone, Sophocles has wrought the hopelessly perfect ideal of Greek female heroism, filial devotion, and supreme self-sacrifice. And who can estimate the worth of her noble deed in uplifting humanity's ideals? What makes us noble, anyway? To see a man or woman of heroic mold stand up in a supreme crisis and do the right, utterly regardless of

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[23]*Antigone* 803 ff. [24]*Ibid.* 583 ff.

self. People that do such things become the teachers of the human race to school men to morality and virtue. Such an act lifts itself out of the realm of morality into that of religion. She lost her life; but in her case death was "the price paid for undying honor. Life is not the highest good. It is virtue's greatest triumph to sacrifice it to reverence to the gods, and joyfully to lay it down in the cause of sacred justice and love of those near and dear to one: a glorious fate that raises the mortal to the divine."[25] "He that loseth his life for my sake shall find it."

This is the great lesson of the drama. Sophocles has felt his way into the serene atmosphere that is above self, where the supreme right and the highest duty are their own reward. And when we think of it, Sophocles, who is "the only poet of antiquity who adequately grasped the nobility of woman's nature," was unerring in selecting a woman to furnish the extreme example of self-sacrifice. In the contemplation of her deed, De Quincey's apostrophe does not seem exaggerated:

> Holy heathen, daughter of God, before God was known, flower of Paradise after Paradise was closed; that quitting all things for which flesh languishes,

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[25]Verrall, "The Student's Greek Tragedy," p. 212.

safety and honor, a palace and a home, didst make thyself a houseless pariah, lest the poor pariah king, thy outcast father, should want a hand to lead him in his darkness, or a voice to whisper comfort in his misery; angel, that badst depart forever the glories of thy own bridal day, lest he that had shared thy nursery in childhood should want the honors of a funeral; idolatrous yet Christian lady, that in the spirit of martyrdom trodst alone the yawning billows of the grave, flying from earthly hopes, lest everlasting despair should settle upon the grave of thy brother.[26]

Many a woman does deeds just as heroic today. But they have the example of Antigone; they have the example of Alcestis, of Iphigenia, of Macaria, of all the Christian martyrs, of many a heroine of pagan as well as Christian romance and story. But who taught Antigone such self-sacrifice? Only her woman's heart and the long discipline of suffering. Many a woman has done the like, lately as well as of old; but only Antigone found a Sophocles to immortalize her deed, to embalm her memory in verse simply and austerely beautiful, in perfect verse, which, as we read it, produces the same impression as does some Niobe or Iphigenia carved in Parian marble by the hand of a Grecian master.

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[26]"The Antigone of Sophocles."

XIII.

THE MAKING OF A SCHOLAR.[1]

THE first stage is finding the "lad o' pairts." One must have the gift one's self to detect it in another, and few pleasures in life are equal to this of finding the divine spark of talent or genius in a young human soul. Auld Domsie of Drumtochty "had an unerring scent for 'pairts' in his laddies. He could detect a scholar in the egg, and prophesied Latinity from a boy that seemed fit only to be a cowherd. . . . It was Latin that Domsie hunted for as for fine gold, and when he found the smack of it in a lad he rejoiced openly. He counted it a day in his life when he knew certainly that he had hit on another scholar, and the whole school saw the identification of George Howe. . . . Domsie surveyed George from above his spectacles with a hope that grew every day in assurance, and came to its height over a bit of Latin prose. Domsie tasted it visibly, and read it again in the shadow of the fire at meal-time, slapping his leg twice.

[1]Literary Address given at the Jubilee of Wofford College, June 12, 1904.

'He'll dae! He'll dae!' cried Domsie aloud, ladling in the snuff. 'George, ma mannie, tell yir father that I am comin' up to Whinnie Knowe the nicht on a bit o' business.' " . . . "He's been playin' truant maybe," said the father when the message came. But the mother's heart divined at once the truth, and she said, "It's naither the ae thing nor the ither, but something I've been prayin' for since Geordie was a wee bairn." Bless the mothers! If a bright boy longs to go to college, let him confide his ambition to his mother, for the sure and easy way to the father's purse is through the mother's love and pride and hope. It is easy to see why Scotland has so many men of mark in all the walks of learning and literature. "Education is a passion in Scotland," says Froude. "It is the pride of every honorable peasant, if he has a son of any promise, to give him a chance of rising as a scholar." "There was just a single ambition in those humble homes," says McLaren, "to have one of its members at college, and if Domsie approved a lad, then his brothers would give their wages, and the family would live on skim milk and oat cake, to let him have his chance." Happily such things may occur in Spartanburg, S. C., as well as in Drumtochty, Scotland. Nothing within recent years has touched my heart more than to know

that a bright and ambitious Spartanburg boy, who wanted to go to college, renounced all his hopes and measured goods behind a counter for a dozen years, that a younger brother and sister might have the blessing which he denied himself for their sake. Ah! there is no way like auld Domsie's, because his heart and soul were in the work. His teaching was a sacred calling, a priesthood indeed, and the "lads o' pairts" that he found were God's anointed. "Anither scholar in the land," said Domsie, "and a'm thinking wid auld John Knox that ilka scholar is something added to the riches of the commonwealth. . . . Na, na, the grass'll no grow on the road between the college and the schoolhouse o' Drumtochty till they lay me in the auld kirkyard."

I think in all the grades of teaching, from the kindergarten to Harvard or Berlin University, no lot is quite so happy as auld Domsie's, the man who fits boys for college. I am thinking this moment of another Dominie, himself a Scotchman, with gray eyes and sandy hair, who prepared my father for college, and thirty-four years later got me ready, too. He was the only teacher in the school, heard classes innumerable in every subject from fractions to geometry and Virgil and Homer, and taught all those subjects more inspiringly and successfully than any com-

bination of a half dozen teachers, each with his specialty, that I ever knew in any public school. And I think, too, of another great teacher in Tennessee, who used to send me pupils at Vanderbilt, of whom I would say, "My hardest task is keeping students up to such love of Greek as they bring with them to college from John Webb." And he has taught for years geometry and mythology, elementary German, and higher English, the Æneid and the Anabasis and the Iliad.

The second stage is going to college. The "auld Domsie" teacher will be greatly aided in his search for the fit boy to send to college, if some former pupil who is winning distinction in college happen to visit the school. Edward Irving, who was then winning honors at Edinburgh University, visited one day the school at Annan and was taken from room to room by the teachers. Among the boys was the little eleven-year-old Thomas Carlyle, whose imagination was fired and ambition aroused. Is there any happier moment even in a long life than when the "lad o' pairts," approved by an auld Domsie, goes up to college? To his imagination, it is a land of dreams, peopled by bright and ambitious youths, where the atmosphere is charged with the spirit and the memory of the achievements of genera-

tions of clever fellows that he has seen or heard of, where young men read the great old books, and think again and discuss the great thoughts in literature and science that have marked the epochs in the world's progress. Others may think of college as the place where they will see and know the famous pitcher or quarterback whose names and pictures they have seen so often in the papers; but the embryo scholar goes to college as to a place where one has been known to read several books of Homer or a Greek play in a day, to read Demosthenes on the Crown in a week, or to sit up all night in order to be present at the catastrophe of the seventh book of Thucydides.

One thing the auld Domsie, who has discovered the "lad o' pairts" and fitted him for college, must still do for him: he must see that the boy is sent to a college that has an atmosphere of study and a tradition of scholarship. Ah! the joy of the work there amid such surroundings! It is a select society of choice spirits he has joined and holy ground whereon he now treads. That at least is what college ought to mean. To me the ideal college is one like Balliol, at Oxford, where every man works for honors. I have no patience with those fellows who go to college because they are sent by their fa-

thers, to whom it comes simply as a matter of course, just as a new suit of clothes in the spring or fall, who have not dreamed it and planned and finally mustered courage to ask father if they might hope to go to college. If I had my way, all such would be dropped soon to make room for the earnest fellows.

But college is the place for the earnest worker. Contact with other ambitious fellows stimulates him. He soon becomes aware, too, of the silent influence of the example and habits of work of some professor to whom he is drawn, he knows not why, and whom he looks up to for sympathy and inspiration. Happily the attraction is sure to be mutual, and the crowning moment comes when this instructor takes him aside and says to him: "God Almighty has done his part; it remains with you to do the rest; you can be a scholar if you will." He goes out from that interview with wings on his feet and his thoughts among the stars; whether he walks or flies he knows not.

I love to plan for such fellows and watch their development, to suggest a course which gives full scope to a high and laudable ambition, and see the outcome. Within recent years, three of my "lads o' pairts" have gone to Harvard. I believed in their capacity, and said to them: "This

is what I want you to do: you enter on a scholarship, let it be next a fellowship, later Ph.D., with a traveling fellowship to go to Europe on. I think you will do it!" Two out of the three have done it. And what is my reward for this kind of interest? In the first place, to have discovered the talent and to watch its development and triumphs is satisfaction enough. Then, as Jowett said, "Any one who labors amongst the young men will reap his reward in an affection far beyond his deserts." There is nothing so sweet, so satisfying to the college professor as this homage from the old fellows to whom he has pointed the way. Besides, one can turn this affection to account. My Harvard "traveling fellow" has written me letters the past year from Christiania, Berlin, Halle, Munich, Rome, Athens: these I have read to my students, and they have done more than anything I could say to stir other kindred young spirits to follow in his footsteps.

But there is another class almost as interesting as the "lads o' pairts," slow perhaps, but willing to make up by persistence and industry what is wanting in quickness, ready to give two hours where the quicker man gives one; and that of itself is a kind of genius. What such a one needs is not scolding, but encouragement. "Why do

you speak angrily, sir? Indeed, I am doing the best that I can," said a boy to Dr. Arnold. The Doctor was ashamed, and remarked afterwards, "I would stand to that man hat in hand."

Wordsworth speaks of

> That best portion of a good man's life,
> Those little nameless, unremembered acts
> Of kindness and of love;

and certainly the best part of a man's teaching is done when he is not consciously in the professor's chair. It is when he is simply conversing with his pupil, both off guard and soul communing with soul, that virtue goes out of him and takes up its abode in a younger human soul, there, like good seed in good soil, to germinate and grow and bear fruit a hundred-fold. Above all, it is the force of example that is potent. It is what the master does, how he lives and works, what he publishes of the fruits of his scholarship, more than what he teaches from lecture or text-book, that impresses clever young men. I have never known greater devotion to the interests of their pupils than Wofford's first faculty displayed; and yet it would have been better had they made public, not simply in sermons and speeches, but in print, more of the fruits of their scholarship. There was a tradition in my day

that Professor David Duncan had once prepared for the press the manuscript of a Greek reader, but was anticipated by the appearance of Jacobs' Greek Reader. That tradition was something for my imagination to feed upon; but surely that single unpublished manuscript was not all of value that so long and studious a life might have given to a wider public than Wofford students. Compare what is coming from the press from the present professors—notably the younger men—with what the "old guard" used to produce. The new men are hardly better teachers than those of the first quarter century; as gentlemen and men-makers we students of the former days can hardly believe the epigoni equal to their predecessors; but they teach as well, are making a name for Wofford in print as well as on the platform, and they are giving their students an example of productive scholarship such as the faculty of our day did not give us. The result will be that Wofford will in the future have a still larger proportion of her sons in university courses. It is easy to predict this when we see that fifty out of a total of ninety-three who have pursued university studies belong to the past twelve years (1892-1904).

The college course is mainly a time of getting ready, a period of acquisition, of the study of

books, of performing tasks and standing tests in the way of examinations. It is a glorious season when progress can be measured week by week. It is not the time for specialization, but for laying the foundation of broad and liberal culture. Just fifty years ago Macaulay said in a report: "We believe that men who have been engaged up to one or two and twenty in studies which have no connection with the business of any profession, and of which the effect is merely to open, to invigorate, and to enrich the mind, will generally be found, in the business of every profession, superior to men who have at eighteen or nineteen devoted themselves to the special studies of their calling." We are going the other way now, tending to special and technical rather than to liberal studies, and the result is to be, I fear, specialists, experts, inventors, more than scholars. The college course, I insist, is the time for liberal studies and wide reading. If I had to do it over again, I should not study less, but I should read far more. It is the reading men of college, as Mr. Mabie said, who do the big things in the world. When I taught at Williams, Mr. Mabie's college, I was struck with nothing so much as with the extensive general reading done there; and college statistics show that, in proportion to numbers, Williams has more men of dis-

tinction in letters and in public life than any other institution of learning in the country.

This reminds me of the chief need of Wofford College. I felicitate the college on the new Cleveland Science Hall, and I congratulate the donor, and my sometime colleague and friend, Professor DuPré, on that noble edifice. But the greatest need of the college still remains. Your neighbor—Trinity—has recently received as a gift perhaps the handsomest college library in the South, with a noble endowment to maintain it. President Snyder, here is to be your next work. Some friend of Wofford, alumnus or other, must put here a beautiful and well-filled library.[2] Wofford's traditions of scholarship demand it. Her bright youth will not, should not, continue to come and stay unless you give them books; for to a college no equipment of laboratories and apparatus is so important as a good library.

I repeat, then, if I could do it all over again, I would read much and study hard while in college. Does some one object, once more, that the hard workers, the "honor men," rarely do anything in after life? There never was a greater fallacy.

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[2]The friend has been found in the daughter of Dr. Whitefoord Smith, for nearly forty years Professor of English Literature in Wofford, and Mr. Carnegie has augmented her gift.

Macaulay was right when he said that usually "those who are first in the competitions of the schools are first in the competitions of the world." "Men who distinguish themselves in their youth above their contemporaries," says Macaulay, "almost always keep to the end of their lives the start which they have gained. . . . Take down in any library the Cambridge calendar. There you have the list of honors for a hundred years. Look at the list of wranglers and of junior optimes; and I will venture to say that, for one man who has in after life distinguished himself among the junior optimes, you will find twenty among the wranglers. Take the Oxford calendar and compare the list of first-class men with an equal number of men in the third class." Goldwin Smith said recently that England has been governed for fifty years by Oxford "honor men." Sir Robert Peel, Lord Derby, and Mr. Gladstone were all double first class men at the university.

Recently two notable articles have appeared (E. G. Dexter in *Popular Science* and A. Lawrence Lowell in the *Atlantic*) showing by college statistics that the honors of life come to those who study hard at college. Of the Phi Beta Kappa graduates of twenty-two colleges, as against ordinary graduates, the proportion of

men who have gained the distinction of a place in "Who's Who in America" is 3.1. In two large New England colleges, of all living graduates, 2.2 had achieved "Who's Who" success, whereas of the first tenth the proportion was 5.4. At Harvard, from 1869 to 1887, the proportions are: of total graduates, 1 in 14.46; of first seventh, 1 in 7.05; of first scholars, 1 in 2.71; of first four scholars, 1 in 4.75; of Bowdoin prize men, 1 in 4.94; of special honors men, 1 in 5.28; of highest special honors men, 1 in 2.89.

But the athlete is a far more prominent figure in college nowadays than the scholar, and great claims are made as to the advantage his healthy body and his training will give him in the competitions of after life. Well, what do the figures say? We have Harvard statistics. Of the crews, 1861-1898, none won a Bowdoin prize or stood in first seventh, and only one took special honors in any subject. For the crew, the "Who's Who" proportion is 1 in 13.66, *i. e.,* about the chance of the average student. For crew captains, the proportion is 1 in 5.66, *i. e.,* about the chance of high scholars. Of baseball men, 1872-1898, no one won a Bowdoin, one was in first seventh, one gained special honors; proportion in "Who's Who," 1 in 14.50. But this proportion is due to the fact that six out of the nine "Who's Who"

men belonged to the classes from 1866-1869. Since 1872, "the scholars have ceased to play ball or the nine have ceased to study." Of football men, 1874-1898, out of one hundred and forty-eight men, two took special honors, two a Bowdoin, two were in first seventh; but it was two men that took all three honors. The proportion in "Who's Who" was 1 in 31. The statistics, then, tend to show that the chance of distinction for the crew man is about equal to that of the average graduate, of the crew captain far greater, but for the baseball or football men it is far less than for the average graduate.

The next stage is the university course. I had to be a sort of pioneer at Wofford thirty years ago in the matter of going on to graduate work. To you it is all easy now, for there is a university tradition. Every member of your younger faculty has studied for a longer or shorter period at some American or foreign university, and many men who once studied here have won high honors elsewhere. When I was getting ready to go to Harvard, Dr. Whitefoord Smith told me of McLeod, the one-armed ex-Confederate soldier, who had studied privately at Wofford just before it reopened after the war. At Harvard I found that everybody knew about McLeod. He had graduated there some four years before and

was then in Europe, but his memory was fresh. He had entered with all the conditions the law allows, but had gone to the head of the class in his first year and had graduated with the highest marks ever made there—first in the long line of graduates for two hundred and sixty-eight years. Some years later, young Begg, who once lived with his widowed mother by the railway bridge on Church street, found his way to Yale and graduated with the highest marks ever won there—first in two hundred years. So there have gone directly from Spartanburg, if not from Wofford, the two men who stand first in rank in the long lines of graduates of Harvard and Yale, respectively. That is now part of your scholarly tradition. Still more definitely part of it are your own fellows who have gone on to university work. Dr. Kirkland tells of an occasion during his college days, when news had just been received of some success won by a Wofford student at Vanderbilt, "Dr. Carlisle, in mentioning the fact to the students, added that such announcements would not be made in the future, but that it would be taken for granted that Wofford boys would take all the prizes they chose to compete for at other institutions." That is the way traditions of scholarship are made. Dr. Kirkland himself is now the most brilliant point

in that line of tradition. He got his inspiration here, planned it all out here, worked here four or five years, saving money to go to Germany. How well I remember his first letter from Leipzig! "It is glorious!" he said. "It is what I have been longing for all these years." And there are others that followed—Henneman, Wightman, Perrin Smith, Few, Muckenfuss, Rembert, Wallace, Waller, Hollis, Wolf, and so on. These have made it easy for you to follow, for it is now a well-blazed path fast getting to be a highway, that leads from Wofford to Vanderbilt and the University of Virginia, to Harvard and Johns Hopkins, to Leipzig and Berlin.

How I came to take the great first step, to determine upon a university course, I cannot quite say. There were no university traditions here then; no Wofford man of my acquaintance had done it. When I finished college, I knew that I did not know anything; dread of the monotony and drudgery of merely teaching school did the rest. My choice of a university fell not unnaturally upon Harvard. It was the oldest American seat of learning and ranked perhaps as the best. I went, and found there all that was advertised, and something that was not in the catalogue. I found what I had not especially thought of, that it was perhaps the chief gathering place of the

best young talent from all over the country. Two or three years later, Johns Hopkins, starting as the first real American university, had at once unprecedented and phenomenal success in becoming a center for the best talent, both in faculty and students; but I was before Johns Hopkins' day. I went to Harvard, and all the rest followed. Many there had studied abroad; there were many scholars of national, some of international, reputation, and I studied under some of these. Professor Goodwin was away in Italy; but Frederick D. Allen was there—"the most German of them all," as one of his colleagues called him—and I had courses under him, as under Child in English, and Lane in Latin. The man who taught me most at the time was an instructor in German, George A. Bartlett; but the one who influenced me above all was F. D. Allen. Meeting me one day on the Harvard grounds, he said abruptly: "You must go to Germany; if you want to be a scholar, you must go to Germany!" That had been the dream of my youth, but how was I to do it? The remark stuck, and I brooded over it till one night when, walking with Patton, a senior from North Carolina, who had spent a year in Europe, working his way over there as he had worked his way at Harvard, he said to me: "You can go to Germany if you

want to; it will not cost you any more there than here." That practically settled it. I spent at Harvard only six months; but it was the epoch of my life. The intellectual atmosphere was a tonic to me; the presence of real scholars inspired me; association with some able and aspiring fellow-students helped me; I seemed to be charged with some sort of electrical influence which kept me alert and enabled me to work at high pressure. I went to bed every night as the clock of the Unitarian Church on Harvard Square struck twelve, and rose at seven, spurred on by keen ambition, and full of joy in my work. I was there again last July for the first time in twenty-nine years. I stayed in Quincy street, just opposite President Eliot's, and that first night I walked round Harvard Square, feeling more than seeing the old places, calling back the old scenes.

I went in the summer of 1874 to Leipzig, and there all sorts of influences drew me toward scholarship. Germany is the land of Wissenschaft. I heard lecture at Leipzig and Berlin some world-renowned scholars—the Curtius brothers, Ritschl, Kirchhoff, Hermann Grimm, and once I saw Mommsen. But what I got out of my first trip abroad, as I now look back at it, was chiefly the acquisition of the German language and the general expansion of my intellectual and spiritual

horizon—what I saw and experienced in Leipzig, in Berlin, in Switzerland, in Italy. For that period, I think I got more out of contact with aspiring young men of my own age than from great professors, for I was not yet ready for the best the latter could do for me. At Wofford, I stood for Spartanburg and knew only South Carolinians, though many of these were the old war fellows; at Harvard I stood for South Carolina and met men from all parts of the country, my especial friends being from Massachusetts, North Carolina, Pennsylvania, Ohio, Louisiana, New York, Mississippi; in Germany I represented North America and met some picked young men from many countries—the United States, Germany, England, Greece, Italy. At George Curtius' first lecture, Baskervill and I sat together near the front. The room was crowded. Just before the great scholar appeared, a man at my right said to me, by way of introduction, "I am Lovell, from Wisconsin." "And I am Smith, from South Carolina," I replied. "Then let me introduce you to Professor Walter, of the University of Michigan," said he. "And let me introduce you," I replied, "to Mr. Baskervill, of Tennessee." You may guess that was a cosmopolitan asemblage. What such association might mean to me you realize when I tell you that then,

and still more in my second university period five years later, I was thrown with Baskervill, of Vanderbilt; Caspar René Gregory, for many years now professor in Leipzig University; Samuel Ives Curtiss, of Chicago Theological Seminary; Sihler, of New York University; Primer, of Texas University; Paul Cauer, the Homeric scholar of Germany; Bloomfield, of John Hopkins; Carl Roethe, the Germanist of Göttingen; Lyon, of Harvard; Green, of William-Jewell College; Hopkins, of Yale; Smyth, of Harvard; Birge, of Wisconsin; Genung, of Amherst; Latimer, of Davidson; Kerfoot, of Louisville Theological Seminary.

The university stadium is the time when the young man has complete Lernfreiheit—that is, he studies what he likes; and he specializes now because he has found his vocation and is preparing for it. The personal relation between pupil and master is here even more important than before. The young man does not need now to be led, but to have opportunity to form himself, perhaps unconsciously, on a good model. To inspire your student with the desire to become a scholar is to do him a great service; to show him how to do it unconsciously by your own habits of work is to do him a boundless favor. The great German university professor has two things always

in mind: one is his Wissenschaft, his science or special field of work; the other is finding among his pupils some men of extraordinary talent who shall hand on the torch of learning. He may lecture to a large number, but he lets only a select few into his inner circle, his Seminar or Gesellschaft, and of these he consecrates a very few to carry on his special work. "Ritschl hat drei von seinen Schuelern in seine Methode eingeweiht," said Lange, one day in a lecture. (He has consecrated three of his pupils to his method.) Consecrate is a fitting term for one who is to undertake a great work of scholarship. It is like setting a man apart for a priesthood. Now is the time the master shows his power. I remember hearing two men at different times give very diverse estimates of Professor Whitney, as a teacher. "He was a poor instructor," said one, who had been a sophomore saying "required" lessons in German to Whitney. "He was the greatest teacher, the most inspiring influence I ever came under," said the other, who had gone as a graduate student to Yale to study Sanskrit and Comparative Philology under one of the world's great masters.

The last stage of the evolution. Our young scholar has now got his impulse, received his training, has won his Ph.D., has found a place

to teach and earn his bread; what more? He must mix with other and older scholars, attend the linguistic or scientific or historical associations, for the sake of contact with and impulse from other workers. He will find this the most helpful and stimulating thing in the world, not necessarily the papers he hears there, but the men he meets. The bearing of some of the masters of his science may furnish him a good lesson. For instance, I remember that at the first meeting of the Philological Association I ever attended, the only two men who sat out every session and heard every paper were the Nestors of the Association, W. D. Whitney and F. A. March. And while he is getting so much himself, the young scholar may possibly have the good luck to win recognition from some great authority. Frederick Allen went up from Knoxville, Tenn., to read a paper at New Haven in 1889, and James Hadley predicted of him, "The coming philologist of America." To Frederick Allen that was like Goethe's recognition of Carlyle across the German Ocean as a "new moral force the outcome of which it is impossible to predict." What a privilege it is to have made such a discovery of a scholar or a writer, and what a boon is such recognition to the man discovered! The aspiring young soul needs nothing so much as the

assurance from some greater man—"I believe in you!"

Having a place in which to earn his bread—and it is important not so much that the first place be a big one as that he fill it well—he must contrive to be at once an efficient teacher and a productive worker. Fortunately, there is no contradiction here. His pupils need not be defrauded if he makes investigations and publishes papers, for usually the most productive worker is also the most inspiring teacher.

But not only must there be productive work; some large work must be undertaken. The new president of the University of Wisconsin, himself one of our foremost scientific investigators, expressed the idea recently in a talk to the faculty:

> A scholar should plan early some large work. One may take up a subject and produce a doctor's thesis, then another doctor's thesis, and another, for a dozen years. That is spasmodic work, and men who do only spasmodic work rarely do great work. Such men cross the dead line beyond which it is impossible to do great work without knowing it, some at forty, some at fifty. But men who do a great piece of work generally have it planned early, some at forty, some at thirty-five, some at thirty. When the great work is undertaken, a work of years, less may be published for a time, but the final results tell.

President Van Hise never studied in Germany,

but that is precisely the German university idea. Germany is the land of monographs and learned papers, and there are more technical periodicals in that country than in all the rest of the world perhaps; but every university scholar has his Hauptwerk, on which his reputation mainly rests, and his chief course, for which students resort to him not only from other German universities, but from foreign lands.

Large scholarly tasks need time and patience; the biggest are the work of a lifetime. I remember how I was impressed twelve years ago by a remark of the young scholar Gonzalez Lodge, made at Charlottesville. "It is refreshing to see a man pursuing a large subject like a German," said he, referring to some studies in Thucydides that had begun to appear at the annual meetings of the Philological Association. The remark characterized more Lodge himself than the other. Nothing large has yet come from the Thucydides studies, but the first installment of a great Plautus-Lexicon was issued by Professor Lodge a year or so ago, and the classical scholars of New York expressed their appreciation of this earnest of an epoch-making work by giving the author a public dinner. It will take a lifetime to complete, but it is exhaustive in scope and will be the enduring monument of its author.

What America most needs is genuine scholars, men of scholarly spirit, of such enthusiasm for the discovery of truth as to be willing to make any sacrifice for it, who form large plans and live up to them. Such scholarly work may be, and generally is, a sort of forty years in the wilderness, during which there is no popular applause, with only one's plan of work as a pillar of smoke by day and a pillar of fire by night to lead on to the promised land. But all else is insignificant in view of the goal. In every institution of any size in the country there are three classes of scholars. Some are merely masquerading as such, deceiving others and possibly themselves—avoid these as you would the plague! Others there are, and possibly a majority, who are filled with scholarly ideals, but live and die without attaining them. Of this second class perhaps I may claim to be. But I sing with Browning,

> What I aspired to be,
> And was not, comforts me.

But there are still others, and the smallest class, who have scholarly ambitions and ideals, live up to them, and reach their goal: they are God's anointed, and happy are young men who come under the influence of these. And what are the

rewards of such scholars? Not generally large in money values, but something better. First there is the satisfaction of knowing, second of having contributed to human knowledge, thirdly the homage of old pupils, especially those who have succeeded in the world and who believe in one—the most human and the deepest of joys; and lastly, popular recognition, though this often comes after the scholar is gone.

What are the things that work against scholarship in America? Lack of adequate reward? Small salaries? Partly; but still more the lack of true scholarly spirit in the man, and of a scholarly atmosphere to work in. The real God-endowed scholar hankers not after the flesh-pots of Egypt; he wants merely enough to sustain him and the means to work out his plans. The hindrances to him are greater from within than from without. He may be led astray by desire for popular applause, a craving for appreciation of his work as he goes along; he may be a good speaker and have executive talent, and for all such college presidencies are pitfalls hard to avoid. There is danger again that the scholar who might be a thinker and discoverer, who is loyal to his calling and not tempted overmuch by desire for popular applause or college presidencies, may expend himself completely on his

pupils. He may have eager, clever pupils—God's best gift to him—and may find so much satisfaction in becoming a stimulating, helpful influence to them that he sacrifices before he knows it all his scholarly ambitions on the altar of their advancement, doing them an incalculable service, it is true, but still a dis-service to the cause of scholarship. If any one is to be excused for not reaching the highest goal of scholarship, surely it is such a one.

A few words in conclusion about the position of the ripened scholar. His is a happy lot. His pupils look up to him with reverence as well as affection. The world honors him for his plain living and high thinking and calls him a sage. An unconscious but perpetual protest against the sordid money-making spirit, he draws out all the highest impulses of his students while they are with him, and remains always as the embodiment of their souls' aspirations, an idealized memory which prompts to noble effort, or, like an angel with flaming sword, stands in the way of him who would go wrong. It is well for the young men that they sit at the feet of such men to learn, not to criticise. Andrew D. White describes the impression made upon him at twenty-four by the great historian von Ranke at sixty:

He had a habit of becoming so absorbed in his subject as to slip down in his chair, hold his finger up toward the ceiling, and then with his eye fastened upon the top of it go mumbling through a kind of rhapsody, which most of my German fellow-students confessed they could not understand. It was a comical sight: half a dozen students crowding around his desk listening to the professor, as priests might listen to the sibyl on her tripod, the other students being scattered through the room in various stages of discouragement.

Perhaps the intention was to reveal only Mr. White's disappointment; and yet the picture of those reverential and enthusiastic young Germans for their great master is all that remains in my mind, after twenty years, of Minister White's account of how he was educated. Another lecture scene comes to my mind in connection with the last. Professor Gildersleeve describes it:

Some years ago I attended a lecture by a great master. The theme was the vanishing of weak vowels in Latin. Candor compels me to state that although I pride myself on being interested in the most uninteresting things I should have chosen another subject for a specimen lecture. Candor compels me to state also that I very much question whether the illustrious teacher would accept all his own teachings to-day, such progress do grammarians make in devouring themselves as well as one another. I was much struck with the tone in which he announced his subject. It was the tone of a man who had seen the elements melt with

fervent heat, and the weak vowels vanish at the sound of the last trump. The tone, indeed, seemed entirely too pathetic for the occasion; but as he went on and marshaled the facts, and set in order the long lines that connected the disappearance of the vowel with the downfall of a great nationality, and great linguistic, great moral, great historical laws marched in stately procession before the vision of the student, the airy vowels that had flitted into the Nowhere seemed to be the lost soul of Roman life, and the Latin language, Roman literature, and Roman history were clothed with a new meaning.

It is indeed well with young men who pass out from any great presence saying to one another, "Did not our hearts burn within us while he talked with us?" Of all the great teachers I have known who had the power thus to draw and warm young men's souls, I should mention especially four: Dr. Hopkins, of Williams, whom I knew at eighty—"Mark the perfect man," his students called him; Dr. Garland, the clearest of teachers, whose daily life was better than a revival; Dr. Bascom, sometime president of the University of Wisconsin, the impression of whose visit to Madison some years ago was as if one of the prophets of old had passed by; the fourth the single survivor of the old guard of Wofford's faculty, the chief of all the beneficent influences that ever operated here to produce scholars, still

more to make men. This semi-centennial of the college is his jubilee, and we are back here above all to do honor to him, because, in a truer, fuller sense than I have ever known in the case of any other man, he is the college. Dr. Carlisle, you wrote me last year, "The gratitude of men makes me mourn." I think I know what you meant; but your modesty will have to bear with us at this commencement. This is our day. It is good, too, for us to feel gratitude and express it, and it can do you no harm. When I pay homage to you as the best man I have ever known and the most potent human influence in my life, I am but voicing the sentiment of the great host of Wofford's sons and paying the college the highest tribute.

> But thou wouldst not alone
> Be saved, my father! alone
> Conquer and come to the goal,
> Leaving the rest in the wild.
> We were weary, and we
> Fearful, and we in our march
> Fain to drop down and to die.
> Still thou turnedst, and still
> Beckonedst the trembler, and still
> Gavest the weary thy hand.
>
> If, in the paths of the world,
> Stones might have wounded thy feet,
> Toil or dejection have tried
> Thy spirit, of that we saw

Nothing—to us thou wast still
Cheerful, and helpful, and firm!
Therefore to thee it was given
Many to save with thyself;
And, at the end of thy day,
O faithful shepherd! to come,
Bringing thy sheep in thy hand.

And through thee I believe
In the noble and great who are gone;
Pure souls honor'd and blest
By former ages, who else—
Such, so soulless, so poor,
Is the race of men whom I see—
Seem'd but a dream of the heart,
Seem'd but a cry of desire.
Yes! I believe that there lived
Others like thee in the past,
Not like the men of the crowd
Who all round me to-day
Bluster or cringe, and make life
Hideous, and arid, and vile;
But souls tempered with fire,
Fervent, heroic, and good,
Helpers and friends of mankind.

XIV.

CHARACTER AND PERSONAL INFLUENCE.[1]

I CARRIED away with me from here fourteen years ago a feeling about Southern, and especially Vanderbilt University, students which has doubtless through time and distance become somewhat idealized. I was greatly impressed during my first year here (1882-83) with the spirit of the students at examinations. The time limit was then five hours—it had already been cut down from six to five hours—and when spread over two weeks it was little short of cruelty to animals. But the students did not hold mutinous class meetings or rebel. They simply went in with a sort of Balaklava spirit—

> Theirs not to reason why,
> Theirs but to do or die;

and they took the consequences—often a failure—if not cheerfully, at least stoically. I greatly admired this fighting spirit of the Vanderbilt

[1]Commencement Address at Vanderbilt University, June 16, 1908.

students from the start; and my respect for the student attitude here grew during the following eleven years. Nothing in my life can ever so impress and touch me as my experience here during my last year. I had suffered in the spring of 1893 the cruelest blow that can befall a man; and in trying to right myself after that catastrophe, I had felt, "Now I must stop writing and put my life into young human souls." I needed comfort and sympathy, and I taught that last year (1893-94) as I had never taught before; I gave myself up to my students, and they responded; they lifted me out of the slough of brooding by cheerfully meeting every demand, or even wish, of mine. I shall never forget the impression made on President Adams, when he came in March, 1894, to entice me away, on finding that all the members of my highest elective came every Monday night to my study to read Sophocles' *Œdipus Rex*, as an optional and without credit. Perhaps they were unusual students even in Vanderbilt, for Miss Annie Paschall and Bates were in the class. I have always maintained that the estimate of a professor given by his best students was worth far more than that of the president or of all one's colleagues, for the students know what their teacher knows and can do; one's colleagues have only a general

opinion. At any rate, I think my students settled my fate in 1894, and President Adams made the trade he came to see about. I remember sending for a graduate of the University of Wisconsin, who held a fellowship here at the time (now a professor in the University of Iowa), to ask him about the habits of studiousness at the University of Wisconsin. He said: "You will find a great many hard-working students at Madison; the majority do study. But I never saw anything like this place; everybody studies here; it is bad form at Vanderbilt not to work hard."

And in my fourteen years of absence how my old Vanderbilters have helped me! Letters have come to me from college and university presidents, from editors and lawyers, from students in Germany, and missionaries in far-away China and Japan, that have stayed up my weary hands and kept me from losing all faith in myself. And now at the end of fourteen years in a far country I have come home on a visit, feeling much as I have seen East-Tennesseans coming back from the prairies of Texas and catching from the car window the first sight of the mountains of Tennessee, the home of their childhood.

I have idealized everything here, no doubt; but I do not want to be disillusioned, at least not yet. I have not asked Dr. Kirkland or Dr.

Dudley how far I am still right about Vanderbilt men and women; I am going to keep my illusion, if it be such, at least till I have got through this speech. With such sentiments toward Vanderbilters, I have wanted to bring you a message. If I have not idealized out of all reason Southern youth as represented here, then it is natural that the question has kept recurring ever since I was invited to perform this honorable duty, What sort of men are fit to work with and mold and influence Southern youth?

My experience at Vanderbilt, after studying at Harvard and teaching at Williams, convinced me that Southern youth are more susceptible to personal influence, as Southern men are, I think, more ready to accept personal leadership, than is the case anywhere else. They are willing to work themselves half to death for a teacher, if they like him, and their loyalty to the man is apt to be transmuted into love of his subject. This is quite as it should be—the best and safest thing. There is, of course, a difference in the value of studies; but any of the leading ones will serve the purposes of discipline and culture. "It makes very little difference what you study," said Emerson; "but it is in the highest degree important with whom you study." The man is the thing of supreme importance. Most young people are

naturally hero-worshipers, and this soul-longing is apt, when it reaches outside of the family circle, to fix first upon some older comrade, then upon some teacher. Such enthusiasms are natural and wholesome, and I think a youth has missed the best that period of life has to offer who has not felt his soul go out thus to some teacher. Such a soul-yearning is at once a stimulus and a safeguard; it bids him work to please his mentor; it safeguards him in temptation with the thought, "What will ——— think of me if I do that?" "Cherish the natural sentiment of personal devotion to the teacher who calls out your better powers," says President Eliot. "It is a great delight to serve an intellectual master. . . . If ever in after years you come to smile at the youthful reverence you paid, believe me, it will be with tears in your eyes."

There is another quality close akin to loyalty which is, I think, inherent in the Southern temperament—namely, a spirit of reverence. "There is one thing," says Carlyle, "which no child brings into this world with him, and without which all other things are of no use: . . . *Reverence,* the soul of all religion that has ever been among men, or ever will be." The manners of the people are a sort of outward evidence

of this spirit. Southerners are, I believe, universally conceded to be the politest people in the country; and I like the habit that obtains universally in South Carolina, and in many Southern colleges, of students lifting their hats to their superiors or elders. It is a beautiful custom; it is at least good for the youth who thus shows respect; and it doesn't hurt anybody else. I confess that I like, too, the Southern way of saying "Yes, sir," and "No, sir." There is such a thing as being too democratic. I went once into the city of Charleston on a train loaded with Northern teachers, and I shall never forget the impression made upon those teachers by the politeness of the young men of Charleston. Among a people in whose blood there is so large a strain of the Cavalier or the Huguenot, it is not hard to cultivate this spirit.

Along with and close akin to loyalty and reverence, I think there is in the nature of the Southerner another quality essential in training for life's duties—namely, the sentiment of honor. It might be too much to claim that the Southerner pays his debts better than other people; but he has always prided himself on keeping his word, and you dare not call him a liar; if you impugn what he esteems his honor, he has always been prone to shoot, either in a duel or otherwise.

One thing is certain: you can trust to students' honor in Southern colleges not to cheat on examination. The thing has been tested and proved too many times and in too many colleges to be doubted. There have been exceptions at Vanderbilt, at the University of Virginia, and perhaps at all our colleges; but these have been sporadic, and only proved the rule. I came to Vanderbilt in 1882 rather skeptical as to the "honor system"; but that year or the next I saw the members of a fraternity appear before the faculty with the charge and the proof of dishonesty in examination against one of their own number, and asking that he be expelled. Then I knew the "honor system" would work; and the longer I stayed here and the more I observed, the more I was sure of it. The most impressive scene I ever witnessed here was when the venerable Chancellor Garland one Wednesday morning announced from this platform that a certain graduate, whose name he withheld, had sent back his diploma. It had been returned with the confession that in a single examination the student had used forbidden help; and though he had never been suspected, and years had passed, he had never had any peace of mind. He therefore returned his diploma, and asked that his name be stricken from the roll of alumni and

announcement made of his confession, preferring public disgrace rather than to bear longer the intolerable memory of a single secret sinful act. The Chancellor said that he had, after much consideration, decided that the young man's repentance and suffering had been a sufficient atonement for his error, and insisted on his retaining his diploma. But the young man would not consent. "Here is the diploma," said Dr. Garland, holding out the mutilated parchment; "but I have cut out the name, and the secret shall die with me." This hall was as still as death. The Chancellor had conveyed his lesson in morality. No one who heard that short impressive statement and saw the effect upon the students could believe such a thing likely to occur again as long as that tradition remained at the university. Since I have seen a whole student body, generations of them, so filled with this sentiment of keeping a pledge—the very atmosphere of the institution charged with it—I have felt that men who had breathed such an atmosphere ought to be able to withstand the bribes offered in city council or legislature or Congress, the temptations in banks or railway offices. I believe the statistics of Vanderbilt alumni in such matters would, on the whole, prove that the "honor system" works with them in life. I do not think

it is altogether accident that the man who has made the greatest reputation in the whole country as prosecutor of boodlers is an old Vanderbilter.

If the characteristics of the typical Southern youth are such as I have defined, then it is a mere commonplace to say that teaching is a glorious business. Of course it is, here or anywhere. "To be young is very heaven"; and the youth are the hope of any country. Jowett, the great master of Balliol College, used to speak of the "unspeakable importance of the four critical years between about eighteen and twenty-two"; and a few months before his death he wrote: "I think that the best and happiest part of my life has been spent with them [undergraduates] and with Plato." When John Bright went to Oxford to receive his D.C.L. degree, they took him to a point whence he could look down on "that sweet city with her dreaming spires." Rousing himself at length from the spell which the scene seemed to cast over him, he remarked: "How glorious it would be to be eighteen years old again and to be coming here!" In the winter preceding the Republican Convention of 1888, when all men expected John Sherman to be the next presidential nominee of his party, I heard him say from this platform in a

tone of absolute sincerity: "Young men, I would give all that I have accomplished in the world, all that I hope to accomplish, my fondest dreams and ambitions, for the privilege of sitting on these benches and doing it all over again." President Eliot said in his inaugural address, forty years ago save one: "Whoever wishes to do some perpetual good in the world, whoever hopes to win that finest luxury, must exert his influence upon the young, the healthy, the promising." And only last January I heard him say in an address to a vast audience of students at Madison: "I am an optimist, because I have been all my life in the stream of young men flowing into and out of college doors." To be congratulated above all others is the youth who is just entering college. Such a circle he will never again find among men. There are gathered the hope of the country, the youths of ambition, of high aspirations, of still unlowered, untarnished ideals. Socrates, the greatest of all Athenians, knew all that. For him to live, even in fathomless poverty, at Athens, where he could talk with young men like Plato and Phædo and Simmias and Cebes, was better than to be a courtier, in ease and luxury, in the palace of the King of Macedon; so when Archelaus invited him to come, he replied: "At Athens one can buy a gallon of flour

for a drachma, and one can drink water for nothing; I will stay in Athens." He was wise to stay there. It was men he was interested in, and human conduct he was chiefly concerned about; and only at Athens could be found young men like Plato and Phædo, Alcibiades and Xenophon.

What are the chief requisites, we may now ask, in those to whom are to be intrusted the all-important work of instructing young men and women and molding their characters? First, and absolutely indispensable, of course, are ability and scholarship; and in the higher forms there must be enthusiasm for research, insatiable love of scientific truth and zeal to impart it. But further and quite as important are other qualities, if education means, as Jowett understood it, "the training of character as well as mere instruction." The professor must be a gentleman as well as a scholar. There must be a clean life, sound morals, love of and sympathy with youth, winning personality, the zeal of a pastor, unselfishness—all that we sum up under the term "character."

I am more and more inclined, as I grow older, to lay stress upon unselfishness as the chief element in character, and to feel that solicitude for the religious well-being of the pupil is a nec-

essary constituent of unselfishness. Dr. Arnold always felt that he must be pastor as well as instructor of his pupils. If the teacher inspires admiration by his scholarship, if he makes his subject interesting and attractive, if he wins confidence by his character and personal devotion by his lovableness, he is a treasure beyond price. "That is all commonplace," some one may object; "everybody admits that. But how are you going to get such teachers?" "Buy them at a great price," some say; "pay big salaries; the best talent is going, not into scholarship and teaching, but into business, because the money rewards are greater there. Universities must go into the markets and bid against the railroads and manufacturing corporations; the university professor must get his ten thousand or twenty thousand a year, as the great banker or stockbroker." I don't think that will solve the problem. You can buy talent in the market: but those other and more necessary additional things—scientific zeal, wholesome and winsome personality, character —never are for sale in the market, and cannot be bought with money. Besides, the universities cannot compete with steel trusts, mammoth railway syndicates, great insurance companies; these can always outbid them. But the universities can console themselves; not so much is lost after

all. The men that are bought off into business only follow their bent; they are not called to teach or pursue research in science or philosophy or literature. They might have done part of the work of a President Eliot—run the business side of the university—but that is all. Who ever thought of Faraday or Darwin or Huxley, Agassiz or Whitney or Gildersleeve, being invited to become the head of a bank or railway? It is absurd to think of, and at any time in their careers they would have made answer to such temptations in Agassiz's words: "I have no time to make money." And most of them would not succeed if they tried. The late President Harper might, I believe, have become a great captain of industry as easily as he was a great university president; but he could never have been enticed away into business. His heart was really in his study and teaching, not in his presidency; he used to say if he had to give up the presidency of the university or the professorship of Semitic languages, it would be the former he would resign, not the latter.

I think the really great teachers have a call to teach, as the preachers feel a call to preach, Their services will never be adequately rewarded in money; and that is not the prime object with them. Fair salaries they should have, because

they have a right to live comfortably, to go into good society, to buy books, to have the means to pursue research, to travel some, and to bring up a family. But beyond that I doubt if it is well to go. There is a danger of commercializing education in putting salaries on a strictly money basis, as well as in teaching bookkeeping in college instead of Latin and Greek. We teachers must get our reward in something better than money—in the dignity and prestige belonging to the position; in research; in the pursuit of high ideals; in the discovery of God-given talent, and stimulating, developing, molding this; in the homage that comes after a while from one's disciples. "Did not our hearts burn within us as he talked to us?" said the two disciples when the now recognized Jesus suddenly vanished from their sight after that wonderful talk by the way and at Emmaus. We have all had something like that experience at some epoch in our lives. "There come moments when some intimate experience is confided to us, and then in the pause of talk we become aware that we are in the presence of a human soul behind the familiar face of our friend, and that we are on holy ground." It is at such moments that the best teaching is done. Neither master nor disciple is aware that it is a lesson; it is not instruc-

tion, but communion. Both sides are off guard, all barriers are down, and nothing hinders the influence of spirit upon spirit.

It is the personality, then, of the teacher that is all-important. "When a man recalls his educational experience," says Mr. Mabie, "he finds that many of his richest opportunities were not identified with subjects or systems or apparatus, but with teachers." As we look back after twenty years, we find that most of the men who lectured to us have faded away with the lessons we learned from them; but here and there a personality is still distinct, as in the mountains at sunrise a high peak stands out here and there, like an Ægean island, in the sea of fog that has settled down upon all the rest. Those were the teachers who had the happy faculty to "impart the breath of life by giving us inspiration and impulse." They were the ones that revealed to us the rich personalities of the past, mediated between us and the great books in which is stored up the wisdom of the ages. Real teaching must be, as Edward Thring used to say, transmission "from the living, through the living, into the living." These middle men through whom the living stream is to come to young men and women in the critical period of their college days ought to be rich and strong and winning personalities.

Most men who do much in the world point back to some teacher who opened their eyes to a new world about them, and the chief element in the transformation is always sympathy. By means of that the soul of the disciple opens to the influence of the master as the flower to the radiance of the sun. So Bishop McTyeire pointed to Landon C. Garland, Bishop Galloway to L. Q. C. Lamar, Dr. Baskervill and Dr. Tillett to Thomas R. Price, Dr. Alexander to Dr. Broadus, President Adams to Andrew D. White, President Garfield to Mark Hopkins.

Shall I name one or two of these great teachers whom I have known? I came in my college days under the influence of one of these strong personalities. He has lived his whole life of eighty-three years in the state where he was born, and that whole state has been more influenced for good by him in that long period than by any other man. He has taught fifty-four years in the same small college, and has given impulse and inspiration to many generations of college boys—one of the ablest and the very best man I have ever known, the most potent human influence in my life.

> To thee it was given
> Many to save with thyself;
> And at the end of thy day,

O faithful shepherd, to come,
Bringing thy sheep in thy hand.

When I speak of Dr. Carlisle, I am sure to think also of dear, good, simple, sincere Dr. Garland. There will never be another college president like him in America. "The beauty of declining years, the nobility of race and of high-bred appearance, the sunlit eyes, the fine mouth and frank, kindly countenance—a type, in short, of one who has lived an honest, well-filled life, whose conscience is easy and whose soul is pure." The words were written about an ideal French old gentleman, but surely they describe Chancellor Garland. I see him now in his favorite seat toward evening—the bench under the magnolia at his front door—a frail, thin old man, much bent, his white hair covered with a velvet cap, his dress simple, his features strongly marked, and strikingly like Henry Clay's. Over sixty years professor, and president at different times of three colleges or universities, he had had many honors; but they had sought him, not he them. He had worn his honors as he would a garment; they were not a part of him, and he could lay them aside as he put off a garment. But his honor, his honesty, his sincerity, his fidelity, his truthfulness, his trust in God, his serenity of disposition, his love of birds and trees and flowers

and children, were part of his nature, and he could not lay them off. What made bad students respect him, good students revere him, alumni venerate him, the faculty and their wives and children look up to him as to one of the old Hebrew patriarchs? It was his character—the character of a simple, austere, kindly, gentle, sweet, truthful, sincere, righteous, noble man. He was greater than anything he did; like Nathanael of old, a man in whom was no guile, and free from all selfishness. While he lived here his daily walk was better for the students than a religious revival, and his memory is one of the chief assets of an institution in whose service have died men like Summers, McTyeire, Dodd, Reese, Briggs, Morgan, Malone, Menees, Maddin, Merrill, Safford, Baskervill, and Tigert.

"The noble desire to honor those whom you think worthy of honor," Thomas Carlyle commended to the students of Edinburgh University. Reverence is a priceless quality in young people, and it seems such a natural and easy thing when a man like Dr. Carlisle or Dr. Garland is on a college campus; and problems of discipline and diligence are so much easier in the atmosphere of such teachers. Be glad, young men and women of Vanderbilt, that you still have with you a figure worthy of such reverence, a professor modest

as he is learned, the best-read man that ever was here—the senior member of the present faculty. His presence on these grounds is a benediction.

William James, the great Harvard psychologist, made recently a very wise speech to the students of Radcliffe College.

> The higher education [he said] should enable us to know a good man when we see him. . . . The feeling for a good human job anywhere, the admiration for the really admirable, the disesteem of what is cheap and trashy and impermanent—this is what we call the critical sense, the sense for ideal values; it is the better part of what men know as wisdom. . . . The sense for human superiority ought then to be our line. . . . Our colleges ought to have lit up in us a lasting relish for the better kind of man, a loss of appetite for mediocrities and a disgust for cheap-jacks. We ought to smell, as it were, the difference in quality in men and their proposals when we enter the world of affairs about us.

But in talking of the chief business of the higher education, to "enable us to know a good man when we see him," Professor James had in mind a safeguard against a possible danger to democracy. He is talking of a European's view when he says: "Vulgarity enthroned and institutionalized, elbowing everything from the highway—this they tell us is our irremediable destiny." But I think it is easy to see that he fears

the European view of us may prove to be right. "The privileged aristocracies of the foretimes, with all their iniquities," he says, "did at least preserve some taste for higher human quality and honor certain forms of refinement by their enduring traditions." And one readily recalls that this was just the view of Dr. Arnold of Rugby.

I share the feeling of danger threatening democracy to which Professor James refers, and I believe in his remedy. Young people in college and university must be taught to know a good man when they see him. And it seems to me we Southern people have had in our own time as remarkable an object lesson of this sort as the world ever saw—a good and great man, idolized by a whole people, tried by the severest tests under the blaze of the search-lights of the whole civilized world. Some of us know, and the rest have heard and read, of what happened in this country from 1860 to 1870. There was offered then, unconsciously, what might be called a university course in ethics to form or test the character of a whole people. General Robert E. Lee was the instructor, and his immediate scholars were, from 1861 to 1865, the Army of Northern Virginia, from 1865 to 1870 the students and faculty of Washington College; but back of these, and look-

ing on as a vast audience at a great trial scene, stood the whole Southern people; back of these, a still wider outer circle, the whole American nation; and back of these we see now already coming into view the circle of the whole civilized world. To their honor be it said they stood the test; the army and the whole people of the South responded as the needle to the magnet. They had a supremely great and good man among them, peerless, I think, in the whole history of the American people,—I say this with a full appreciation of Washington and Lincoln,—and they knew the good man when they saw him. The best proof was the unparalleled confidence and devotion of the whole Southern army, the trust and homage of his whole people. This confidence and trust, born of an unprecedented series of victories in 1862, grew into devotion and loyalty such as, it seems to me, no man, even a military hero, has ever before aroused and so completely retained, an allegiance as unwavering and unquestioned in defeat as in victory. Gettysburg was a crucial test; Appomattox was the supreme proof. The army, the people, accepted the final result without criticism or blame of their great leader. They felt, they knew, that "Marse Robert" had done all that human agency could accomplish, that defeat was unavoidable because

he could not forfend it. Because they were able to recognize the worth of such a man and submit unquestioningly to his guidance, they were able as a people to endure the terrible strain of reconstruction days with a heroism almost equal to that of war times. When a whole people looks up with pride and complete devotion to a supremely great and good man, the whole mass is uplifted and purified. Ah, my friends, I do not see how the people that produced and appreciated General Lee can ever become degenerate while that memory lasts!

And now, finally, what is the lesson of the moment for us as a people to learn from our hero? It seems to me to be this: As I read the daily papers, I cannot help feeling that grave dangers are ahead of our democracy. Can we stand our prosperity? Will not the worship of the almighty dollar carry us as a people to perdition? I am afraid that what the Europeans say of us as a nation is true. As a people, we love the dollar better than anything else in the universe. If that be true, with the old checks of religion so largely gone and ethical standards so changed, what will save us? The men who have sold their souls for wealth are beyond redemption; we must appeal to the young. And what is so likely to be potent with them as the proof

that their ideal hero was above money and beyond price, his whole life an unconscious protest against the worship of wealth? Here is the proof. He was our finest gentleman, sprung from a line of noble ancestors reaching back through Robert Bruce of Scotland, to the Norman Conquest, the son of "Light-horse Harry" Lee and husband of the great-granddaughter of Martha Washington, owner of the baronial manor of Arlington and possessor otherwise of a princely fortune. He had lost all in the cataclysm of civil war; and when he was thus impoverished, this is what happened. In the autumn of 1863 the city council of Richmond voted him a house for his family, but he declined it, suggesting "that whatever means the city council may have to spare for this purpose may be devoted to the relief of the families of our soldiers in the field." After the war an English nobleman offered him a country estate with an annuity of £3,000; but he declined, saying: "I must abide the fortunes and share the fate of my people." In 1865 he accepted the presidency of Washington College at a salary of $1,500 a year; but when General Ewell, in 1868, gave $500 to the college on condition that it be added to General Lee's salary, the latter declined it, writing General Ewell: "I already receive from the college

a larger amount than my poor services are worth." He was invited to become the head of a firm in New York to represent Southern commerce, with a salary of $50,000; but this, too, he declined, saying: "I am grateful, but I have a self-imposed task which I must accomplish; I have led the young men of the South in battle; I have seen many of them die on the field; I shall devote my remaining energies to training young men to do their duty in life." The presidency of the Southern Insurance Company, in which Hampton, Gordon, B. H. Hill, and other distinguished ex-Confederates were directors, was offered him at a salary of $10,000; but this also he declined, saying: "I feel that I ought not to abandon the position I hold at Washington College at this time or as long as I can be of service to it." The distinguished ex-Confederate officer sent to make him the offer said: "We do not wish you to give up your present position, General, or to discharge any duties in connection with our company. The truth is, we only want your name connected with the company. That would amply compensate us for the salary we offer you." General Lee's face flushed, and he replied: "I am sorry, sir, that you are so little acquainted with my character as to suppose that my name is for sale at any price." "I found,"

says Dr. J. William Jones, "his letter-book filled with replies to offers of this character." In May, 1870, when General Lee was away seeking health, the board of trustees of the college deeded the president's house, which had been built under General Lee's supervision, to Mrs. Lee, with an annuity of $3,500. But he declined, saying: "I am unwilling that my family should become a tax to the college, but desire all its funds should be devoted to the purposes of education. I know that my wishes on this subject are equally shared by my wife." After the General's death the trustees sent Mrs. Lee a check for the first quarter of the annuity; but she promptly returned it, with a beautiful letter of thanks, saying that she could not accept the annuity, and was ready to give up the house to the new president whom they should elect. The new president elected was her own son, and she died in the president's house.

My chief motive in introducing here the character of Robert E. Lee is a recent personal experience. I read last winter nine volumes—several thousand pages—for light on his character. Perhaps I was homesick for my own people, and so drawn to their ideal hero; certainly I was curious to see whether an idol of my boyhood could bear the test of the scrutiny of disillusioned middle age. Few of the heroes of my youth have stood

such a test. I had tried it with Nelson; and I still regard him the "greatest sailor since the world began"; but his character did not stand the personal test. Self was too prominent. But in General Lee I was not disappointed. He was greater than I had ever dreamed. There is absolutely no littleness in that majestic man. "In God and godlike men we put our trust." Surely to our hero Tennyson's words are as appropriate as to the great Duke:

> The statesman-warrior, moderate, resolute,
> Whole in himself, a common good.
> . . . man of amplest influence,
> Yet clearest of ambitious crime,
> Our greatest, yet with least pretense,
> Great in council and great in war,
> Foremost captain of his time,
> Rich in saving common sense,
> And, as the greatest only are,
> In his simplicity sublime.
> O good gray head which all men knew,
> O voice from which their omens all men drew,
> O iron nerve to true occasion true,
> O fall'n at length that tower of strength
> Which stood four-square to all the winds that blew!

XV.

OUR OLD COUNTRY SCHOOL.

It was before the days of the public school system, and ours was a private neighborhood school where everybody was expected to pay tuition. It was a well-to-do neighborhood, and all the children went to school. The attendance was generally large, sometimes reaching perhaps a total of seventy-five. Everything was taught in the school, from A B C to the Latin and Greek required for college, and all the subjects by the single teacher, the daily school period covering four hours in the forenoon and three to four in the afternoon. Perhaps 1860 was the banner year in the history of the school; for we had that year a graduate of the South Carolina College, about twenty-four years old, tall (six feet, two), handsome—a genial, sympathetic, magnetic, born teacher, like "Auld Domsie." He was a good scholar (I think he had been second-honor man), loved boys and girls, and was the pride and honor of the school and of the neighborhood. A chance visitor would have guessed his popularity in midsummer from the long row

of mellow apples and luscious peaches on his desk, daily presented to him by his girls and boys.

The "three R's" formed naturally the great bulk of the work of the school, and the pupils' chief attention was given to spelling, penmanship, ciphering, geography, and parsing. Doubtless the most successful form of mental discipline in that school was spelling. It was perhaps a tradition, handed down from teacher to teacher, to close the day with a spelling match of the whole school. The book spelled from was the Abridged Webster's Dictionary, the lesson at least a page, and the line of spellers extended along the whole side of the schoolroom and doubled back at the end. The great honor was to stand "head," and this post was held until the occupant missed a word and was turned down. Our best speller was a girl named Mary, called "Puss" for short. She had never distinguished herself in any way until her ambition to stand at the head of the spelling class took possession of her. She studied the dictionary all day at school, perhaps dreamed it at home at night. At any rate, her position was usually "head," and in her hands it was almost impregnable. I remember standing once for three whole weeks second, eager and alert, hoping and praying that "Puss" would miss; but she did not. Now, a

great change took place in "Puss" as she grew toward womanhood. She had been a small, sallow, sandy-haired, unattractive girl; but after her most successful season in the dictionary spelling class, she suddenly blossomed out into a handsome, winsome maiden. Later she wore a stylish beaver, dressed fashionably (so my mother and sister said), and had her brother drive her to the village church when there was no service at the "chapel." In due time she made the best match of the neighborhood. I suppose it was only nature at work on "Puss," but somehow I have always believed it was the spelling class that started "Puss" toward the top in beauty as well as in matrimonial success. We hear a good deal these days about the advantages our children have in present school methods over the old, even in spelling. My boy certainly has an easier time spelling than I ever had. The process of learning to spell the English language has been simplified so that ten or twenty written words at a lesson, perhaps a day, are supposed to suffice for him. All very good—only he does not learn to spell. And when I was called on to speak on the subject at a meeting of the State Teachers' Association, I promptly angered everybody by saying that the process in the public schools was a premium on dawdling; that I knew it from

a boy who had been studying for three years at the rate of ten written words a lesson, and my estimate was that if he spelled all his life up to threescore and ten, then went to heaven, it would take him at that rate at least a thousand years in the land of the blessed to get a mastery of English spelling.

Since I began to write more than forty years have slipped away from me; and I see once more the dear old schoolhouse within a stone's throw of the Methodist church (Andrew Chapel), the neighborhood gravestones visible from its front windows. It was a frame building, weather-boarded and unceiled, about forty feet by fifteen. There was a chimney at each end of the single room, and a great writing-desk clear across the center which made practically two compartments, the north side for the girls, the south side for the boys. At recitation there was no distinction of sex. On Asbury Townsend in 1859, whom all the pupils feared, and Alpheus Watson in 1860, whom all loved, probably no tricks were played. The former believed in Solomon's precept, "Spare the rod and spoil the child," and I doubt if any boy could have boasted that Mr. Townsend had never whipped him. My oldest brother, I remember, went to the war in 1861 with the avowed intention, if he should ever

be engaged in the same battle with him, to shoot his old teacher in return for all the floggings he had got. But, of course, that was only a boy's talk. He was an excellent teacher, who believed whipping good for us physically and morally, and we respected while we feared him. But Reverend Henry Bass (1863), who was somewhat eccentric as well as very near-sighted, was so good a mark that it would not have been boy and girl human nature not to take advantage of him. It was great fun to see his face sometimes when he went to the front door in the morning with the big hand-bell and produced, as he swung it, not clear bronze notes, but only dull thuds from the paper-wrapped clapper. Sometimes, too, as he took his chair he would leap up abruptly and find a pin stuck up through the split-bottom. The best fun of the girls was to engage in the forbidden cracking of nuts on the hearth, just to see Mr. Bass rush at the stone left behind by the culprit. Sometimes the real stone was gone and a hot one left in its place, which he grabbed up and dropped precipitately. Of course everybody tittered, but no girl ever acknowledged her fault. Still better fun for the school was a trick often played upon him at evening prayers. He stood at the end of the long writing-desk, but while he was reading the lesson from the Bible not

seldom a mischievous boy or girl would pull up the tail of his long coat and fill his pocket with peach stonès. Ah, if grown people could only continue to find fun in such simple tricks as school children enjoy, how full of laughter life would be! But the greatest fun that ever happened was when some luckless man rode by the schoolhouse and called out, "School butter!" Instantly every boy, without waiting for leave, leaped out of the door and gave chase. If the offender was caught, he was sure to pay dearly for his folly by a mud-balling, a beating, or a ducking.

But could I go back now to the old schoolhouse, I would seek first the names of the big boys of 1860 rudely cut or scrawled on the walls, each name generally bracketed with that of his sweetheart. I have often thought it a pity that the old schoolhouse was not built of stone; for our big boys all volunteered early in the war, and of several of them the rude scrawl on the schoolhouse wall is the only epitaph in the world: for example, of Lewis Carter, who died at the front in Arkansas; of Vint Carter, who died in Virginia; of Jeff McCants, who was shot through the neck in one of the early battles; of Bob Rampy, who died; and of Moon Jones and Hart Rothrock and Tom Franklin, who were killed.

Bob Smith and Wister Watson and our beloved teacher, Alpheus Watson, came home from the war to die of typhoid fever, and a marble slab commemorates each; but the bones of the rest fill somewhere nameless trenches. How well I remember Tom Franklin's return on furlough, wounded in the big toe, in 1863, and the triumphant rounds he made in the neighborhood, accompanied by Mr. Carter, the best friend of all the young fellows. His whole stay was an ovation; and not without its pathos, for he returned to the war, and some time afterwards fell at the Wilderness. That name brings up, too, the image of another soldier, young Moore, from Texas, a kinsman of my mother's, who had been shot in the thigh at the Wilderness, and when he got out of the field hospital came to us in South Carolina to recruit. He used to tell, I remember, how General Lee tried to lead his brigade (Gregg's) to the charge at the Wilderness, and how at the sight men shed tears "who had not wept since their mothers whipped them last." We children went round with him, as Mr. Carter had gone with Tom Franklin, and it seemed as good as the "Odyssey" to hear his war stories. But when he was quite well he returned to the war, and some time afterwards we learned that a more fatal bullet had found him.

None of our young heroes was conscripted. They were all in the army before the first conscript act was passed. My oldest brother was seventeen and expecting to enter college in October, 1861; and our mother never let him attend a "muster" in the summer except in the company of our neighbor, Mr. Carter, who was to keep him from volunteering. He got off to college; but early in November, when his eighteenth birthday came, he volunteered with most of the rest of the Wofford students. As the younger fellows gradually attained military age, they too went; and when the last call came, in 1864 (from sixteen to sixty), it seemed to verify General B. F. Butler's characterization of it—"robbing both the cradle and the grave." It looked pitiable in the case of some boys who were small for sixteen, as was the case with my brother Frank; but none of them shirked. This call broke up even the village school; for Principal Watson went out with his larger boys, and the little ones had holiday till the war ended.

Passing some months ago through Chicago, where there are over two million people, just after I had been reading of General Lee holding all the winter of 1864-65 a line over thirty miles long with only thirty-five thousand men, I began to wonder if it was possible that the fighting

force of a dozen states was so reduced. Then I thought of our own neighborhood—the only district in the world with which I was thoroughly acquainted—and I could recall in a radius of three miles only one young fellow who shirked. He was small of stature, and did not grow any older for three years; but at last even he got in, I think. There were two cases in the outlying region where an old hurt to a limb brought a healthy-looking man again to his crutches, and where an arm became paralyzed; but outside of these three cases in the range of my knowledge, even gossip found no room for charges; the fighting men were all at the front.

I mentioned above that my brother's college, Wofford, was almost depopulated in 1861, and the following comparison of the University of Virginia and Harvard illustrates the point: In 1861 Harvard had 896 students; the University of Virginia, 604. From Harvard 73 students joined the first army of invasion; from the University of Virginia one-half volunteered at that time. Harvard had a total of 1,040 in the armies and navies of the United States; the University of Virginia, over 2,000 in the Confederate service. Of Harvard's 1,040, only 155 lost their lives; of the University of Virginia students, over 400.

XVI.

A UNIVERSITY FOR THE PEOPLE.

"How long do you expect to stay here?" asked President Eliot the day I reached Harvard. "As long as my money lasts," I answered. "Make it last!" he said. "Make up your mind to stay as long as you want to stay. Our boys go out into the hayfields in summer; they do anything to earn money to go on with their studies." He advised me to go for my coaching in German to a young North Carolinian of the senior class who was tutoring his way through college, saying, "He is coaching my son Charles in German." That remark of President Eliot's and my association with Patton gave me a new view of the opportunities and possibilities open to young Americans of getting an education. I had never seen any one working his way through college; since then I have found much interest and pleasure in watching the careers of unmoneyed but ambitious students. College doors are portals that open upon the fairest realms of life, and in America these are never sealed to youth who are determined to have an education.

Let me tell of some careers at this institution—a university for the people.[1]

When my house was building, some years ago, a Norwegian carpenter told me of his son, a bright boy and fond of books. The boy was in the high school, and the father said: "I am going to put him just as far as I can." What puts such ideas of higher education for their children into the heads of workingmen? Our system of public education. The carpenter has little money and pays small taxes, but the state gives his boy as good an opportunity as the rich man's son. The high school will cost him nothing, and the whole university course is open to him for ten dollars a semester. Just herein lies the greatest advantage that the Wisconsin workingman has over the Tennessean. Good public schools are universal in this state; their advantages are more generally utilized; it is more common to find sons and daughters of workingmen getting a university education. But concrete examples prove more than generalizations.

Another laborer, who helped in laying the sod when my house was finished, interested me because he was the hardest worker I ever saw, and because of his ambition for his children's edu-

[1]Written at the University of Wisconsin, August, 1907.

cation. He got a janitorship soon afterwards, and soon his son and daughter were in the university. But the son was more given to fiddling —his father came from Ole Bull's country—than to studying, and his case came before the faculty. Unfortunately the faculty as a body hears much more of the students that need discipline than of those that deserve praise. Knowing the hard-working father, it pained me to see the boy put on probation and finally drop out to go into business. Still, even that boy's meager education enables him now to earn in a clerkship considerably more than his diligent father gets. Another janitor died a few years ago after seventeen years' service. He was a faithful man, and got a good janitor's wage, with much praise. He had been thrifty, and had made fortunate investments—and it is quite as easy for a janitor out of his smaller salary to save something to invest as for the professor. Certainly the German shepherd of the Agricultural Department owns more valuable property than most university professors; and he has earned it, for he knows more about sheep than I do about Greek. Well, it behooved our janitor to make investments, for he had the Irishman's usual family luck—a dozen children. Several of these attended the university for a longer or shorter period, and two of

them now run one of the leading Madison groceries (not a euphemism here for saloon), another is a dentist, and others are doing well in other lines.

From the platform on last commencement day I noticed in the audience the janitor of our building with his wife; and reading the programme, I found the name of his daughter. So I hurried down after the exercises to congratulate them. The subject of the senior thesis of this janitor's daughter was "The Diction of Apuleius in the Psyche and Cupido." Latin has always been her favorite study, and at her graduation it was her ambition to teach Latin in a high school. But she did something even better—she was soon happily married. The janitor wished to give his son also a university course, but the boy would not take it. He was stage-struck. The father preferred some regular business, but what could he do? Desire to do out-of-the-way things is often a sign of genius; oftener still, it is true, an indication of unbalanced brain. Two of my acquaintances have been troubled about the stage—the janitor, whose son wants to act, and the judge, whose son wants to write plays. The stage fever is somewhat in the air here. Robert La Follette wanted to go upon the stage nearly thirty years ago, but an actor told him that the chances of

supreme success were against a man only five feet six in height. So Mr. La Follette went into the law, but his daughter is on the stage. When the Senate is not in session, he shows on Chautauqua platforms how some other public men act, and his daughter is before the footlights. Five feet six may keep a man from reaching the top in stage-acting, but not from eminence in all lines. Witness Bonaparte, Nelson, John Wesley, Keats. Mr. La Follette has made his mark—Congressman, Governor, Senator, and presidential candidate.

Mr. La Follette is a conspicuous example of a man who worked his way through college—by teaching school at intervals—and did big things afterwards. His classmate, President Van Hise, is another. He entered the university in 1875, with advanced standing sufficient to enable him to get his diploma in three years; but he had never had access to a library before, and wisely determined to read more and graduate in four years. From the end of his sophomore year he worked his way in the university, leaving the family resources to help the younger children to an education. And that reminds me of his predecessor. In his opening address to the students just after I came here, President Adams said: "I worked my way through college, and was poorer

than any of you; but I saved money enough in my freshman year to buy a dozen good books in general literature, and I read them. And I am prouder of that than of anything else I ever did." My venerable colleague, the Emeritus Professor of Greek, delights to tell me how he used to employ, twenty years ago, a blue-eyed, sunny-faced lad to run the lawn-mower over his grass. Now the young man is head of the greatest state library in the country. About that same time a tall young German, one of a numerous family of boys and girls, was alternately attending a normal college (afterwards the university) and teaching country schools; now he is full Professor of Economics in the university and a member of the Rate Commission of the state. Near the time of President Van Hise and Senator La Follette a young man applied for entrance to the engineering department, very poor and deficient in preparation; but the faculty voted to give him a trial. Four years afterwards he presented an epoch-making senior thesis, and some years later invented a new cotton tie; he is now perhaps the wealthiest man in Madison and a member of the board of regents of the university.

Four out of the five conspicuously successful men already alluded to bear names that show for-

eign origin—another proof that America is a haven of opportunity for the whole world. And all the rest came—at least their fathers did—from Northern Europe. When we came to Madison, in 1894, my son met in Sunday school a boy whose father had charge of the hogs on the university farm. That does not sound as poetic and dignified as Eumæus, the swineherd, in Homer's "Odyssey"; but the calling is the same, and the swineherd's son was remarkable. While attending the high school he was earning his living as stable-boy for a doctor, and he kept this up through the science course in the university. The two boys used to take long walks Sunday afternoons, the son of the swineherd repeating long passages from "In Memoriam" or "Hamlet" or the whole of Gray's "Elegy." My son always said that he found more enthusiasm for poetry in this chum than in any other student. Well, that boy is doubtless now trying to be a poet, some reader has probably guessed. No; he finished his science and medical courses, and is now a rising physician in a suburb of Milwaukee.

Axel Johnson was a Swede and a blacksmith in the car shops at Waukesha. He was grown, had an old mother to support, and was almost illiterate; but he longed for an education, for he felt it his duty to preach the gospel. Entering

Carroll College Academy in the little boys' class —none of the rest much above his knees—he finished the whole course in three years and became an assistant teacher in the academy. He used in those days to wheel the long distance from Waukesha to Madison—sixty miles—to be examined in the Greek he was reading under my direction. But just before his graduation from the university disease cut short a career of unusual promise.

In the fall of 1896 the Assistant Professor of Greek told me of a freshman who read his Greek with a sonorous swing which indicated that it was sweet to his mouth and his ear. He was a Norwegian, and was supporting himself in college. I taught him a while, and one day asked him to stop after class. "Mr. A.," said I, "God Almighty has done his part; you can do the rest —you can be a Greek scholar, if you will." He was a stalwart youth, and was asked to go on the boat crew in his freshman year. When he came to me about it, I said: "Well, you know what generally happens; when a man gets on one of the varsity teams, it usually means good-by to the highest scholarship." "I understand the risk," he said; "and I give you my word, if I find my rowing interferes with my class standing, I will give it up." "If you can live up to that resolution," I said, "you are safe; you can

stay on the crew, and it will be a good thing for you." He rowed all four years, was captain in his senior year, and missed winning the race that year only because of a floating berry-crate. He was the best combination I have ever known of high scholarship and athletic prowess, and his health was superb. He made his way at the university by tutoring and winning prizes and scholarships, took his Ph.D. at Harvard in 1903, was sent to Europe on a traveling fellowship, and is now in the faculty of Princeton University.

One September I went on a tramp with three members of the German department, the trio furnishing further conspicuous proof that America is a haven of opportunity for foreigners. One was a Saxon and head of the German department—the largest department of German in the United States; another a Bohemian and of remarkable promise in comparative philology; the third was a young Russian. The last was a member of the senior class and making his way by teaching German. He had never been in Germany, but had learned the language in Milwaukee—but who does not know that Milwaukee is one of the most German cities of the world?—and is a proverb in the German department for his accurate knowledge of the language. He took Greek with me one year, and led all the

rest. Now he has charge of the German department in the East Division High School, Milwaukee. He wants to earn money to enable him to take a graduate course, and after a while he will be, I predict, a professor in the university.

The examples cited above, if they may be accepted as typical, prove sufficiently that our State University offers golden opportunities to young men who have talent and diligence, and lack only money; but how about young women? Not far from Madison is a Norwegian rural community that supports a good high school for farmers' children, and there is always a strong delegation from that community in the university. Two girls from there in 1901 were cook and housemaid, respectively, in the family of a law professor. The year previous their brother had graduated from the College of Law and, as president of his class, had the duty of introducing to the audience the orator of the day, Justice Brewer, of the United States Supreme Court. Mrs. —— said the two girls were out that day in their best clothes, in a flutter of excitement at the idea of seeing their brother (whom their wages had helped through the university) introduce to a university audience the great Washington jurist. It was indeed a unique situation, such an event as could happen probably only in

a western state university. One of these two girls was the next year an applicant to the loan fund committee, of which I was chairman, for the scholarship which good Mrs. Doyon, of Madison, when she went to heaven a few years ago, left to help poor girls get a university education. Her chief competitor was a young woman of French name who was supporting herself by manicuring among the girls. Both had good class records, but were heavily handicapped by having to devote so much time to self-support. It was hard to decide between them, and both got help. Later I was much pleased when I met the young lady of French name doing excellent work as a teacher of history in a Wisconsin high school. The same energy and buoyancy that sustained her in her hard course of study and self-support in the university makes her now an attractive and successful high-school teacher.

It was in 1900, I think, that I offered a motion in faculty meeting just to get appointed on the loan fund committee; for I wanted to help one of my pupils. She was a bright, good-looking girl of German name, who had been earning her way; that was honorable and did not discount her in the university, but it took much valuable time. She got the Doyon scholarship, graduated

a year or two later, and soon married, making the most brilliant match that any university girl has made in my time. It was a love match, too; and who will say that her success is less than that of the young men who became professors and presidents, governors and senators?

The conclusion of the whole matter is this: Any boy or girl of brains and ambition can win a college education these days. Alexander Stephens helped fifty—maybe it was a hundred and fifty—boys get an education, and that gave him a clearer title to a kingdom in the skies than even having been Vice President of the Confederacy or the "Great Commoner"; but it is still better for boys and girls to help themselves. Williams College had a big loan fund when I was there, which was wisely administered—for one had to attain a certain class rank to be eligible for help. But the men we have heard most about of Williams students are such as James A. Garfield, who drove a canal boat before going to Williams College and drove other things at college. What a satisfaction it must be to his spirit in the Elysian fields, now that his son, Professor H. A. Garfield, is called from a professorship in Princeton to the presidency of Williams! And his son, Hon. James R. Garfield, is sure some day to be talked of for the presidency of the nation.

XVII.

FROM PROVINCIAL TO NATIONAL FEELING.

On January 1, 1874, I reached Cambridge to enter upon an advanced course in Harvard University. I had already received my first diploma from Wofford College, and had earned the money for the Harvard venture by teaching my first and only school. The undertaking was a considerable one for a youth of twenty-one who had never been out of his own state. The selection of Harvard was due to the belief that it was perhaps the foremost American institution of learning, and to the fact that it was in the neighborhood of Boston.

At a Southern college in those days a new student generally sought first the president. That was not the thing to do at Harvard; but I have always been glad that I did not know any more than to call upon President Eliot, so kindly did he receive me. I had been told when I first sought him that he would be in at six o'clock, but not that he would have company for dinner. But he excused himself to his guests, received me kindly, and gave me just the advice I needed

—*e. g.*, he sent me for my Greek to the young Frederic Allen, Professor Goodwin being then in Italy. "What brought you to Harvard?" he asked me. When I had given him some reasons, he said: "I did not know but that the literary reputation of the college might have drawn you. Did you know that three-fourths of the foremost authors of the country are graduates of Harvard?"

Some two weeks later President Eliot met me in the street, recognized me immediately, and asked how I was getting on; then, "What students have you met?" I named Patton, of North Carolina; Primer, of New York; Ivy, of Mississippi; Savage, of New Hampshire; etc. "I congratulate you," said he, looking kindly down upon me. "You have fallen in with some of the best men we have." I have long since realized that my student acquaintance—select young men from all quarters of the United States—were almost as important a part of my development as the men under whom I studied, though these were Child, Lane, Allen, Everett, Anderson, Bartlett. The general environment was not without strong influence upon me—for instance, that I saw daily, as I went from University Hall to my room on Cambridge street, the house that was birthplace and residence of Oliver Wendell

Holmes; that I saw often the Washington elm, the fine old colonial house that was then Longfellow's residence and had been General Washington's headquarters, and the Lowell elms.

It was not long before my chums, Kimber, of Pennsylvania, and Warder, of Ohio, took me, one Sunday evening, to hear John B. Gough in Tremont Temple. I can still see and hear Gough as he said on that occasion: "My father used to drink his pint of Scotch whisky every day, and he lived to be ninety-four; but his son could no more drink moderately than he could shoot off a powder magazine a little at a time." Sundays were largely given by us three to hearing noted men in Cambridge or Boston, and it was not long before I heard in Tremont Temple another temperance speech by a greater orator than Gough. One of the first sentences of Wendell Phillips on this second occasion was: "The South would have whipped the North in one year, if her generals hadn't been drunk; the North would have whipped the South in two years, if her generals hadn't been drunker." I could still reproduce much of this speech. But what impressed me most then and especially lingers with me was the wonderful quality of Wendell Phillips' voice; it rang as clear and sounded as sweet as the tone of a silver bell.

It was in that same Tremont Temple that I heard that winter Charles Kingsley. I had bought my ticket three weeks before, thinking that all Boston would want to hear Kingsley, and was somewhat surprised to find at the lecture that perhaps a fourth of the seats had not been taken. Presently one of the gentlemen on the platform with Kingsley rose—a spare man, with thin face, clean-shaven except for the mustache, and abundant hair. He came to the edge of the platform and stood for several moments quietly looking at the audience. I had never seen anything quite so deliberate. "When I wrote 'The Innocents Abroad,' " he finally said, "I rather expected to find favor with the clergy; but I have never been called on before to perform for a clergyman even so insignificant and unnecessary a service as introducing Charles Kingsley."

Still another Tremont Temple incident stands out in my memory—not for what I heard, but for what I did. It was, perhaps, on a Sunday morning when Dr. Lorimer was to preach that a negro man took a seat by me in the gallery. He was as well dressed and doubtless as good a man as I; but he was black, and I rose instinctively, as if shot up by springs in the cushion, and landed in another place where white men were already seated on each side. That incident re-

calls another which happened a little before. I had gone to inquire about room and board in Divinity Hall. Information given by the matron was satisfactory, but I thought I would make further inquiries of a Mr. Grimkè, whose name I found registered in the hall from my native state. That name belonged to one of the first families in South Carôlina, and the circle he moved in ought to be an attractive one. I knocked at his door; Mr. G. opened it,—and he was a mulatto. I felt like falling through the floor, though I did not betray myself; but as I went downstairs I called by the matron's office to say that I would not take board at Divinity Hall. Nowadays I should keep my seat, of course, if a decent-looking black man sat down by me in church; but under the same circumstances I should probably still avoid Divinity Hall.

Another one of the great occasions of that winter was the Sunday evening when I first heard Phillips Brooks, who used to preach once a month for the Episcopal Divinity School in Cambridge. I had never heard any human being speak so rapidly, and my first feeling was a protest that such fine things should be poured out in such a stream that his audience could not possibly take all in. But the next moment I

was swept away by the torrent of his eloquence and found it exhilarating, when once in full sympathy with him, to ride on that rapid current. The text was: "Hid with Christ in God." "They tied him to a post," said the preacher, "and scourged him, and imagined they were hurting him. But it was as if men stood and flung water at the stars. He was hid in God."

Another Sunday it was a female speaker that impressed me—Mrs. Livermore, the first woman I ever heard preach. I marveled, as I sat in the rear seat in a large church, that, though she spoke in a conversational tone, every syllable reached me with perfect distinctness. How simply and powerfully she drew a kindly lesson of sympathy from the little hunchback she had seen that morning, apparently sensitively aware that every eye in the street car observed his deformity!

But the most potent factor in my transition from provincial to national feeling was the death of Charles Sumner and the ceremonies attendant thereon in Boston. "Now the slavery question will be resurrected," I thought, "and I am going to hear the other side." First there was a preliminary meeting in Faneuil Hall before the dead statesman's body reached Boston; and among the speakers were the Governor, General Banks,

Phillips Brooks, and Edward Everett Hale. Sunday afternoon I heard Colonel Higginson give a eulogy in Music Hall, and afterwards was carried rather than walked in the great throng that crowded into the statehouse to see the great abolitionist, whose body lay in state, guarded by negro soldiers.

Kimber and I went over to Boston to try to hear Carl Schurz in the first formal official eulogy. We knew that the tickets had all been long exhausted, but Kimber suggested that the chief of police might be able to help us. Captain Savage received us as kindly as if that had been part of his duty. "Mr. S.," said he, on hearing that I was a South Carolinian, "you are the very man that ought to hear this speech; and if I could get you in by working an hour, I'd do it. But I can't do any more than anybody else. It's a rainy day, however, and many who have received tickets will not brave the weather. If you can wait near the building till the audience is seated, the doors will be thrown open and you will find seats." But I had got out of bed with a bad sore throat, and did not dare stand in the damp so long, so I went home; but Kimber stayed and found a good seat.

For the eulogy before the Legislature by George William Curtis I was more fortunate.

Mr. Longfellow met my friend Kimber in the street one day, and asked, "Do you think Mr. S. would like to hear George William Curtis' eulogy?" "Why, Mr. Longfellow," replied Kimber, "S. would rather hear a good speech than to eat." It should be stated, perhaps, that I had come to know the poet without obtruding myself on him. One day Kimber and I were reading together in his room the "Medea" of Euripides, when the servant brought up a card, saying that the gentleman was waiting downstairs. "Would you like to see Mr. Longfellow?" asked Kimber in some excitement. "Of course," I replied. "Then I'll ask him to come up here." Kimber was impulsive and probably thought only of the pleasure he would give me, not of the consideration due the poet; for the room was at once sitting-room and bedroom, and there were only two chairs. But Mr. Longfellow, who had stopped on his walk to leave a note of introduction to Whittier which he had promised to Kimber, came up to the room and soon made us feel almost as much at ease as if he had been still a student and not America's most popular poet. The bed served one of us two for a chair, and all embarrassment was quickly forgotten. When I expressed my pleasure at meeting him, saying, "I was told not to come back to South Carolina un-

less I had seen Mr. Longfellow," he kindly answered, "Then you must come to see me"; and, turning to Kimber at parting, he added, "You know the way to my house; you must bring Mr. S."

So Mr. Longfellow gave Kimber tickets for himself and me, two of his three daughters (for whom he had received them) being absent from the city. We sat in the front gallery in Music Hall, directly opposite the stage, and the youngest Miss Longfellow pointed out to us the notabilities, among them her father, Whittier, Holmes, and Emerson seated together. I remember still a great part of the eulogy, but nothing was more dramatic and effective than the way in which the orator repeated: "'But, Mr. Sumner, remember there are two sides to every question,' said the chairman of the delegation. 'Gentlemen, to this slavery question there can be no other side,' indignantly retorted the Senator as he drew himself up to his great height."

In all that I heard in connection with Sumner's death there was less bitterness toward the South than I had anticipated. I think nothing in my whole experience ever did more to liberalize me than the attempt to hear the other side of the slavery question. Personally I was always treat-

ed at least as well as if I had been a New Yorker instead of a South Carolinian. A remark of Mr. Longfellow's—"The South should come to see the North, the North go to see the South; then the war would be over"—I realized to be not only kindly, but true. I found my Appomattox in Cambridge; I had seen the enemy at home and surrendered to kindness. I left Harvard still a Southerner in feeling, yet more an American.

XVIII.

FROM HARVARD TO LEIPZIG UNIVERSITY.

My first definite impulse to go to Germany was due to a remark made to me by Professor Frederic D. Allen. Meeting me one morning on the Harvard campus, he said: "Mr. Smith, you must go to Germany; if you want to be a scholar, you must go to Germany." That was all, but the idea lodged in my soul. The thought had been the dream of my life; now it rankled, and I had no rest till it was settled that I was to go to Germany. The possibility of it began to take form when my friend Patton, one Sunday evening when we were going to take supper with Professor and Mrs. Gurney, said to me: "You can go to Germany just as well as you can stay here; it will not cost any more." He had spent the period of his junior year in Europe, earning his way as he went, and I was so much impressed by what he said that I wrote to my father about it. His assurance soon came that he would help me financially, and of course I determined to go.

It was the 27th of June, 1874, that Primer and I steamed out of Boston harbor. We were both bound for Leipzig, he to study modern languages, I ancient; and after a very short stay in London, we reached Leipzig July 13. There we spent the summer studying German, so as to be able to understand the lectures in the autumn. The first exercise I attended in October was the opening lecture by Professor Georg Curtius. The large lecture room was full of students, and Baskervill and I sat together.

That little incident indicates that I had entered upon a larger life than even that at Harvard. Four young men from four different states of the American Union happened to sit side by side at the introductory lecture of a great German professor. Each had crossed the ocean, after a college course in America, to study in the Fatherland. Thirst for knowledge and scholarly ambition were the guiding motives of all four, and each was bound to be stimulated and quickened by the presence and acquaintance of the rest. It proved to be so. With Baskervill —whose acquaintance I had made that summer —I became more intimate than with anybody else. We read daily in his room Greek and Latin alternately all winter, and cemented a friendship that lasted till his death, twenty-five

years afterwards. A few days before his end his wife read to him the newspaper announcement of my almost fatal fall from a bicycle. "Write to him at once," he said. "It is the friendship of a lifetime. Such things must not be neglected." The first letter I wrote after my recovery was to express my sympathy for him in his illness; but he died a few hours before it reached him. He was right: "Such things must not be neglected!" Our friendship had meant much to both of us. Indeed, the whole course of both lives might have been very different had we never met.

Some of the Americans who had studied at Leipzig before my day had left traditions behind them. Some one told me that Frederic D. Allen a month after his arrival in Germany could converse with considerable ease in German. He was remembered in the university as a young man of great promise. It gave me, his sometime pupil, a thrill of delight to hear an article of his on the origin of the hexameter commended in two different lecture rooms about the same time; and naturally he was glad to hear through me that he had been referred to as an authority in lecture rooms of the great university where he had so recently sat as a student. Humphreys' room was pointed out to me, and wonderful

stories were told of his enormous diligence and his scholarly acquirements. He had at this time just been called to Vanderbilt University to be its first Professor of Greek. It seems ridiculous now to those who for more than thirty years have admired Dr. Humphreys' wide and accurate scholarship that he should have feared that his thesis might be rejected, or he might be "plucked" on his examination. But so it was. When he had handed in the thesis he was in an agony of suspense till one day, at the lecture of a distinguished professor—I think it was Ritschl—incidental reference was made to a dissertation recently submitted for the doctor's degree which contained a discussion of certain linguistic or metrical phenomena that had impressed the professor as new and highly important; this, coupled with the assurance that the dissertation would undoubtedly soon be published. Humphreys almost fell out of his chair. The facts referred to were in his own thesis, and this was the first he had heard from it. When the lecture was over, he walked about the city in great excitement; and no wonder, for praise from Ritschl in a lecture was praise indeed. Still he feared the final oral examination, and did not let any of his friends know that it was impending, but slipped off one day in full dress,—one stands the Doctor-

Examen in swallow-tail and white kids,—and only when it was over announced that he was Doctor. That dissertation, by the way, was *epoche-machend,* and, appearing partly as the formal thesis, partly later in the form of metrical papers in the "Transactions of the American Philological Association," gave him at once undisputed rank as one of the foremost metricians of America. Only last January (1907), at Washington, I heard a distinguished New York scholar refer to Humphreys' metrical papers of the later '70's as showing profounder scholarship than that of the great English scholar Monro.

Some little incidents connected with my own examination for the doctorate are still fresh in my memory. I too was afraid, even after my thesis had been accepted, that I might be "plucked" on examination; and I too slipped out of the house one afternoon, without telling any of my fellow-boarders, to stand the ordeal at Ritterstrasse 10. Between the acceptance of the dissertation and the examination I had a dream one night. I thought I was in the examination room, and the Prokanzellar was there to preside; but the three examiners did not appear. The Prokanzellar talked pleasantly with me, as he always did when I called at his office, and a whole hour went by. I was nervous, but

the Prokanzellar chatted kindly on. Finally, he said: "Well, Mr. S., it is evident your examiners have forgotten the appointment, and I shall have to give you a written examination." I took pen and paper, and he began: "First, discuss *kohlensaures Gas* (carbonic acid gas); secondly, write a history of the city of New York; thirdly"— I have forgotten what that was. I looked up in despair; for my three subjects were to have been history, Greek, and Latin. "I might write something," I said to him, "about the city of New York; but I do not know anything about carbonic acid gas, and the third subject is new to me. Besides, what could one write in an hour and a quarter?" "I am sorry, sorry for you," said the kind-hearted Prokanzellar; "but those are my instructions." Then I awoke from a nightmare. The next time I called on the Prokanzellar I told him my dream; and he enjoyed it so much that he told it to some of his colleagues in the *Professoren-zimmer,* causing much merriment. I still have the formal official note of invitation to the doctor-examination, with an unofficial postscript from the genial Prokanzellar, saying: "And we will hope that it will not come to *carbonic acid gas,* after all." The day before the examination I called upon my three examiners, as etiquette required. I had heard Hopkins' story of the ques-

tion put to him about the locality of a certain Greek MS. Professor Curtius had asked him: "Where is the chief MS. of Æschylus and Sophocles?" H. had paid no attention to that sort of thing; but he remembered the Codex Venetus A of the Iliad, and ventured the answer: "St. Mark's." "Why, no! Can't you recall it?" asked the surprised Professor. Then H. calmly replied: "*Ich habe keine Ahnung.*" Remembering that experience of H.'s, I determined to throw myself on Professor Lange's mercy. After I had left him, I turned back from the antechamber and said: "Herr Professor, I forgot to mention one thing that is on my mind." "What is that?" he asked kindly. "I want to let you know in advance that I do not know where the Latin MSS. are; but I have Teuffel's 'History of Latin Literature,' and I can turn to any MS. in a moment. So I didn't think it worth while to stow them away in my brain." "Never mind, Mr. S.," said the genial, blue-eyed old Professor, slapping me kindly on the shoulder; "I don't know where they are myself." Next I went to Professor Georg Curtius. He had sent me word by his famulus that he must see me that day; so I was a little anxious. "Ah, it is nothing," he said, "except that I have noticed lately at the lectures that you seem pale and anxious.

I just wanted to encourage you, and say there is no need to be nervous about your examination. It will be all over to-morrow night, anyway." After that I don't know whether I walked home or flew. I was excited, for I hit both sides of the door as the servant let me out.

Of all the American successors of Allen and Humphreys in my time, Bloomfield was generally considered the ablest; and his career at Johns Hopkins the past twenty-five years has justified all our anticipations. It was my privilege to sit at the table with him for sixteen months, and I have never known a man who could strike fire on me quicker than he could. I sat at our host's right, he diagonally across from me at our hostess' right; and generally at dinner he would begin conversation by asking me: "Well, what did Curtius say to-day?" I would begin to tell him, often doubtless rather listlessly; for I was usually fagged after two or more lectures. Presently he would object to some position Curtius had taken, and before we were aware the debate had waxed warm. Dinner would pass, dishes would be removed, coffee would be brought in, all would go; and still Bloomfield and I talked at each other across the table. Students have told me in recent years of the great power of the man, of his marvelous command of pure, choice,

vigorous English, of the clearness of his ideas and his forceful expression of them. I met him last January in Washington for the first time since the old Leipzig days. Twenty-five years had passed since we met. He is now gray, and I am bald; but we were young again that night. He was the same brilliant, genial fellow I had known in '80-'81, and that wonderful eye has its old power and charm.

In my two periods of study at Leipzig (1874-75 and 1879-81) I was thrown with such men as the following: Baskervill, of Vanderbilt; Phelan, shortly afterwards member of Congress from Memphis; N. C. Schaefer, recently President of the National Educational Association; Samuel Ives Curtiss and Scott, of Chicago Theological Seminary; Casper René Gregory, for many years now professor in Leipzig University; Sihler, of New York University; Primer, of Texas University; Paul Cauer, the Homeric scholar of Germany; Bloomfield, of Johns Hopkins; Carl Roethe, of Goettingen University; Bristol, of Cornell; Lyon, of Harvard; Green, of William-Jewell; Hopkins, of Yale; Smyth, of Harvard; Birge, of Wisconsin; Genung, of Amherst; Latimer, of Davidson; Kerfoot, of the Louisville Theological Seminary; Ilberg and Wagner, whose names I run across

often in German publications. It is association with such men that makes potent influences for development, and one should seek in his graduate or university work the centers where such choice spirits most congregate. They make the atmosphere that quickens the germ of scholarship, in which it grows most vigorously and comes quickest to maturity.

XIX.

CHEYNE ROW—HOW DO LONDONERS PRONOUNCE IT?

I AM an admirer of Thomas Carlyle, and on my last visit to London made a pilgrimage to Cheyne Row. It was a long distance from my room in the neighborhood of the British Museum; but who minds riding on the top of a 'bus through London streets, where "every step is history"? and who doesn't like to ask directions of a London policeman? The policeman at Trafalgar Square, whom I asked for a 'bus to Cheyne (*Shāyne*) Row, was at a loss for a moment, but when I mentioned "Carlyle's house," he said, "Oh, you mean *Chine* Row." I was a bit surprised, for I had my pronunciation from one who had got his in London, he said. He, too, was a Carlylean, and had read "Sartor" seventeen times, carrying it around with him, when a young Methodist circuit-rider, in the breast-pocket of his coat,—doubtless to keep it safe from the eyes of his presiding elder. Anyhow the policeman put me on the right 'bus. The rest was simple: I needed now only to

ask to be set down at the nearest point to *Chine* Row. But the guard was puzzled till I said I was seeking Carlyle's house, then he said: "Oh, *Chi-ne* Row!" He let me off at the right place, and I was soon at my goal. The matron gave me full freedom of house and garden, for I seemed to be the only visitor that rainy August afternoon, and I could inspect at my leisure the interesting relics and mementos of the Carlyles, and read most interesting authentic documents, such as Disraeli's autograph letter offering Carlyle the Grand Cross of the Bath, and the latter's dignified but grateful answer declining it. The room of chief interest to me was, of course, the sound-proof study at the top of the house, where Carlyle could be at peace from the noise of London, and whence he would descend when he had read himself full, seat himself on the floor in the sitting-room with his back against the chimney-jamb, light his pipe, and pour out, as it were molten lava from a volcano in eruption, a flood of ideas upon Mrs. Carlyle. It was a great afternoon—but my story was about the street-name, and I had still other experiences with that.

Cheyne Row opens into Cheyne Walk, and happily just as I entered the latter street a postman passed, whom I asked about the house

where George Eliot died. He pointed it out (No. 4), and went on to tell me of other historic houses that I wanted to see, the sometime abode of Dante Gabriel Rossetti (No. 16) and the house where Turner died (No. 119). Indeed, this postman's brain was a veritable storehouse of information about Chelsean antiquities and historic associations, and he was as ready to tell it all as the Ancient Mariner. He was pleased that I had just come from Carlyle's house, but most kindly corrected my pronunciation of the street-name. "We call it *Chāy-ne* Row, sir." "You would be interested, sir," he added, "to see Scots come there sometimes and sit on the stoop and shed tears about Carlyle." I should indeed have been interested to see that, and I wondered what Carlyle's ghost thought about it. But there were other places to see; so inventing some polite excuse I moved on, and soon met with another delightful bit of London courtesy. A man who seemed to be a common laborer had pointed out across the street the locality of Turner's house, but I could not find either the number or the memorial tablet. Observing my puzzled movements, he crossed the wide muddy street and pointed out the tablet hidden under the overhanging ivy.

But I was not yet through with the name

Cheyne Row. At the dinner table I was telling my experience with the policeman, the 'bus man, and the postman, and asked: "How do you call it, Mr. Hamilton?" He was a retired Indian civil-service official, whom we all found most agreeable and well informed. "Why, I should say *Chāne* Row," he answered. The maid, who was waiting at the table, was evidently disturbed and uneasy, which was all explained when she knocked at my door after dinner, to say: "Mr. Hamilton doesn't know, sir; he's just back from India; we call it *Cheene* Row."

Mr. Hamilton's pronunciation is the one given of the name (though not of this particular street) in the Century Dictionary, and the postman's is that given by Carlyle,—"pronounced *Chainie* Row," he writes to Mrs. Carlyle (see Froude's "Life," ii. p. 249);—but certainly London is not agreed on the way to call it.

XX.

THE PASTOR FOR ME.

One Sunday in the summer of 1893 I attended preaching with my host at a little "meeting-house" in ———. Dr. ———, a superannuated Methodist preacher, was in the pulpit. My recollection is that the sermon was good, but I especially remember the reading of the Scripture lesson, the one hundred and fourth Psalm, which had never seemed to me so beautiful as then. I could think of only one other Methodist preacher who could have read the lesson so well. The whole service was edifying. When we were at home again, I asked my host why such a preacher had no regular charge. The reply was that he was probably not equal any longer to the management of all the interests of an appointment, the collection of money, the direction of all the varied interests of a charge. But I thought then, and I have thought ever since, that he was probably just about ripe and mellow enough, had had just about experience enough of life to perform the most essential part of a pastor's duty, the caring for the souls of his people. He was old

enough to know by experience the vanity of most things, and there was in his voice a trace of the joys and sorrows and disappointed hopes of the past, of the consciousness that he belonged now to the other world as much as to this, of a constant making ready for the departure, of the sweetness and sadness of "going home." And that would make him truly a "shepherd of the people." What is the management of all the varied church machinery, the choir, the finances, what is even the lengthening of the church roll, compared with this?

I would choose for my pastor, then, rather an old man than a young one; indeed, I have now fixed the ideal age at not less than sixty. I somewhat prefer that he should be of a grave and dignified air, and at sixty he may wear this without seeming consciously to have assumed it. I still like to feel a reverence for my pastor, and I have always found it easy to reverence gray-haired dignity. The unselfishness that is apt to go with gray-haired wisdom I should wish to see combined with liberality of thought, with sympathy for honest thinking, even for honest doubt. I should want my pastor to have had wide experience of men and of things; to have had sorrow as well as joy; to have become enriched and ripened and mellowed and sweetened by time and

experience of God's dealing with men; to be beyond the age when offices (bishoprics and such) could appeal to his ambition; to be old enough to have religion, and to know that religion is not statistics, so that he would hesitate even to count up the conversions he had been instrumental in making. "Pure religion and undefiled before God and the Father is this, To visit the fatherless and the widows in their affliction, and to keep himself unspotted from the world."

"My dear sir, such sermons feed me!" Dr. Garland used to say—but not often—after he had heard a good gospel sermon spoken with power, simplicity, and absence of thought of self. But I never heard him say that of a very young man's sermon. Since writing that last sentence, some months ago, I have tried to recall the sermons that made an abiding impression on me. I remember that I was pleased at the time with this or that young man's sermon, but nothing has stuck in my mind. It is the sermons of older men that wrote themselves on the tablets of my heart, and this. I am sure, because they were parts of the authentic experience of a human soul. They grew up in another soul, were transplanted into my soul, and lived. The thoughts they embodied were not cuttings or blossoms like the vases or flowerpots which for a Sunday adorn

the chancel, but they were roots torn from the heart of a man. Good sermons are growths, as other good things are apt to be, and if I am wise I shall not expect too many of them from my pastor in a year; for most men cannot grow many good sermons in a single year.

But it is fair to insist that, though my pastor may not preach a good sermon every Sunday, he shall be able to read well the Scripture lessons every Sunday. What I want is not elocution in the pulpit; all I ask is that he feel profoundly the great passages of Scripture, and by his voice interpret to me what he sees and feels therein. Ought not the man who has not only borne his own burdens and sorrows, but has shared those of whole congregations for many years, to be able to interpret God's promises and consolations in that way?

In the Sunday morning responsive reading not long ago two voices near by drew my attention. The one was the voice of a young, strong, healthy man, a good singer, and it had a clear, metallic ring about it, indicating perhaps a degree of satisfaction with the reading. This voice did not dwell on any particular words in a way that would hint at a soul-experience. But the man who held the book with me surprised me. I would not have guessed from his looks that he would read

well. It was the thirty-fourth Psalm, and when the word "troubles" was reached his voice unconsciously betrayed that he had suffered and been made sweet by sorrow. "O taste and see that the Lord is good," the young man read with a sort of bugle-call utterance; but the older man's tones unconsciously revealed that when sorrow had compassed him about, the Lord had delivered him out of all his troubles.

But it is not my pastor's preaching or reading that I am chiefly concerned about. I want him, above all things, to have religion, and to live it. "Have I not made before you for fifteen years that loudest of all professions, a godly life?" said Dr. Garland, just once, in a Samuel-like strain to the students; and the effect was overwhelming, because no one could gainsay it. What the world wants, above all things, is to see religion lived. The preacher without religion may fill the pews and even the aisles for a while; but they will not stay filled, certainly not with the same people. Religion, according to my theory, must be mainly a gradual experience and a growth, and this again is a reason why I want my pastor to be sixty or more years of age.

Dr. Garland, though a layman, seemed to have as many of the qualities I would have in my pastor as any man I have ever known well. He was

unselfish; he did not seek honors, though they sought him; he seemed not to be moved by men's applause, though their sympathy was precious to him. Rectitude was a habit with him; his faith in God was simple as a child's, and his daily conduct was directed by this sincere and simple faith.

I met a few years ago, just for a day, a man who interested me much. He was an Episcopal clergyman, growing old, frail of body, and with a spiritual face. I inferred from casual remarks—for he said nothing directly about his past life—that he had held important pastorates; but now he had no church, was simply acting as chaplain at a boys' school, and teaching odd classes in Latin and English. It was evident that he was being "laid on the shelf." But the remarkable thing was that, though his heart seemed to open to me, as mine did to him, and we became friends in an evening, he never once complained. It is perhaps the hardest thing in the world to be "laid on the shelf" before one's time, and yet not to murmur, not to be soured, but sweetened by it. How the gentle Jesus must love to dwell in the heart of a man like that! What a pastor was there, what a shepherd for weary, hungry souls, if men could only have seen it!

XXI.

THE PLAIN PROSE OF LIFE IN THE SMOKY MOUNTAINS.

If one wishes to know how the people of these mountains live, he must take a light knapsack and set out on foot among them, prepared to take things as they come—in the most literal sense to "rough it." "Cade's Cove," which stretches along by the side of the Great Smoky Mountains from the foot of "the Bald" where "Pa'son" Kelsey used to pray, almost to "Thunder Head," around which were enacted the scenes of "In the Clouds," is said to contain the most original people—those who have been least influenced by the civilization beyond the mountains. And my first tramp to the Great Smokies, in July, 1885, was devoted to just this section.

Readers of "The Harnt that Walks Chilhowee" are surprised to find that the long mountain ridge of Chilhowee is covered with a dense growth of timber from one end to the other, and totally uninhabited, so that Peter Giles' farm is as pure a myth as is the stream near his house which "outstripped the wind" on its way to the

valley, or the possibility of red apples on the summit in June. The mountaineers in all this region dwell in the valleys or "coves," only herders staying from spring until fall, with their cattle on the heights. Now and then a herder takes his family to live with him on the Smokies, and, being too poor to come down, spends the winter there. But usually the herder is unencumbered by family, and lives during the herding season in the utmost pastoral simplicity. A rude log cabin, with chimney of sticks and mud, no window, and only one door—which but for the cold would never be shut, as it is never locked—suffices to house him at night and in storms. He literally keeps open house, and the traveler or tramp soon learns that he may with perfect impunity take possession of the castle in the absence of the lord, and cook, eat, sleep there without fear of being considered an intruder. If the tramp has not brought provisions of his own, the herder generously invites him to share his board, as he does his bed (the floor), and can rarely be induced to take any pay. Especially is this the case in the region of Cade's Cove, where the tradition prevails that it is mean to charge for hospitality. I well remember the self-condemnatory look of a big, barefoot mountaineer, who, having been persuaded to take in payment

for lodging (on the floor, it is true), three meals, and an extra pone of bread for lunch, a quarter of a dollar, called after us, as if compounding with his conscience: "Boys, ef you-uns cross the mountain 'bout dinner-time, you better come by an' git yer dinner; you-uns hain't got the wuth o' yer quarter yit."

Cross a mountain from Cade's Cove and you are in Tuckaleechee, the valley immortalized by "Mis' Purvine" and her steer "Buck," well remembered by all as two of the chief characters of "In the Clouds." Follow that same "Little River" in which Mink Lorey was drowned at last, deep into the spurs of the Smoky Mountains, and there, several miles from anywhere, you will find the cabin of "Black" Bill Walker. Rather we should call it a "settlement," for there are four cabins and a little corn-mill. We were guided to "Black" Bill's by "Devil" Sam Walker, a distant relative of his; and it may be mentioned that such complimentary nicknames are not uncommon in that region, especially among the numerous Walker family, whose great ancestor "had fit with Gin'ral Jackson at New Orleans," and was known as "'Sassy' Jack Walker, the Indian fighter." Only a half-grown boy was visible as we crossed the foot-log which spanned the noisy mountain stream before the house and

approached the cabin. "H'y're, Mose, are you stout?" saluted "Devil" Sam. "Yes, I'm stout," said Mose; "are you stout?" "Whar's 'Black' Bill?" "He's huntin' bees." Sam went to the door of the house and spoke to a pale, thin, sad-visaged woman, who seemed never to have smiled, and was too timid to give us a greeting.

Soon "Black" Bill came, the most striking-looking man in the mountains. He is a white man of pure blood, but hair and beard are jet black, his complexion swarthy of course, and hence his nickname. He stood at least six feet in height, weighed over two hundred pounds, and had that free, independent, commanding air that might have made him in troublous times a mountain chief. A tall, fleet-footed, and not unhandsome young mountaineer had met us not far from the house. There was a trace of melancholy in his face, and he was more demonstrative than mountaineers usually are to the little child that presently climbed into his lap. Directly a young, dark-haired woman, evidently "Black" Bill's daughter, emerged from the house with a pail in her hand, and we had seen the chief figures in a recent domestic tragedy. The young woman had recently played the rôle of Helen of old; her Paris had been killed within a few weeks at a log-rolling in another county,

and she and her Menelaus were both again under her father's roof. In a day or two they went back together to their own cabin. Nor was that all. The boy Mose bore the relation of Meges to the sad-visaged Theano in the house, his own mother occupying a cabin a hundred yards away. Thus much we learned afterwards of the morals of this isolated mountain family.

Amid such surroundings the boy Mose was not likely to worry much over his birth, but fate seemed to have been harsh toward him otherwise, for he was too weakly ever to become a huntsman, and too far from civilization to learn to read. "I wish you'd read some," he said, as he saw a book in my hand. I read to him "The Dancing Party at Harrison's Cove," and his eager, hungry eyes haunt me still. But his only comment was: "I wish you had a United States history; I'd git you to read me some 'bout the war."

As we followed, the next day, "Black" Bill and "Devil" Sam still farther into the wilderness, we could not help admiring the alert sense and acute observation of these famous huntsmen. Not a medicinal shrub seemed to escape their notice, their ears caught every sound, and they were on the alert for the deadly rattlesnake with eyes, ears, and nose; for, they say, they can smell

a rattlesnake when he is mad. But for their nicely trained senses it would seem that barefooted mountaineers would be often bitten by rattlesnakes, even though they are sluggish reptiles. Surely, these swift, sure-footed, keen-eyed mountaineers were wonderful scouts during the war, one would think. But no. As we lay that night on the ground in the stillness of the primeval forest, under cover of a rude shelter of bark, they told their experience "endurin' the war." They had sympathized with the Union side, they had fed and guided "Parson" Brownlow when he took refuge in the mountains, and they had aided deserters from the Confederate army. But though "Black" Bill "didn't vally his life more'n five cents in the times o' the war," so much so that he had once, Putnam-like, crawled into a bear's den and shot the bear, he had hid out rather than fight on either side. "I thought I could take keer o' myse'f," said he; and so the majority of the men in the mountains thought.

Our guide on this trip, "Devil" Sam, was something of a character and apt to be amusing when he was not posing. For instance, when "Uncle Bob McCampbell," the late local Hercules, was mentioned, Sam said, "He could 'a' fit Samson ef he'd 'a' jes' give up the jawbone

o' the ass." And he didn't mean to be funny when, apropos of a woman's statement that "the baby was *bad* with a bealin' on its neck," he said, "Bealin's never does come jest at the right place. You could pick a better place jest half a' inch f'om wher they comes ev'y time." But it was evident when he visited the hotel that he was trying always to say smart things, especially in the presence of a New Orleans lady, who he fancied was going to write a book; and, indeed, he naïvely remarked to her one day, after telling her that some Cincinnati ladies had painted his picture and placed it on exhibition at the Cincinnati Exposition, that he "would like ter be interjuced to New Orleans." But, of course, it was only when he was off his guard and most serious that he began to be really amusing. "Niggers has giv' a power o' interruption sence the war," said he as we trudged along; "it would be better ef they was all in Africa. But I tell you I don't let none of 'em sass me; ef they bothers me I jes' ups with a rock an' knocks 'em down." "Are there many negroes about here, Mr. Walker?" "No, thar's only one in Tuckaleechee. He was brung f'om way down at Atlanta, an' he's stayed hyer an' larned to go slow. Our boys wouldn't take nuthin' offen a nigger. They'd kill him in a minit." It was a

relief to know that practically there were no negroes for the boys to kill; but Sam was doubtless correct about the sentiment of the cove. And yet these men had mostly sympathized with the Northern side in the war.

In the mountain air one soon learns how it was the Homeric heroes could eat so much and so often; but even an atmosphere that is in itself a tonic cannot brace a man always against the everlasting sameness of diet and ill-cooking that prevail; so that the mountaineer complains much of his liver, and in the summer fever is common. But the lot of the women is hardest. Born in a hut, living in a hut, rarely going five miles from the hut, their life is monotony itself—an endless round of cooking, washing, weaving, spinning, as well as field work. And besides constant toil and no recreation, they have the usual poor folks' blessing—"children an heepe." I stayed one night at a house where twelve children blessed the seventeen-year union of the heads of the house; and heard of four women in the adjoining cove the sum of whose bairns was sixty-one! No wonder they become prematurely aged, as Miss Murfree so truly described them. Then there is the "dipping" habit, so common that one rarely sees a woman, young or old, without the "dip-stick" in her mouth, to say

nothing of smoking and even chewing tobacco, which are not uncommon. There may be such quick-witted, sharp-tongued women in the mountains as Mrs. Ware or Mrs. Purvine, but we found them generally as slow of speech as they are barren of ideas.

Times are better than they used to be with the mountaineers, for the days of "moonshine whisky" are over, and the men are temperate, because they can't get anything to drink. In all my tramps during two summers I never saw a drunken man. "It is hard to get four miles from a schoolhouse now, even in the mountains," as a mountaineer remarked; and the four-mile law is in force all through that section.

In religious matters, too, there is progress. The primitive or "foot-washing" Baptists still have their churches in the mountain coves, where their shepherds feed their flocks on sound and fury and nonsense; but the missionary Baptist and the circuit-rider follow steadily in the wake of the schoolmaster, and the sect that believes in ignorance is already doomed.

XXII.

HOMERIC QUALITIES IN THE GREAT SMOKY MOUNTAINS.

"WHO art thou of the sons of men, and whence?" That was the inevitable and natural question asked of a stranger in Homer. It is the way with primitive folk everywhere, doubtless, and the men of the Great Smoky Mountains are no exception. If you meet a mountaineer in the big road, he says: "Good mornin'. What mought your name be?" One day, as I and my fellow-tramps were trudging along the road to Thunderhead, I saw a mountaineer coming, and said: "When that man asks my name, I am going to answer, 'Smith'—nothing more—and see what he will do." It was the wittiest thing I ever did or said. Sure enough, the lank, barefoot covite greeted me and asked: "What mought your name be?" "Smith," I answered, and looked as if I had told all there was to be told. The man looked puzzled. He stopped and stood a while, marked with his big toe in the sand, sat down by the roadside and thought over it, then arose and walked on. I had evidently

hurt his feelings; but he couldn't resent it, for with a cheerful face I had told him all he asked.

That is the way when you meet a man in the big road; but when you call at the mountaineer's house, the Homeric parallel is still more striking. When Telemachus and Mentor arrived at sandy Pylos, they found old Nestor and his son and around him his company, making a feast; and the old man made them welcome. After they had eaten, he said: "Now is the better time to inquire of the strangers who they are, now that they have had their delight of food. Strangers, who are ye?" So it was with Odysseus at the palace of Alcinous; with Telemachus and Pisistratus at the palace of Menelaus, in Sparta; with Odysseus at the hut of Eumæus, the swineherd; and everywhere else in Homer. The guest was never questioned till he had eaten. That was Homeric etiquette. Just so it was when I visited "Black" Bill Walker, who lived in a cove in the innermost recesses of the Smoky Mountains—a little valley occupied by just four families and accessible only on foot or horseback or with a wooden "slide." "Devil" Sam Walker, a connection of "Black" Bill's, accompanied me; and supposing that he had told our host all about me, I said nothing about my name or my business. We were "hospitably entreated," and after dinner

"Black" Bill took us trout-fishing. On the way he had to address me by name, and said apologetically: "You know you hain't told me your name yit." I quickly excused my breach of etiquette, and thought of old Homer's way.

I found other Homeric traditions prevailing in this mountain cove. There was a deserted cabin, and "Devil" Sam told us the story. "Black" Bill's daughter was the mistress of it, but this Helen had deserted her Menelaus and run off with a backwoods Paris. The latter had lost his life at a log-rolling in a neighboring county—so report said, but "Devil" Sam intimated that Menelaus probably knew better how this Paris came to his death—and the mountain Helen was back under her father's roof. So was her Menelaus. They never spoke to each other; but no resentment was apparent in his manner, and, as "Devil" Sam predicted, the pair were soon together again in the little cabin, just as Telemachus, in the fourth book of the "Odyssey," found Menelaus and Helen in the palace at Sparta.

Nor yet is Homeric parallel exhausted in "Black" Bill's little domain. Menelaus had a son —"strong Megapenthes, born of a slave woman; for the gods no longer showed seed to Helen from the day that she bare a lovely child, Hermione, fair as golden Aphrodite." And in

"Black" Bill's house we found a boy of fifteen, son of Bill's "other woman"—"Devil" Sam told us—who lived in a cabin across the creek, two hundred yards away. The situation was as quietly accepted by "Black" Bill's wife as in the family of a Homeric hero or Hebrew patriarch.

It was part of the religious duty of the Homeric man to show hospitality to inoffensive and helpless strangers, and it was the function of Zeus Xenios to see that the wayfarer was "kindly entreated." Natural primitive human instinct insures hospitality for the stranger among the mountaineers. We found it so on many occasions. For example, on the "Little Bald" there was a single herder's cabin. The herder was the poorest man I ever saw. His house was a one-room log hut, occupied by himself, his wife, three little children—the baby in a dugout cradle—and a mother-in-law. The wife was in the kitchen in the yard, cooking something for us to eat, and the herder and his mother-in-law sat in the cabin and heard us talk. Two of the three chairs were occupied by my companion and myself, the mother-in-law sat in the third, and the herder on the floor. Two wretched frames covered with ragged bedclothes were the only other furniture. But what listeners they were! They had Homeric ears, and were as glad to hear our news from

the great world outside their mountains as Eumæus, the swineherd, hung upon the tale of his unrecognized master, Odysseus, who had "wandered far and wide and seen the towns and learnt the mind of many men." "Even as when a man gazes on a singer whom the gods have taught to sing words of yearning joy to mortals, and they have ceaseless desire to hear him so long as he will sing, even so he charmed me sitting by me in the halls." This was the effect upon Eumæus. We had not the gift of speech of the Homeric hero; but nearly all that was happening in the world was absolutely new to the herder and his mother-in-law, and they sat and listened and chewed tobacco and spat through a crack in the floor. We did not need to invent any marvelous stories. It was July 29, 1885, and our host had not heard who had been inaugurated President in the preceding March. He had voted in November, and knew that Grover Cleveland was said to have won, but "had hyeard that Blaine was a fightin' kind o' feller, an' thought he mought not have giv' up." The food set before us was only potatoes, bacon, beans, and buttermilk—all their scanty store—but the herder kept saying: "Boys, hit's mighty rough; but ef you-uns kin stan' it, you're mighty welcome." And when we offered pay,

27

he was hurt. "I've hyeard my daddy say," he remarked, "he never tuk nuthin' in his life for no vittles, an' I'm not gwine to take none nother. Hit's mighty rough, but you're mighty welcome." The last thing we heard as we disappeared up the mountain side was: "Boys, ef you don't find t'other cabin, come back here an' spen' the night. Hit's mighty rough, but ef youuns kin stan' it, you're mighty welcome." It was "mighty rough," but the simple, sincere hospitality was Homeric. If I could have such attention from my students of Homer, I might talk myself to death.

Two days later, in Tuckaleechee Cove, we called at Squire Lawson's for dinner on Sunday. He was postmaster and chief of the Republican faction. Squire Sparks, with whom we had spent the night before, was chief of the Democratic faction. His fare was not up to the reputation of his house, and he had charged us fifty cents. After dinner at Squire Lawson's, which was abundant and toothsome and wholesome, I remarked: "Squire, if you are willing, I believe we'll stay till morning." "I wish you would stay a week," he answered. The next morning, when I offered to pay, he quickly made me feel guilty of bad manners in trying to pay for hospitality so freely bestowed. At the Democratic Squire

Sparks' we had not enjoyed the food, and had slept in a feather bed in a long room, lined its whole length with other beds full of occupants. At Squire Lawson's, besides the well-cooked food, we had a small shed-room all to ourselves. As we shook hands at parting, the Squire said: "I wish you would come again and stay three weeks." "Men should lovingly entreat the present guest and speed the parting," says Homer. Squire Lawson, who had never heard of us till the day before, had acted exactly in that spirit. Is it strange that the South Carolinian and the Texan who trudged away felt that they would vote the Republican ticket if they lived in Tuckaleechee Cove?

In August, 1892, we had tramped from Thunderhead to Clingman's Dome, and had come at evening to the last ascent of the peak and found another party who hospitably invited us to share the wild turkey they were eating for supper and the shack they had constructed for the night. Next morning their guide, Mat Massey, used his large pocketknife to turn the bacon frying for breakfast, which naturally suggested the Homeric hero using the same *machaira* or dirk to carve bread or meat in camp which he had worn in battle for use against his enemy when it came to close quarters. And when Mat Massey told us

afterwards that the blade of this very knife was the same with which his brother had killed a man, we realized that the parallel with the Homeric dirk was closer still, though we had a gruesome feeling about the bacon turned with this murderous blade.

The following Sunday morning, as we were going under Mat Massey's guidance from the Smokies to the Balsams, we came upon a little farmhouse in a clearing. In front of the corncrib sat a youth and a maiden, evidently courting. "Well, human nature is the —— thing!" sententiously observed Mat. He was as innocent of any intention to utter any Homeric sentiment as his knife was of doing the work of a Homeric dirk. But Homer meant the same thing when, in a famous simile, he said: "Like youth with maiden, as youth and maiden hold dalliance one with another from oak tree or from rock."

We learned that one of Mat's brothers was somewhere in hiding from the law, having killed a man who had stolen his wife's affections. In most parts of the civilized world there would have been a divorce, but in the Smoky Mountains it was as it would have been in Homeric Greece. A day or two later, as we began the ascent of the Caney Fork Balsam, the guide pointed out to us the spot in the road where Grant Massey

had shot on the first Sunday in July the despoiler of his home; and a little later we saw seated before her cabin the wife—"Helen of the Balsams," we might call her—whose faithlessness had brought death to her lover and outlawry to her husband. A glance at that simple mountain woman's plain face could detect neither a sense of the enormity of her crime nor any incentive for conduct like that of the Trojan Paris.

These Smoky Mountains people have never heard of Homer, but they have Homeric—that is, simple, primitive—ways. The women still wash their clothes at the spring or in the brook, like Nausicaa, and card and spin and weave—did twenty years ago, at least—like Penelope and Helen, and just as the Greek peasant women do at Argos or Olympia to-day. Even in the dialect of the people one is often reminded of Homeric speech. For example, the mountaineers say not simply "doctor" or "widow," but "doctor-man," "widow-woman," "cow-brute," "apple-fruit," just as the Homeric man three thousand years ago spoke of a "healer-man," a "widow-woman," a "lady-mistress," a "master-lord."

The Homeric parallels are not yet exhausted, but perhaps the reader's patience is. When I was at Vanderbilt, in my golden age, I used in the summer vacations to be overcome with a

longing to get back to nature, to go to the Smoky Mountains, and in the exhilarating atmosphere of the high peaks and among the mountaineers become hungry and healthy and happy again. "The hills from whence cometh my help" had a new meaning for me at such times. I felt the spirit of Homer and the Old Testament best under such conditions. Matthew Arnold, in his poem, "The Future," asks:

> Who can see the green earth any more
> As she was by the sources of Time?
> Who imagines her fields as they lay
> In the sunshine, unworn by the plough?
> Who thinks as they thought,
> The tribes who then roamed on her breast,
> Her vigorous, primitive sons?

My heart always answers: "The Great Smoky Mountains is the place, and the mountaineers are earth's vigorous, primitive sons." "I am a brother to dragons and a companion to owls," groaned Job in his misery. Tom Husky felt well and happy when he said: "There ain't no danger in a painter or a bear less'n they've got young. I was raised among 'em, an' I know." And "Devil" Sam, who could smell a live rattlesnake if it was mad, indicated a still closer sympathy with animals in his remark: "Rattlesnakes ain't half as bad as they're recomminded to be."

At their best and at their worst these people are close to nature.

But all that happened twenty years ago, and I am too far from the Smokies or any other mountains to get there easily now; and perhaps I have unconsciously idealized even the Smoky Mountains and see it all in a golden haze, as I see Vanderbilt and Nashville, with the winding river and the rolling hills.

XXIII.

FROM ROAN TO MITCHELL.

Roan is an easy climb to "one well girt," *præcinctus,* as Horace puts it, and in good time the greater part of the ten miles lay behind us, and the character of the timber indicated that the summit of the ridge was near. But just then a cloud swept down upon us, "and the floods came and the winds blew," and the darkness was so great that one could not see thirty steps ahead. But at last the great white hotel "Cloudland" loomed up only fifty yards away. The mercury stood at fifty-four degrees at 4:30 P.M., and the big fire in the broad fireplace was comfortable even to those who were not as wet as we.

Here was a bright prospect for a tramp. It looked as if it might be raining all over the world, and there seemed no hope of its ending. The proprietor and the guests told us of the storm of the night before, "the worst ever known on the mountain," the velocity of the wind being not far from one hundred miles an hour. We should have to turn back on the morrow; that seemed certain.

Those readers who have been at "Cloudland" will believe the statement that, though we warmed our feet before withdrawing to our room, it was at least half an hour before we felt comfortable in bed. With such prospects at 10 P.M., who could have been prepared for the dawn that followed? *Postera lux oritur multo gratissima.* "Just look out there!" I heard some one say at 4:30, and springing to the window saw a vast ocean of cloud below, a clear sky above, and the whole east glowing with the promise of a gorgeous sunrise. The vast seas and lakes of clouds, with dark peaks projecting above like islands, the wonderful play of colors—purple, violet, crimson, gold—and the awful silence of the great mountain, made a scene never to be forgotten. One moment more and the chariot of the sun-god would appear, and just then some one said reverentially: "It looks like the very gates of Heaven!" At such a moment one almost feels sympathy with those five and twenty men mentioned by the prophet, who, with their backs toward the temple of the Lord, "worshiped the sun toward the east." Even on Roan there could hardly be more than one such sunrise in a summer.

After climbing many mountains, after a night passed on the august summit of Mitchell itself, I have no hesitation in saying that Roan offers

the finest views to be had in all our mountain section. No other mountain presents such an extensive "bald" surface; nowhere else can one take such extensive walks and rides. But the weather is treacherous on Roan. In the brightest sunshine go prepared for rain. We started in company with my father and mother to "the Bluff," one mile distant, where the old people were to say good-by and turn back; but before the half-mile point was reached a heavy fog was upon us; and then the parting, which had been postponed as long as possible—farewells become more painful as the years pass by—took place.

The little town of Bakersville, ten miles distant, was to furnish us dinner. We found it just recovering from the excitement of a campaign riot. The Democrats, who are in a majority in the town, had erected a Cleveland banner, and the Rocky Creek Cove Republicans came down, sixty strong, and shot the flag to pieces. In the night some one took the banner down, and excitement ran high. One man, so report said, was shot in the ear, and a number got bullet holes in their clothes. But after much speech-making, it was agreed that neither side should erect a flag in town, and the mountaineers went home. As we cleared the skirts of the town some boys on a hillside shouted "Hurrah for Harrison!" "Hur-

rah for Cleveland!" was the reply; and then those boys swore, reviling us in worse terms than those sent after the prophet of old. And it was thirty miles to the place where the bears live.

It was still twenty-four miles to the foot of Mitchell, but with the help of a mule and buggy for half the distance we were there at noon the next day ready for the climb. We had already passed one dead rattlesnake hanging on a bush, and a mountaineer told us he had just shot one in the path above. The river, south prong of the Toe, was alive with fishermen, among them three preachers from St. Louis, who had been camping for several weeks in this region and had won the good will of the natives—to such a degree, indeed, that one old woman sent them the only knives and forks she had. "There's a power o' people comin' in here ev'y summer," said old Burt Chrisson, the hunter; "furriners f'om ev'y-wher'. They comes f'om as fur as Richmond, Virginia."

The prospect for a successful ascent was fine, for there was not a cloud in the heavens, and Italy herself might have envied the deep blue of the sky. "Hit'll frost on the peak to-night, ef the wind don't blow it off," remarked a hunter. The east side of Mitchell is said to offer the easiest and shortest ascent, but even here it is

between three and four miles to the top and a hard climb from the start. One mile from the summit all trace of the path disappeared, except to the practiced eyes of our guide, and even he said that in fifty trips to the top he thought he had never been able to go twice in exactly the same track over this part of the mountain. Voices were now heard in a dense thicket away to the left, and we soon found that it was the three preachers, who had attempted to ascend the mountain without a guide and had strayed from the trail. Well for them that there were no fogs on Mitchell that day; otherwise there might easily have been more graves on the Peak. Directing them to the trail, we hurried on, for the sun was getting low. Blackberries were abundant, sweeter than any ever tasted in the valley-country, and there were no thorns on the bushes; or rather the thorns were only in embryo; they never mature on these loftiest summits. Huckleberries grow here on bushes six to eight feet in height, and wild gooseberries, the most delicious we ever tasted, also on bushes quite as large. As we toiled up through grass and weeds waist high, the guide said: "Here's a snake!" We approached cautiously, stepping "delicately," expecting to see a huge rattler, but it was only a big toad. Pressing on, now clambering over hid-

den rocks, now climbing under fallen balsam trees, the sun hidden entirely from us, we at last reached the bluff where people camp, and in one minute more stood beside Mitchell's grave. It is worth going a long distance to feel the sensation one experiences when first one stands on the highest point east of the Rocky Mountains. The balsam trees have been cut away, so that the view in every direction is unobstructed. Close at hand are several other peaks of the Black that seem to be as high as Mitchell, and in truth they all measure over six thousand feet. Twenty-five or thirty miles distant, in a bee-line toward the north, is Roan, with "Cloudland" Hotel visible to the naked eye; to the east "Grandfather" and Table Rock; to the southwest Pisgah and the Balsam range; and away off on the South Carolina line Tryon and Hogback. It is said that one can see into seven states, but while the heavens were clear the atmosphere was murky, and the view not as extensive as it might possibly have been.

The cairn of stones that used to cover Professor Mitchell's grave had been replaced by a monument, or as one of the mountaineers called it an "ornament." It is of the usual pyramidal shape, about twelve feet high, and seemed to be built of gray stone. Wondering how it had been carried up the mountain, and supposing that it

had been divided into sections, I tapped it with my knuckles, when lo! there came forth the sound of hollow metal. To think of "the loneliest, the most august tomb on earth," covered by an imitation stone monument! The frauds of the valley-country have invaded our highest mountain peak and polluted a sacred grave. One would think that the winds which have for thirty years been howling the requiem of the dead scientist would indignantly sweep this unworthy memorial from his resting place. Better the rude cairn of stones which stranger hands had gradually heaped up. It would have taken more time and cost a little more money, but the stone for a suitable monument could have been quarried close by, and nothing less was worthy of the dead man's fame. On the eastern side is the following inscription:

Here Lies, in the Hope of a Blessed
Resurrection, the Body of the
Rev. Elisha Mitchell, D.D.,
Who, After Being for 39 Years
A Professor
In the University of
North Carolina,
Lost His Life in the Scientific
Exploration of This Mountain,
In the 64th Year of His Age,
June 27, 1857.

The sunset was not especially fine, but the shadow of Mitchell projected upon the eastern sky, and looking in the gathering darkness like another high peak, was something to be remembered. There was not a sound to break the stillness except the twittering of many snowbirds and the strokes of an ax with which one of our party was cutting firewood for the night. It seemed already certain that it would "frost on the peak" that night. Just then a voice was heard down the other side of the mountain; a second later it was discovered to be a woman's, directly other women's voices were heard, and we knew there was no hope for sleep that night. Altogether there were thirteen in this second party, eight of them women, and the two companies had to share the shelter of "the Bluff." It was a lively crowd. The wind blew the balsam smoke into our eyes and supper was dispatched amid many tears and much laughter. The women talked, by wholes and by sections, all night. They had not got fairly settled before they called for a show of hands on the Presidential question—it was August, 1888—which revealed a preference of three men for Harrison, while all the women, Northern as well as Southern, and the rest of the men were for Cleveland. Later in the night some of the ladies began to question their guide

about his army experiences. He had been under Stuart "at first." "Well, where were you *at last?*" "I left the army." "You don't mean you deserted!" they exclaimed. "Yes, and I'm proud of it." "Oh, no, no, no!" came in a chorus from the New York as well as the Kentucky women. They were harder upon the traitor than would have been our quiet guide, who had stuck to his colors till the bitter end came. "Gid," the devoted negro servant of our guide, explained to me in a whisper of contempt for the deserter: "You see we was f'om Yancey, and he was f'om ———; that make the deffer'nce." For the deserter it is ever as Tacitus said: *Transfugæ nomen exsecrabile veteribus sociis, novis suspectum.*

The moon rose in cloudless splendor, and there was nothing to mar the beauty of a perfect night except that it was so cold. It did not "frost on the peak," but only because of the breeze. On Linnville River, twenty miles away, there was frost that night or the next.

XXIV.

CLINGMAN'S DOME.

On Oconaluftee we could hear of no one who knew the whole range of the Smoky Mountains from the Gap to Thunder Head. But Tom Husky was said to be the best woodsman in the cove. "He war borned and raised over thar in the Smokies," one said, "and he'd ruther be in the mountains than anywhar else. He'll pilot you." We found Tom in the humblest of log cabins, and he readily agreed to go with us, though he had never been over more than two miles of the twenty-five of our route.

Tom is something of a character. Tall and spare to absolute leanness, hard living in the mountains makes him seem, at forty-three, to be almost sixty. "His grandfather," he said, "was a German and his mother an Irishman," and he had the good qualities of both races, though he looked like neither. He has a wife and half a dozen children, two yokes of steers and a few "cow-brutes," but not much else, for he has sold out with a view to moving across the Smokies again. He has "followed herdin' an' trappin' for

the past four or five years," and is, by common report as well as by his own confession, the best hunter in that part of the mountains. He told us in a modest way of some of his exploits. I do not vouch for all the details, but we found him so reliable in other matters that I admit my belief in most of the stories, and think that he meant to tell the strict truth; but the imagination is inclined, perhaps unconsciously, to multiply rattlesnakes especially.

"There ain't no game here to what there used to be," said Husky; "some bear, some wolves, but not many; some deer, but they is sca'ce." In the past five years Husky has killed twenty-seven bears (seven of these last year), seven wolves, one hundred and six wild turkeys, and 'coons without number. During his first year on the North Carolina side of the Smokies he killed three hundred rattlesnakes. Those are the figures, and though I broke out laughing when I asked him to repeat the number of rattlesnakes, he assured me with a serious air that he was telling the literal truth. He killed on two different days twenty-six rattlesnakes each, having come upon a den of them. Husky was evidently of the opinion of "Devil" Sam Walker, who said, "Rattlesnakes ain't half as bad as they're ricommended to be." Tom was bitten by one that he

was pestering when he was "jest a chunk of a boy," and did nothing but apply some tar to draw out the poison. When he was only ten years old he shot a bear that "neated" three hundred and seventy-five pounds. We heard a man telling a tale of an Indian and panther that killed each other somewhere in the Smokies—evidently the original of the story in Craddock's "Despot of Broomsedge Cove," or else set going by some one who has read that book—but Tom says the story is impossible. "There ain't no danger," said he, "in a painter or a bear, less'n they've got young. I was raised among 'em, an' I know."

Fifteen or sixteen years ago panthers were plentiful, but there came then a snow four feet nine inches in depth that killed them out, as well as most of the deer. The deer were found dead "in piles" that winter. Husky thinks wolves are a comparatively late importation into the Smokies, for he never saw or heard of them when a boy. There is no danger in them, though they are "mighty sassy about their meat when they get it."

Thus far it had been, as Husky said, "cooler'n common, plumb cool for the season o' the year." The evening before we had observed clouds gathering about the tops of the Smokies, still eight miles off, but a mountaineer consoled us by say-

ing, "Clouds use round thar eve'y day." Monday morning broke sensibly warmer, but Husky said, "I guess hit's plumb cool on the Smokies"; so we started a little after sunrise. We had in our haversacks hard beaten biscuit, deviled ham, coffee, sugar, salt, and pepper, and Husky persuaded the woman at the last house on the road to sell us her very last gallon of meal and some fat bacon. He brought a coffee-pot from home and borrowed a frying-pan from a neighbor, and then we had all the implements we wanted or needed.

Everybody said there were plenty of mountain trout in the beautiful left prong of the Oconaluftee we were then ascending, as well as in the other headwaters of the river of the Cherokees, but the very last sign of civilization on the road was the following: "Notis. This farm is posted. No fishen or hunten or trespas in aney Way." The writer of the "Notis" was said to be an infidel, and one could easily believe anything hard about one so selfish in these remote regions. But anglers need not worry. It is not more than fifteen miles from the Ducktown railroad to the headwaters of half a dozen streams flowing down from the Smokies, and abounding in the "speckled beauties."

We were making for "the Gap," by an ascent that was easy and gradual, with no fine views,

but with the beauty of the primeval forest all around us, the brook babbling at our side, the breath of the mountains health itself. Does water ever taste so good as when you kneel at a trickling brooklet and get strength for the further climb? Husky pointed out a spot where he had once skinned a "main big bear," having caught him in a trap and then "snaked" (dragged) him down the mountain. He was "a master big one," and if he had been "big fat" he would have weighed five hundred pounds. Husky was on the watch for bear signs, and presently when he came to a "fire-scald" (spot where the forest had once been burned) he stopped, raised his hand warningly, and peered intently into the blackberry thicket. We saw the tall briers shake and heard the crackling of sticks under the bear's feet, but only Husky had actually caught a glimpse of him. We had to content ourselves with the blackberries the bear had left. They were quite sweet, and as the briers had few "stickers" we had no trouble in gathering them. Maurice Thompson rightly says, in "Nibbling and Browsing," that wild fruits never taste their best except in the wilds.

At ten o'clock we lay down in "the Gap" on the state line 5,271 feet above sea level. There was little view, but the breath of the balsams was

like a tonic. Coats, waterproofs, haversacks, were now arranged so as to impede us as little as possible, for from this on for ten or twelve miles we were to be in an unbroken wilderness without a trail, with possibly only "blazes" here and there to guide us. Husky did not know the way, but we felt sure he could recognize "blazes" where we should see none. General Clingman and Professor Guyot had "blazed" the route before the war, and I had a letter in my pocket written by Professor Alexander, of the University of North Carolina, in 1888, after a tramp along this very ridge. We hoped we could find the trail. Husky told us of a basin near the Gap overgrown with laurel, in which he had once got lost; but he was sure he could now "surround" it. But alas! we were in it before we knew it, the blazes disappeared, and we were lost. Husky told us to sit down and eat something while he beat about for the "signs." He got back to us in time by calling to us and following the sound of our yells. He said he had found the way, and pointed straight in the direction we had come. We told him we would follow him if he persisted, but we should surely come out just where we started in. "Why, men, you're plumb bewildered," he said. But he concluded to take our course, and again we plunged into the laurel thicket. Reader,

did you ever crawl and climb through a laurel "rough"? If not, don't say you ever did anything difficult. Once I fell backward over a log, with both feet hung under laurel roots on the other side, but K—— was just behind to lend a helping hand; and though my ankle felt the strain for some days, it did not fail me.

At last we reached the balsam again, and found that K—— and I had been right, for the blazes reappeared, leading southwestward. Henceforth we dared not go fifty yards without seeing a "blaze," for some high ridge might at any time lead us astray. At one point we lost the blazes again, the mountain descended rapidly in front, and, though we could see Clingman proper in the distance, a great gulf seemed to yawn between. Once more Husky lost his head, and insisted that our road lay directly behind us. Much hunting at last discovered the "divide" connecting the two ridges, and with the help of frequent "blazes," and still more frequent bear "signs," we plunged on.

Henceforth we kept the course, but the difficulty of the way beggars description—tearing our way through briers that would have torn us to pieces if there had been "stickers," climbing over fallen timber, crawling through all manner of small growth. Our thirst soon became intense,

and we gladly drank from a "bear-wallow," the only water for many awful miles. Trembling in every limb, with hands scratched, wet—for it had rained on us—we reached the top at last. We were standing 6,600 feet above the sea; but it was cloudy and the scrubby growth hid most of the view we might have had. We remembered Sam Walker's exclamation concerning the same point: "Ef I'd jist had a spyglass long enough, I could a' seen Jerusalem!"

Even as it was we dared not tarry. Night was coming on apace. We knew the light would not last long enough to follow the "blazes" clear out from the balsam. We must find water before it was pitch dark. It looked as if we might roll to eternity down either steep side of the mountain. Still, after consultation, we plunged down the North Carolina side seeking water. We slipped on rocks, we fell over logs, we stumbled through the bushes for nearly a mile, and then it was dark, and no trace of water. Husky vowed he must have water; but we knew to go farther meant a broken leg, if not a broken neck, and refused to follow. Cutting dry balsam wood with a hatchet by the dim light of a clouded moon, we kindled a fire at last and opened our haversacks, but our mouths were dry and we could not swallow. The ground under us was soaked, and,

though balsam boughs protected us from this, the incline was so steep that we were in danger of slipping into the fire if we slept. Imagine us, then, K—— lodged against a dead balsam stump, the writer with an arm around a little balsam, Husky propped against two slabs he had driven down, all thinking or dreaming fitfully of water, and the rain beginning to fall. It was "plumb cool on the Smokies."

It was only half-past seven when we got finally settled for the night. In some respects the situation would have been improved could we have reached the top again after abandoning the search for water. The ridge, though narrow, was level, and the grass and moss, though wet, soft and tempting to weary limbs. But it was impossible to grope our way in the darkness, through all the obstructions that beset the course. Besides, our only chance for water was below us, and we intended to renew the search as soon as it became light again. Then, too, the guide, hearing the muttering of thunder in the north, said it was sure to rain, and was afraid of the lightning, which strikes often on the highest ridges. We could hardly help hoping that it would rain, for we could soon catch in our waterproofs enough water to drink. On the other hand, there was the certainty that a hard rain would put out our

fire, for balsam wood burns ill. It would be nine hours, at least, before we could see to move, and even when dawn came a fog might settle down upon us so thick as to turn day into night. Soon the rain began to patter on the leaves, and we spread our waterproofs to catch the precious drops; but it was only a drizzling shower. It got colder and colder, and Husky, who had not even a coat with him, vowed it would snow before morning. K——, firmly propped against his stump, forgot his weariness and want of water after a while in sleep; and I, after waiting an interminable while, looked at my watch and found it only nine o'clock.

So the hours dragged. There was nothing to do but push up the fire from time to time, look at the watch every half hour, and wait. The stillness of a great mountain is impressive in the daytime; at night it is awful. The whole night long there was not the buzz of an insect, the chirp of a bird, the note of any wild thing; only the occasional patter of raindrops and the sighing of the winds in the balsams. But, in the course of time, the cool night air and the dampness had rendered our thirst endurable. Now and then the darkness thickened until it was Egyptian, and we knew the fog had settled upon us; but it always mercifully lifted again.

At last about 4:30 came unheralded "a day of darkness and of gloominess, a day of clouds and of thick darkness, as the morning spread over the mountains." It was the only time I had ever witnessed a dawning greeted by no gladsome note from any creature. As soon as he dared, the guide started down the mountain, and had not gone more than fifty yards before he shouted "Water!" In a moment we were at his side drinking eagerly.

At once all things became bright again, except the sky. Coffee was soon made, meat fried, bread baked, and we ate with appetites that had had but little to stay them for twenty-four hours. Once more we started upward, thinking in three-quarters of an hour we could reach the ridge we had left the night before; but just then "the heavens dropped, the clouds also dropped water." In fact, it rained hard. Waterproofs were of no service, for they would have impeded us in climbing and, besides, would have been torn to shreds in the undergrowth. Feeling, however, that rain was a mercy compared with a thick fog, we pressed on and reached the blazed trail, which was now sufficiently distinct to be followed without great difficulty.

We had now good hope of getting safely out of the balsams, and so were comparatively out

of danger of getting lost. Wet to the skin, shoes half filled with water, it was a trying march, but we could keep warm as long as we walked briskly. The trail soon developed into a path, and signs of balsam-gatherers began to appear; for men come long distances to gather balsam juice or resin. We had reached once more the range of cattle, and presently came upon a rude bark shelter. But the nearest herder's cabin was still at least five, perhaps eight or nine, miles away; and so we hurried on. In due time we were in the open, on "Siler's Bald," as we supposed it was. The mountain culminated at many points in a sharp comb, along which the trail ran, and though the fog was again dense we had no fear of missing the course. If it had only been clear, what glorious views we should have had from those high, sharp, grass-covered ridges, where now we looked only into the impenetrable mist!

As the morning wore on the fog lifted, the sun came out, the valley appeared below, and as far as the eye could reach to right and left stretched the everlasting forest-clad mountains. It was the primeval forest. For hours not a trace of a clearing, not a sign of human habitation appeared. We passed herds of fine, fat cattle, that ran when they saw us, to the salting places, and looked with mildly wondering eyes when we

passed by without salting them. Our course lay along a high ridge, which, though sometimes it widened out and was heavily timbered, was generally very narrow with sloping sides. Now and then the ridge seemed to be going to end abruptly just a little ahead, but there would be only a sudden descent of two hundred or three hundred feet; the trail would cross over a "divide," or connecting ridge, and climb another lofty ascent. The sun and brisk walking had dried our clothes, and for three hours or more the way had been so good, the views so fine, that one of the party exclaimed, "I don't believe there can be a finer ten-mile walk on earth!"

But where was Thunderhead? We had averaged about three miles an hour; it was after 2 P.M., and the rocky point made famous in Miss Murfree's "In the Clouds" ought to be in sight. We began to be a little uneasy. Farms began to appear in the Tennessee direction, where only the wilderness should have been visible. Presently the Little Tennessee's yellow waters gleamed off to our left in the right direction, but too near. Some two miles farther on through a clear space we caught a glimpse of the waters of a considerable stream in a cultivated valley on the right of our ridge, and we knew then that somewhere in the fog of the forenoon we had left the main

Smoky range and were now lost. Presently there was an abrupt descent for hundreds of feet, a trail crossed at right angles, and we guessed we were on the "divide," between Hazel Creek and the Little Tennessee.

Turning square to the left, we were soon in an apple orchard and presently at a mountaineer's cabin. It was as we suspected. The main Smoky ridge was away off to the right, and we should have to go twelve or fourteen miles across to reach Thunderhead. We had got off the main ridge in the fog and come down what the mountaineers call the Bald Ridge. We had walked twenty-four or twenty-five miles, they said.

If all my readers had stood even once on any high peak of the Smokies, I should hardly need to explain why I love so to tramp in the wildest and most beautiful of Southern mountains. I have loved the mountains ever since the dark line of the Blue Ridge was first pointed out to me from my Middle South Carolina home. I have spent hours of supreme content on Cæsar's Head, Table Rock, and Hogback, in South Carolina; on Tryon, The Bald, and Mount Mitchell, in North Carolina; on Roan, Clingman's Dome, Thunderhead, and Gregory's Bald, in the Smokies; on White Top and Mount Pleasant, in Virginia; on Graylock, in Massachusetts; on the

Rigi, Vesuvius, and many others. "The mountains shall bring peace to the people," sang the Psalmist. There is nothing like the mountains to bring rest to a tired brain, quiet to overwrought nerves. There are two supreme things in the earth sublime beyond all others—the sea and the mountains. The sea has often enticed men's thoughts to gain, but the mountains have from time immemorial awakened his religious aspirations. The Greeks thought their gods lived on Mount Olympus, and they built their temples by preference on mountains and hills, whither they went out to worship in joyful procession with music and dancing, clad in bright robes and wreaths of flowers. The ancient Hebrews met Jehovah oftenest on mountain tops. Moses met God on Mount Sinai; from Nebo God showed him the promised land, and on Nebo God buried his servant. On Mount Hor God took Aaron. Horeb was the "mount of God," and Mount Zion "the city of our God." On Mount Carmel Elijah met, in the name of the Lord, the priests of Baal. From a mountain top the second great temptation was offered Christ; it was into a mountain apart that he went up to pray; on a mountain he preached the greatest sermon that ever was preached; on a mountain he ordained the Twelve; on a mountain he was transfigured;

from a mountain he ascended. In the Hebrew conception the mountains were as old as the hoary sea: "Before the mountains were brought forth . . . thou art God," sang the Psalmist. "Before the mountains were settled, before the hills was I brought forth," exclaimed Wisdom. "Which by his strength setteth fast the mountains," said the Psalmist, when he would describe the Almighty's power. Isaiah testified of his strength by saying, "He weighed the mountains in scales"; and Job represented Jehovah's awful wrath by saying, "He overturneth the mountains in his anger."

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